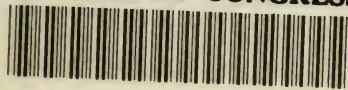


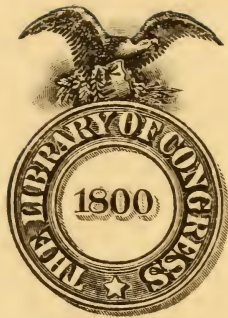
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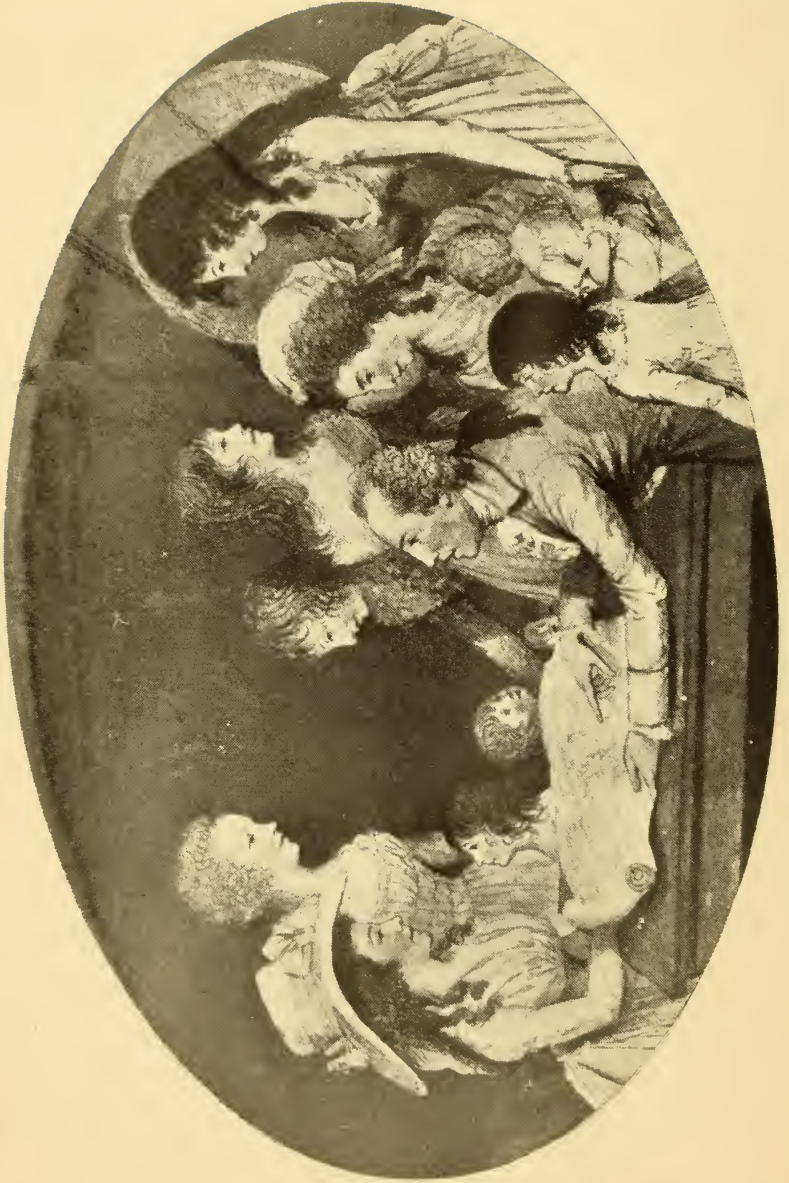
Maria Edgeworth

Selections :: :: ::

from Her Works

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AT THE TALBOT PRESS
DUBLIN





THE EDGEWORTH FAMILY

MARIA EDGEWORTH

Selections from her Works

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
SIR MALCOLM COTTER SETON,
K.C.B.



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PREFACE.

THE purpose of this book is to present a selection from Maria Edgeworth's writings about Ireland, and the scheme necessitates a mutilation of the four novels from which excerpts are taken. But *Castle Rackrent* and *The Absentee* have been so often reprinted that, while it was impossible to neglect them, readers of this volume will find their full texts easily accessible. The presentation of isolated scenes from *Ennui* and *Ormond* may be justified on somewhat different grounds : neither of these novels, though both contain passages of great interest, would appeal to a reader to-day mainly by its plot. Reprints of what is really a complete short story from the *Essay on Irish Bulls*, and of a letter written in 1834, complete the selection. The last was not written for publication ; it was an account of her tour in Conne-mara sent to her brother in India, and it not only affords an excellent example of her familiar letters, but gives a most graphic picture of life eighty years ago in a part of Ireland now the haunt of many visitors, but then unfrequented by tourists and unknown to Government Boards. The selection thus attempts to cover all those of Miss Edgeworth's productions which were directly concerned with Ireland, except *Popular Tales* and *Comic Dramas*.

The footnotes to the passages selected are reproduced from the original texts : the editorial notes necessitated by the omission of passages in the text are printed in smaller type on the page.

The frontispiece is a reproduction of a family group

in the possession of Mrs. Arthur Butler, a copy of which is in the National Gallery of Ireland. This gives the only authentic portrait of Maria Edgeworth, except an indifferent photograph taken in her old age. It is an odd fact that the portraits reproduced in Miss Oliver's and Mr. Hare's books are imaginary.

It is a great pleasure to express to Mrs. Butler my most cordial thanks for allowing me to extract the Connemara letter from the privately printed memoir which she was good enough to lend me, for showing me original manuscripts and unprinted letters of her aunt, and for her interest and help in a lecture on Maria Edgeworth that I gave some years ago before the Irish Literary Society of London, as well as in the introduction to the present volume. To Professor Edgeworth, the present head of the family, who remembers his aunt as a very old lady, I am similarly indebted for very kindly aid and encouragement. Without their help the Introduction could not have taken its present form, but, apart from this, they bear no responsibility for anything contained in it. Acknowledgment is made in the notes and the list of authorities to various books and articles consulted. To Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves, the general editor of this series, I am, like so many of his fellow-members of the Irish Literary Society, indebted for valuable advice. I have to thank Mr. J. E. Shuckburgh for most useful notes on references to Maria Edgeworth in Byron's Diaries and Letters and other writings of the period, while Dr. Crone, editor of the *Irish Book Lover*, has been so kind as to procure for me, through the good offices of Mr. F. J. Bigger, information on the translation into Irish of two of Miss Edgeworth's tales.

M. C. C. S.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	vii.
SELECTIONS FROM "CASTLE RACKRENT"	I
"THE HIBERNIAN MENDICANT," FROM "ESSAY ON IRISH BULLS"	47
SELECTIONS FROM "ENNUI" :	
FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF IRELAND.....	55
ESTATE MANAGEMENT	69
LADY GERALDINE	77
THE NINETY-EIGHT	92
THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY AND KILLARNEY....	100
TOURISTS' IMPRESSIONS	104
THE PLOT AGAINST GLENTHORN	106
ELLINOR O'DONOGHOE'S STORY	119
THE FOSTER BROTHERS	128
THE BLACKSMITH EARL	136
SELECTIONS FROM "THE ABSENTEE" :	
THE CLONBRONIES IN LONDON	138
LORD CLONBRONY AND SIR TERENCE O'FAY ..	145
GRACE NUGENT	146
SIR TERENCE'S WAY WITH DUNS	148
"IRELAND! OF ALL PLACES".....	153
DUBLIN AFTER THE UNION	156
LADY DASHFORT	164
COUNT O'HALLORAN.....	170
A GOOD LAND-AGENT	180

SELECTIONS FROM “THE ABSENTEE”—*continued.*

	PAGE
LARRY THE POSTILION	188
THE WIDOW O’NEIL	201
AT CLONBRONY	212
AN EVICTION	217
CLONBRONY CASTLE	221
THE YELLOW DAMASK FURNITURE.....	235
LIFE IN THE ARMY	244
“COME BACK TO ERIN”	246

SELECTIONS FROM “ORMOND” :

GOOD RESOLUTIONS	255
KING CORNY	265
SIR ULICK O’SHANE AT THE BLACK ISLANDS....	272
MADMOISELLE O’FALEY AND DORA	283
WHITE CONNAL	293
BLACK CONNAL	298
THE END OF KING CORNY	305
A VICEREGAL VISIT	311
SIR ULICK’S REPUTATION.....	315
AN EDUCATIONAL PROBLEM	332
MADAME DE CONNAL	343
ORMOND IN PARIS	347
MORIARTY’S ADVENTURES IN PRISON	354
THE END OF SIR ULICK	365

EXTRACT FROM LETTER TO PAKENHAM EDGEWORTH,

1834	374
LIST OF MISS EDGEWORTH’S WORKS	413
LIST OF AUTHORITIES	415

INTRODUCTION.

I.

IT was at one time a commonplace of the politico-literary essayist to lament that Ireland has nothing to set beside the *Waverley Novels*; that, in fact, there has been no Irish Walter Scott. The reflection, of course, is marked by that degree of truth which makes commonplaces so irritating. But it has not been so generally observed that most other countries to some extent suffer from the same disability. If a visitor from the planet Mars were to enquire the name of a single English writer of romance from whose pages it would be possible to study the national characteristics of the English people; to acquire, half unconsciously, a knowledge of the more picturesque and dramatic periods of English history; to accompany, in imagination, John Bull through his various metamorphoses from, let us say, Robin Hood to Sir Robert Walpole (the period of *Ivanhoe* to the period of *Waverley*), the answer would not be easy. A writer may express national aspirations, he may depict the local idiosyncrasies of a particular place or period, he may revive historical

memories ; but he cannot present his own countrymen with a microcosm of their common country. It is only the stranger that hopes to be spared the trouble of research and observation by finding in conveniently compressed form a literary spokesman for a whole nation. It is convenient for a critic to say that Ibsen stands for Norway, but the Norwegian himself may prefer to be judged by Bjørnsen. Fifty years ago most foreigners supposed that Goethe represented Germany. Yet to-day we are all complaining that Goethe has somehow disappeared and been submerged in the insistent and forcible problem furnished by the German people, and we begin to suspect that Goethe cannot really have summed up all the potentialities of German character.

All that is really meant, then, by a critic who laments the absence of an Irish Scott, is either that there is no Irish writer of romance who can fairly be compared with Scott—a reflection that does not take us much further than would the remark that there is no Spanish Dante or no Swedish Turgenev—or else that there is no Irish writer who has made Irish scenes and themes as familiar to the English mind as the subject-matter of the *Waverley Novels*. It is natural that there should be sought in stories written in the English language, whatever the nationality of the writer, some quality which will enable the average English reader to understand and become interested in the unfamiliar types of character presented on the page. So far as the English

view of Scotland goes—and it does not go far—Walter Scott did that work once for all. A nation that for some six centuries had been a troublesome, at times a dangerous, military and political opponent of England, and had, since the union of the Crowns, acquired an apparently disproportionate share of the good things going in the common storehouse, passed, under the hands of the Wizard of the North, through a magic crucible, and came forth in a garb of chivalry and romance. There is to this day in England a sentiment about the Highland Regiments of the British Army which is something more than recognition of their splendid achievements. Although the feeling does not extend, oddly enough, to the Lowland Regiments—except in so far as their possession of bagpipes causes mental confusion in the Southron—it is in great part a legacy from the Lowlander, Sir Walter Scott.

Ireland has no counterpart of this. Yet hear what Sir Walter himself wrote in the Postscript to *Waverley* :

“ It has been my object to describe those persons, not by a caricatured and exaggerated use of the national dialect, but by their habits, manners, and feelings; so as in some distant degree to emulate the admirable Irish portraits drawn by Miss Edgeworth; so different from the ‘ Teagues ’ and ‘ dear joys,’ who so long with the most perfect family resemblance to each other, occupied the drama and the novel.”

This was written in 1814, by which year Maria Edgeworth had published all the stories, except *Ormond*, which have been drawn on for the selections given in this volume. *Waverley*, like *Castle Rackrent*, was published

anonymously, but when it was read aloud in the family circle at Edgeworthstown, Mr. Edgeworth exclaimed, “ *Aut Scotus aut Diabolus!* ” and his daughter thanked the undeclared author in a letter that took his identity for granted.

It was not until 1823 that Maria Edgeworth met Scott, after some years of friendly correspondence. Twenty years earlier the Edgeworths had visited Edinburgh, and seen much of Dugald Stewart, the philosopher, and other eminent Scotsmen, but had failed to meet the author of *Waverley*. As Sir Walter said, when his wife commented on this, “ You forget, my dear, Miss Edgeworth was not a lion then ; and my mane was not grown at all ! ” In his general preface to the *Waverley Novels*, published in 1829, Sir Walter expanded his eulogy :

“ Without being so presumptuous as to hope to emulate the rich humour, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact, which pervade the works of my accomplished friend, I felt that something might be attempted for my own country, of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth so fortunately achieved for Ireland ; something which might introduce her natives to those of the sister Kingdom in a more favourable light than they had been placed hitherto, and tend to produce sympathy for their virtues, and indulgence for their foibles.”

In a letter written to Miss Edgeworth in 1818, he had already observed :

“ You have had a merit, transcendent in my eyes, of raising your national character in the scale of public estimation, and making the rest of the British Empire acquainted with the peculiar and interesting character of a people too long neglected and too severely oppressed.”

When Scott came to visit Ireland, he records :

“ I never saw a richer country, or, to speak my mind, a finer people ; the worst of them is the bitter and envenomed dislike which they have to each other.”

(This, of course, was ninety years ago.) The strange notion, which has occasionally made its way into print, that Ireland has no such romantic incidents in her past as to afford a good field for the historical novelist, finds some answer (apart from the actual work of Mr. Standish O’Grady and other Irish writers) in the fact, noted by Mr. O’Donoghue, that Scott himself thought of writing a novel on Redmond O’Hanlon, the Rapparee.

It will be noticed that in the first of these passages Scott laid particular stress on the fidelity of Miss Edgeworth’s drawing of Irish character, and welcomed the appearance of her work as an antidote to the caricatures already prevalent. Miss Edgeworth, in fact, was hailed as an effectual enemy to what would now be called “ The Stage Irishman ” *—a point that should be borne in mind by any reader who, without taking the pains to study for himself the real conditions of Irish life at the end of the eighteenth century, is inclined to assume that Miss Edgeworth distorts the figures of her countrymen. Sir Jonah Barrington, who professed to write down his real recollections, gives us scenes far more

* “ The Irishman and the Scot, long familiar as comic figures to the novelists of the eighteenth century, who had inherited them from the earlier comedy of manners, had never before Miss Edgeworth’s time ventured to claim serious treatment at the hands of writers of fiction ”—Sir Walter Raleigh : *The English Novel*.

extravagant than anything in her pages. The Stage Irishman is a figure about which much nonsense is talked to-day, partly because Ireland feels that many English people will insist on regarding as typical figures any odd individualities presented to their notice, and even on basing social and political opinions on notions gathered haphazard from the newspaper, the novel, and the stage. The point is well illustrated by the intense dislike with which the writers of the Young Ireland school regarded the works of Charles Lever. Thomas Davis and his friends devoted their lives to the attempt to develop all that was earnest, patriotic, and, in the best sense, serious in the Irish character. Meanwhile Lever was giving a wider publicity to all that was odd, rollicking, and devil-may-care in Irish life; the popularity of his novels in England was perpetuating a set of ideas about Ireland which the Young Irelanders hoped to abolish as being a real obstacle to their political aims. Their obvious course was to declare, somewhat shrilly, that Lever libelled his country, and they took it. But it must be remembered that Lever, contending manfully with famine fever as a dispensary doctor at Carrigaholt—a far harder task than the composition of patriotic leading articles—acquired a fairly close acquaintance with the people of Clare. Corcabaskin produced few scholar-patriots like Eugene O'Curry, whom Lever would never have caricatured. And surely there ought to be room, in any healthy community, for the writer of comedies, and even farces, as well as for the idealist. Philanthropists

of our own day who work for the improvement of the East End of London do not complain because Mr. W. W. Jacobs exhibits the denizens of the Docks in a frivolous aspect. And, after all, Young Ireland was bitterly conscious that some members of O'Connell's "Tail" might have walked out of Lever's pages. Nor do absurd situations cease to present themselves merely because men take politics seriously; it was not Charles Lever who was responsible for the fact—noted by the Viceroy, Lord Clarendon—that the Physical Force Party had to be protected by police from the violence of the advocates of Moral Suasion.

None the less, the Stage Irishman does stalk through much printed matter—literature we will not call it—on Irish subjects: "his head is bloody but unbowed," as Henley would have said, beneath the bludgeonings of indignant critics. We all know and loathe the Irishman in a novel who is made to say "Bejabers! I would be afther bein' kilt"—or the like gibberish. Yet, in our protests against an offensive style of caricature, some of us lose all sense of proportion. It is, no doubt, a result of the political and social history of the country that many Irishmen should trouble themselves excessively about what English people may think or say of this, that, and the other Irish matter. If it were once realised that most Englishmen were far too busy earning their own living to take much notice of trivial matters on the other side of a channel which that famous maritime people has always shown a marked disinclination to cross,

except on business, and further, that it is simply a symptom of want of self-respect for a nation to think more about its neighbours' possible criticisms than about its own work, complaints about the Stage Irishman would cease to be what they are to-day, as wearisome as the puppet himself. As a weapon in controversy the phrase is being blunted by much repetition. Critics who have taken exception, rather on political or theological than on artistic grounds, to certain features of the new Irish School of Drama, have pretended that the figures in the plays are "Stage Irishmen." Surely a phrase that has become so loose as to blend the whiskey-bottle of the London music-halls with the "Shadowy Waters" of Mr. Yeats has effectually damned itself to every rational mind. It has become little more than the literary equivalent of the rotten egg of political argument.

At the same time it is right to scrutinise in an Irish novelist the fidelity of his national portraiture, and the essential point to mark is that we must ask ourselves not whether the Irish characters of fiction or drama might possibly cause a person who had never been in Ireland to form mistaken views about living Irishmen, but whether the author has observed faithfully and recorded without dishonesty or malice. This point, which it ought to be, but is not, unnecessary to set down, is obscured in the case of books about Ireland written in English, simply because books are generally written in order that they may be read, and in these islands

more books are read by English and Scottish than by Irish readers. The case of the drama is different, since twenty will go to a play at their doors for every half-dozen that will read, or for every one that will buy, a new book. It has been the experience of most Irish prose writers that their main public is to be found in England, since it would appear that Irish America, though very faithful to old favourites, is not, as a rule, very quick to discover new Irish writers. Even authors must live, and if Ireland will not support her own authors it is a little ungracious, though natural enough, that she should chide them for tuning their instruments to a foreign pitch. When one comes to think of it, writers are not the only figures in modern Irish public life who have to some extent depended for their living on oversea subscriptions.

That Irishmen and women should read Irish books, new and old, is a proposition that few will deny. They do read, or at any rate talk about, books that are immediately connected with practical issues ; the propagandist can count on an Irish public far larger than that of the artist. Any man who has lived, as so many Irishmen live, with scarcely a break, for many years in his own county likes, when he takes up a book for relaxation, to read of unfamiliar people and scenes. He is bored by a story that simply transfers to the printed page incidents and conversations that he can find in real life whenever he talks to his neighbours. And his neighbours' conversation is often far more amusing in real life

than its reflection could be in print. He is glad to hear that someone belonging to his own part of the world is making a success in literature, but, if he has no personal or family interest in the writer, he is too often content to take that success for granted, and regard it with the detachment with which he would receive the news that a neighbour's son had made a fortune in America or got a good appointment in India. It simply does not occur to his mind that he himself, just as much as anyone living in England, is a member of the public to which the writer appeals. Still less does the thought suggest itself that the indifference or apathy of hundreds of people exactly like himself is a factor in the process that tends, generation after generation, to detach the Irish writer from that intimate touch with his own folk, that reliance upon their sympathy and interest, which is needed to keep his work sane, vigorous, and worthy of Ireland.

Miss Edgeworth noted in 1814 that during the last thirty years the habit of reading had increased remarkably in Ireland. But in this, as in many other matters, the Great Famine set back the hands of the clock. It has been truly observed that most large Irish country houses possess good libraries of books published before the middle of the nineteenth century, to which little has been added in later years. Agrarian movements, whatever their merits or their justifications, are not good for book-lovers.

As regards old books, books that time has preserved

and dignified, it may be hoped that a worthy curiosity about the way our ancestors lived and spoke will increase steadily. Hazlitt said that whenever a new book appeared he read an old one, and this though he kept a very sharp eye on his own contemporaries. If every educated Irishman would follow his example, the nation would gain immeasurably. "God be with the old times!" is a familiar saying which need not prevent man from taking an interest in them. And for an introduction to the everyday life of Ireland at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century, the Ireland of Grattan and Castlereagh, of the Ninety-eight and the Union, of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Robert Emmet, of Sheridan and Thomas Moore, it would be difficult to find a more agreeable guide than Maria Edgeworth

II.

MARIA EDGEWORTH was the second child and eldest daughter of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, of Edgeworthstown, in the County Longford, a man of considerable note in his day. Her mother, Mr. Edgeworth's first wife, was Anna Maria Elers, the daughter of an Oxfordshire country gentleman, whose family was of German origin, and it was at Black Bourton in that county that Maria was born in 1767. She died at Edgeworthstown in 1849, her life thus covering a space almost as great as that of Fanny Burney (1752-1840). Born when the Penal Code was still in vigour, she lived through the horrors of the Great Famine. Thus she saw the establishment of Grattan's Parliament, the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars, the Ninety-eight, the Union, Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Bill, and the movement for Free Trade. In English literature she links the period of Dr. Johnson and Burke with that of Carlyle, Dickens, and Thackeray. She watched the literary careers of Byron, Scott, and Wordsworth—all of whom she knew personally. When asked by her publishers in 1847 to write new prefaces to her collected works she declined, because :

“ As a woman my life, wholly domestic, cannot afford anything interesting to the public. I am like the needy knife-grinder—I have no story to tell. There is, indeed, one thing I should have wished to tell, but that Sir Walter Scott has so much better told it for me. I honestly glory in the thought that my name will go down to posterity as his friend.”

But the world of letters has not shared her modest estimate of the interest of her own life. The privately printed *Memoir* in three volumes, produced by her step-mother in 1867, is a quarry in which many industrious students have worked. The first detailed account of Miss Edgeworth's life given to the public was not published until 1882, when Miss Grace Oliver's *Study of Maria Edgeworth* came from Boston. Next year appeared Miss Helen Zimmern's little volume in the *Eminent Women Series*, and in 1894 Mr. Augustus Hare's two-volume *Life and Letters*. Yet it was not until fifty-five years after Miss Edgeworth's death that any Irish writer produced a monograph on the earliest Irish novelist. In 1904 appeared the volume in the *English Men of Letters* series by Miss Emily Lawless. Maria, who in *Irish Bulls* had joined her father in arguing that Great Britain is a prolific home of the species, would have enjoyed the notion that she was being presented to the world by a Scottish publisher as an English Man of Letters. Miss Lawless was admirably qualified to write of her predecessor, for they had much in common besides their nationality. Each in her own day represented many of the best qualities of the Irish landed gentry. Both were novelists of distinction, and deeply interested in many things outside the circle of literary topics. And, best of all, each was a woman with a strong sense of humour—the point that most, perhaps, impresses itself on anyone who has studied Miss Edgeworth's familiar letters and had the privilege of meeting Miss

Lawless. Since these two writers approached Irish life from very much the same standpoint, so far as family circumstances and political prepossessions are concerned, it is of real interest to mark the change that a century has brought in the view that a cultivated Irishwoman is prone to take of her own country's past. In the interval the work of archæologists like Petrie and O'Donovan, poets like Sir Samuel Ferguson, Celtic students like O'Curry, had disinterred a past Ireland that had been as completely hidden from modern eyes as were the remains of Troy and Myenæ from students of Greek before the day of the excavating archæologist. Miss Lawless, when she wrote her historical novels, *With Essex in Ireland* and, still more, *Maelcho*, was instinct with a spirit that did not exist in Miss Edgeworth's times. We shall see when we come to *Ormond* that Maria was interested in the Irish Brigade in France, as any intelligent and sympathetic observer must be interested in events that had deeply concerned his own country in his father's lifetime. But she had not the power to discern the romantic adventurousness and the spiritual bitterness that united to drive the flower of Irish Catholics to continental battlefields, nor that insight without which the artistic excellence of Emily Lawless's verse would have left *With the Wild Geese* a cold presentment of dead fires. It was left to a later day to give expression to that passionate love of Eire which so many of the Gall have learned from the Gael and treasured in their hearts, even though their lives may seemingly

have been spent in prosaic tasks and their judgments compelled them to oppose the facile enthusiasms of the obviously patriotic. It were unjust to complain that Maria Edgeworth did not pass on to the world something that she could not herself have known.

“ When Miss Edgeworth wrote,” observes Mr. Stephen Gwynn,* “ she had all about her an Ireland still Irish-speaking, but in which the old order and tradition were shattered, an Ireland lying as if in paralysis, vegetant rather than alive, and she wrote of the Celtic Irish with the keen and not unkindly insight that a good mistress possesses into the virtues and foibles of her servants. Once or twice, as for instance, in *Ormond*, she endeavoured to portray some survival of the old Celtic nobility, and King Corny is perhaps as well represented as he could have been by one who knew nothing of the history, language, and literature of his race. . . . For all that gave significance and value to the history of the Irish Celt she cared nothing.”

This is, perhaps, a slightly misleading way of putting a patent truth ; for when Miss Edgeworth describes an Irish servant or peasant she does not generalise about the Celtic race. Her sketch of Count O'Halloran in *The Absentee*, a dignified figure whose quiet humour is so effectually contrasted with the foppishness of his visitors, stands witness for her ability to understand the Catholic gentry of the old stock. As for the peasantry, we find neither in her stories nor her letters a trace of the contempt with which Dean Swift, for all his political Irish patriotism, regarded three-fourths of the Irish people. It was not that Miss Edgeworth cared nothing ; she had no opportunity of knowing anything

* *To-day and To-morrow in Ireland*, 1904.

of Celtic tradition. Of the politicians and orators who made Dublin a brilliant centre before the Union, Flood alone seems to have shown any interest in the Irish language. Dr. Johnson, in fact, would appear to have thought more about the Gaelic language, provided it was not the Scottish Gaelic, than did either of his Irish friends, Edmund Burke or Oliver Goldsmith. As for history, where was a young lady in the reign of George III. to find any account of Anglo-Irish relations that was not written from the purely English point of view? The Edgeworths had come to Ireland in Tudor times (1583), having before that date been settled, according to a family tradition which seems trustworthy, at Edgware, in Middlesex. They thus belonged to what Geoffrey Keating called the "Nua-Gall," the New Strangers—as opposed to the "Sean Gall," the Anglo-Norman stock to which he himself belonged; and for two stormy centuries their main line stood for Protestantism and the English connection, though it was a Catholic cadet branch of the same family that produced the Abbé Edgeworth, who stood by Louis XVI. on the scaffold. But it is absurd to represent Maria Edgeworth as considering herself an Englishwoman. Her most contemptuous satire, in *The Absentee* and elsewhere, is reserved for Irishwomen who fancied that by pretending to be English they would improve their social standing.

Her father had been sent as a child to a school in England, where he was bullied for his Irish brogue, and

was removed to Drogheda School, only to be teased for his English accent. He was sent to Trinity, and later to Oxford, and read for the Bar in London (like all Irish Bar students, down to Daniel O'Connell's time and later). He lived for a time in France, where he fell under the influence of Rousseau, and attached himself later, before coming into the family property, to the literary set at Lichfield that paid court to Dr. Darwin, and admired, or, at any rate, listened to, the poems of Miss Anna Seward.* Here he made friends with Thomas Day, author of *Sandford and Merton*, whose antipathy to feminine authors caused Maria Edgeworth to postpone publication of her earliest work until Mr. Day was killed by a colt that he was breaking in according to an original and humane method. With a strong turn for practical mechanics Richard Edgeworth combined a lively interest in political philosophy of the Utilitarian school founded by Bentham, and in what would nowadays be called "sociology." His daughter's correspondence with Ricardo shows that she inherited this interest. Mr. Edgeworth was a resident Irish landlord who devoted himself to the management of his estate and the material improvement of the neighbourhood. "I had always thought," he writes in his *Memoirs*, "that if it were in the power of any man to serve the country which gave him bread, he ought to sacrifice every inferior consideration and to reside where he could be most useful."

* See Mr. E. V. Lucas' vivacious study, *A Swan and her Friends*, 1907.

He made a point of dispensing with the crowd of middlemen and sub-agents who complicated the already tangled web of Irish land tenure, with consequences not fully realised by their employers' descendants until recent years, and he was careful to show equal favour to Catholic and Protestant tenants, taking the view that a farmer was to be judged rather by his agriculture than by his religious profession. From her girlhood his daughter Maria was taken completely into his confidence, and really acted as his private secretary, thus coming early into an intimate knowledge of Irish rural life at first hand. Mr. Edgeworth, as a member of the Irish Parliament, advocated the Union as desirable, provided that Ireland entered as a willing partner, but voted against it because this essential condition was lacking. The world at large, unaccustomed to find a Member of Parliament either thinking for himself or acting disinterestedly, made merry over the fact that a man should speak for a measure and vote against it.

To her father, whom she always regarded with the most whole-hearted devotion, Maria owed a knowledge of many practical as well as literary matters that did not then often come within a young lady's sphere of interest,* besides steady encouragement in her literary work. They often collaborated, and it has been the universal fashion to deplore Mr. Edgeworth's alleged cramping

*My friend, Mr. Lionel Curtis, points out an odd anachronism in *Ormond*, where convicts are sentenced to transportation to Botany Bay almost a generation before the Australian penal settlement was founded. But such a slip is very unusual in Miss Edgeworth's writings.

influence over his daughter's pen. But one may take leave to doubt whether the general opinion in this matter has the merit of being altogether sound.

It is not quite safe to assume that by comparison of *Helen*, the only imaginative work of note that she composed after her father's death, published in 1834, with *Belinda* (1800), or the much less successful *Patronage* (1815), all three being stories of English society, the critic can decide offhand how far Mr. Edgeworth's influence impaired his daughter's work. Middle-age is often less dogmatic and didactic than youth, more content to describe the world than hopeful of reforming it. And Miss Edgeworth's was not a mind that stood still; she had read and thought much in the interval. An instance of Mr. Edgeworth's justifiable interference with his daughter's original drafts is to be found in his vetoing the marriage of a village girl with a negro servant in *Belinda*, which his daughter had thoughtlessly designed just to round off the finale. The manuscripts of Maria's works in the possession of living relatives show that her father's corrections often pruned redundant phrases and made the writing more direct, while—contrary to the accepted notion—he discouraged in her novels the didactic tone into which she was inclined to fall. It is true that the prefaces which he wrote to her works were, to the modern taste, decidedly pompous. But few of us are at our best in writing a preface. That Mr. Edgeworth could not have attained to the light touch of his daughter at her best is shown from the passages

in *Ormond* known to have been written by him. But those who maintain that Maria Edgeworth's genius was fettered by her father's dictation have never attempted to explain two facts very awkward for their theory : first, that the volume of his *Memoirs* that came from his own pen is far more racy and vivacious than the second volume which she wrote, and, secondly, that *Castle Rackrent*, the most vivid and humorous of her stories, passed under his scrutiny, but received no corrections from his hand. She is not to be judged, of course, by the continuation of the *Memoirs*, not only written under a sense of grief and desolation, but also inspired by a spirit of filial piety which the present generation is perhaps none the better for being incapable of appreciating. But surely his autobiography must be brought in evidence before we can dogmatise about his literary influence.

Except for a visit to Edgeworthstown as a small child, when the future author of so many books about infantile virtue acquired a lifelong memory of the delight of stamping through a row of cucumber frames laid out on the lawn, Maria's early life was spent in England with her mother, who died when she was only six. None of her biographers except Miss Lawless has perceived how unfortunate this was :

To have had the right, so to speak, to a childhood in an Irish country home, and to have been—also, so to speak—defrauded of that right ; to have had to spend the chief—it is hardly an exaggeration to say the *only*—years of true impressionability in Great Russell Street, in Derby, in Lichfield, and Upper Wimpole Street, seems to

me, I will confess, for the early years of an Irish romancer, a state of affairs almost too regrettable to contemplate. If now and then, even in the best of Miss Edgeworth's books, a certain sense of unreality presents itself; if now and then a momentary haze of falsity seems to float between an Irish reader and the page, it is, I think, only fair that we should set down such passing slips largely to the fact that she came to the country which she is undertaking to describe almost as a grown-up woman.

Maria was fifteen when the family settled permanently at Edgeworthstown in the eventful year 1782, too old for the unembarrassed friendship with all neighbours, rich and poor, that is the priceless heritage of Irish country life. As a child she had little chance of absorbing the fairy stories or the folk-lore of her country. The young lady of fifteen brought up in England could never have the free entry into all the cottages around that is affectionately remembered by those of us who have had the luck to spend our early days in Irish country homes. Thus she missed not only the freedom of a life in which a child could come to no harm—at least until motor cars were invented—since everyone is fond of children, and torn clothes do not matter in the country, but the early playmates of all grades in life given in perfection by Ireland. For there good manners are a native product of the soil, and the most anxious parent need not fear that the most precocious child can pick up any contamination. No doubt, as Mr. Hare and Miss Zimmern have insisted, Maria's powers of observation were quickened by the unfamiliarity of the surroundings to which she

came in her teens. In interpreting Irish scenes to English readers she could know exactly what would appear strange to a visitor. Alike in *Ennui* and *The Absentee* she brings a young man of Irish blood as a stranger to Ireland, and with excellent literary effect. But it is only, perhaps, in *Castle Rackrent* that she reaches the certainty of touch which would have come so easily to a woman of her gifts who had spent her childhood in Ireland. And it is interesting to find from a letter of 1834 that the original of old Thady—the only character in the book drawn directly from life—was a steward met when she first came to Ireland, whose character and manner of speech had thus impressed themselves on her before she was grown up

It is unnecessary here to re-write in detail the story of her life, but we may note that Edgeworthstown came very near the main stream of the French invasion in 1798. Mr. Edgeworth had aroused the suspicion of ultra-fervid loyalists by admitting Catholics to a corps of infantry that he raised. Before his men had received arms from Government, the approach of Humbert and his Irish auxiliaries drove the family to Longford. The rebel force did no damage to their home. The housekeeper had shown kindness a year before to the wife of one of the party. Meanwhile Mr. Edgeworth was pelted in Longford by an Orange mob, for, having sat by a window reading a newspaper by candle-light, he was supposed to be flashing signals to the French. The

surrender of Humbert to Cornwallis, at Ballinamuck, brought to an end this uncomfortably close glimpse of civil war. Maria's letters give a graphic account of these events, on which she touched lightly in *Ennui*.

But the horrors which marked the year in Wexford had no counterpart in Longford. Maria in a letter of this year made a remark that is not without its application in 1915. "I am going on in the old way—writing stories. I cannot be a captain of dragoons, and sitting with my hands before me would not make any of us one degree safer."

In 1802, during the peace of Amiens, the whole family visited France,* and Maria met some of the most interesting people in Paris—amongst them Madame de Genlis, generally supposed to have been the mother of Pamela, Lady Edward FitzGerald. Their distant kinship with the famous Abbé Edgeworth, of which they were proud, exposed them to the suspicion of Napoleon's officials, but a timely hint enabled them to leave France just before war was renewed. Maria's brother, Lovell, was not so fortunate; arrested in 1803 on his way home from Geneva, he remained a *détenu* in France for the next eleven years. In 1820, Maria, with her two sisters, re-visited Paris, and her account of the contrasts between French society under Napoleon and under the Bourbon Restoration is very interesting. At the earlier date

* Miss Constance Hill, in *Maria Edgeworth and her Circle*, has given an excellent account of her intercourse with French society.

everyone talked literature, because under Napoleon politics was a forbidden topic and espionage was rife. But in 1820 tongues were free to argue on politics, and full advantage was taken of this. In Miss Edgeworth's novel, *Helen* (published in 1834), a French gentleman laments the violence of party strife :

Lady Davenant joined with him in his regrets, and added that she feared society in England would soon be brought to the same condition. " No," said the French gentleman, " English ladies will never be so vehement as my countrywomen ; they will never become, I hope, like some of our lady politicians, qui hurlent comme les démons ! "

It was at Paris in 1802 that a Swedish gentleman of distinction, M. Edelcrantz, proposed to Maria, who could not resign herself to living in Sweden. But her stepmother records that the affair made a deep and lasting impression.

Miss Edgeworth knew her London fairly well, twice paid long visits to Edinburgh, then earning the title of " The Modern Athens " by the vigour and distinctiveness of its intellectual life, and spent much time in country house visits in England and Ireland. Her father had many acquaintances, and she notes later on that she had friends amongst six distinct London sets, literary, political, and so on. The Duchess of Wellington, who remained " always Kitty Pakenham to my friends," was a cousin and an old neighbour in Ireland ; we find Miss Edgeworth calling on her in London on St. Patrick's Day in 1819 ; " a plate of shamrocks on the table, and as she came forward to meet me she gave a bunch to me,

pressing my hand and saying in a low voice, with her sweet smile, 'Vous en êtes digne'". With the Lansdowne family there was a lasting friendship. Thomas Moore often mentions Miss Edgeworth (whose father he hated), sometimes with a touch of malice, obviously due to a momentary fit of vanity or jealousy—he looked on Lansdowne House and Bowood rather as his own preserves—sometimes with genuine appreciation. Byron records that in 1813 Miss Edgeworth and Madame de Stael were the lions of the London season, until the Czar Alexander appeared. In his diary for 1821 he recalls his first meeting with her :

She was a nice, little, unassuming "Jeanie Deans-looking body," as we Scotch say—and, if not handsome, certainly not ill-looking. Her conversation was as quiet as herself. One would never have guessed she could write *her name* ; whereas, her father talked *not* as if he could write nothing else, but as if nothing else was worth writing.

There is no authentic portrait of Maria Edgeworth except a family group ; several fancy pictures of her have obtained currency, and even appeared as frontispieces to books about her. One of these she saw, and, as she writes, "O ! said the little woman, this is none of I ! " In 1835 she was described by Mr. Ticknor,* the American Professor, as

A small, short, spare lady of about 67, with extremely frank and kind manners, and who always looks straight into your face with a pair of mild, deep, grey eyes whenever she speaks to you.

Frankness and kindness—an excellent description.

* G. S. Hillard. *Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor*," Boston, 1876.

Miss Edgeworth's deep affection for her brothers and sisters and her other relatives—they were a large circle—did not impair her powers of friendship. Modest about her own achievements, she was always generous and sympathetic to fellow writers such as Lady Morgan (Sydney Owenson), and ready to admire good work, though intolerant of evil. She knew French thoroughly and Italian well. We find her protesting, late in life, against the tone of Balzac's novels, and she had no liking for Byron. Writing in 1810 (before she had met him) she observes characteristically: "He may have great talents, but I am sure he has neither a great nor a good mind; and I feel dislike and disgust for his Lordship." This anticipated the verdict of society by several years. Well! We are all very tolerant nowadays, when the catch-word "Art for Art's sake" (or is it "Mud for Mud's sake"?) allows even small talents to cloak the absence of greatness or goodness in the mind, and it is refreshing to turn to an old-fashioned gentlewoman who had the courage of her opinions. But it is not to be supposed that Miss Edgeworth in society had any priggishness. In her writings, no doubt, she was guided by the idea that the pen may be an instrument for making the world better; that if it is the duty of a human being to eschew evil and promote good, he is not absolved from that duty by the accident that he can write books. But the women of her day read far more widely than the later Victorian standards approved. The limitations of her work are obvious; her mind was formed before

there was any whisper of the Romantic Movement in literature ; passion hardly enters her pages, and choice in marriage is guided by prudential considerations—a practice not yet altogether obsolete in real life.

“ Ask half the men with whom you are acquainted why they married,” says Mrs. Broadwood, in ‘ The Absentee,’ “ and their answer, if they speak truth, will be ‘ Because I met Miss Such-a-one at such a place, and we were continually together.’ ‘ Propinquity ! —propinquity ! ’ as my father used to say ; and he was married five times and twice to heiresses.”

Mrs. Broadwood is a rather vulgar English bourgeoisie, and (though most critics have as regards this passage assumed the contrary) is not to be taken as speaking Miss Edgeworth’s own sentiments.

The constant writing of books for children had, no doubt, its effect on her other work ; a child’s story was required to have its moral. But she gives a faithful and amusing account of society in her own day, and it is acknowledged that the one matter in which she clearly surpasses Jane Austen is the ease and fidelity of her scenes laid in the best political and social circles of the time. One would never gather from either lady that the country was, when both were writing novels, passing through a prolonged period of warfare, still less that the national existence was at stake. But daily life, before telegraphs, jogged along placidly in war as in peace, and the women writers preferred to dwell on less exacting themes. “ Edgeworth, Ferrier, Austen,” writes Scott, “ have all given portraits of real society far superior to anything man, vain man, has produced of the like

nature." Of these three the Irishwoman had the advantages of knowing all three countries, as well as France, and of having mixed far more in general society than either the English or the Scottish writer.*

But to the world at large Miss Edgeworth will, perhaps, always remain known as the first successful writer of stories for children. Ruskin, in his *Ethics of the Dust*, says of her in this connection: "I can read her over and over again, without ever tiring; there's no one whose every page is so full and so delightful; no one who brings you into the company of pleasanter or wiser people; no one who tells you more truly how to do right." With the children's books, however, as with the works on education,† in which she and her father joined forces, we are not here concerned, and it would be mere presumption to attempt to add anything to the charming descriptions and sympathetic criticism of Lady Ritchie. It is appropriate that Thackeray's daughter—may one suppose that her Irish mother transmitted something of it?—has shown a more perfect understanding of Maria Edgeworth's personality and writings as a whole than any other critic. The novels were produced over a period of thirty-four years; the first, *Castle Rackrent* (1800), had been preceded by *Letters to Literary Ladies* (Miss Edgeworth's first publication)

* An interesting comparison of the three will be found in *The Literary History of England*, by Mrs. Oliphant (vol. 3, chap. 6), who observes of Miss Edgeworth: "Though she writes with genuine love for her country, she communicates no enthusiasm for it." She certainly communicated none to Mrs. Oliphant.

† An interesting criticism on the latter by Mr. James McKenna appeared in *The Irish School Weekly*, January-February, 1915.

and *The Parent's Assistant*; the last, *Helen* (1834), was followed only by a little tale called *Orlandino*, written in support of Father Mathew's Temperance Movement. *Belinda*, a novel of English society, followed within a few months of *Castle Rackrent*. This and *Helen* are undoubtedly the best examples of Miss Edgeworth's purely English work. They are excellent of their kind, but she moves more freely in Ireland. She was not sparing in self-criticism. When revising *Belinda* for a new edition she wrote of her heroine: "I really was so provoked with the cold tameness of that stick or stone, Belinda, that I could have torn the page in pieces! As the hackney coachman said, 'Mend you! Better make a new one.'" And of *Helen* she wrote to a kinswoman:

Can you conceive yourself to be an old lamp at the point of extinction, and dreading the smell you would make at going out, and the execrations which in your dying flickerings you might hear? And then you can conceive the sudden starting up again of the flame when fresh oil is poured into the lamp. And can you conceive what that poor lamp would feel returning to light and life? So felt I when I had read your letter on reading what I sent you of "Helen."

It is significant that at this date she found insuperable difficulty in writing another story of Irish life.

"It is impossible," she says in a letter, "to draw Ireland as she now is in a book of fiction—realities are too strong, party passions too violent to bear to see, or care to look at, their faces in the looking glass. The people would only break the glass, and curse the fool who held the mirror up to nature, distorted nature in a fever. We are in too perilous a case to laugh, humour would be out of season, worse than bad taste."

Of *Patronage*—the title of which explains the plot—

Byron said to Lady Donegal : “ I thought it very bad for *her*,” and notes, with odd misunderstanding of Miss Edgeworth’s character and position, that he was sorry for having said so, as he “ thought it possible Lady Donegal, being Irish, might be a patroness of Miss Edgeworth.” But Lord Byron, champion of the Rights of Man, never got rid of the idea that there was a deep gulf between the peerage and the untitled. The fact of political patronage pervaded the time. The able and honourable Mr. Devereux in *Ennui* obtains a good appointment in India, for which his own merits fully qualified him, only as the result of much wire-pulling in Dublin Castle. Nowadays we do not talk about such things in quite such a matter-of-fact way, but it is whispered that they do happen at times.

Patronage had been preceded by *Moral Tales*, *Popular Tales*, and *Fashionable Tales* (including *Ennui* and *The Absentee*). Of the *Popular Tales*, which dealt with middle-class life, and were addressed to middle-class readers (who at all times have vastly preferred to read about the aristocracy), Miss Lawless observes : “ Whenever Ireland, or even a wandering Irishman, steps upon the stage, as in ‘ The Limerick Gloves,’ they seem to me at once to gain in vigour and actuality.” *Rosanna*, introducing a tiresomely industrious farmer, a wicked land-agent, and a good-natured, slovenly squireen, has touches of humour as well as marks of close observation. *The Essay on Irish Bulls*, the joint work of father and daughter, published in 1802, is very largely a vindication of the

Irish character from misunderstandings prevalent in England, and contains some shrewd observations. The Londoner's habit of pronouncing the word "idea" as *idear* is noted here as in *The Absentee*, probably the only evidence extant that that superfluous final "r," which has long since ceased to be a monopoly of the uneducated in Southern England, but never fails to offend a Scottish or Irish ear, is more than a century old.

The death of Richard Edgeworth in 1817 was the turning point of his daughter's life. In the same year she published *Ormond*, in some respects her best story, and *Harrington*, which, rather oddly, owed its main purpose to the protest of an American Jewish lady that Miss Edgeworth had in a previous book exhibited Jews in an unpleasant light. In 1819 she brought out the *Memoirs* of her father, already mentioned, and had the strength of mind to refuse to read an offensive "slating" of it in the *Quarterly*—as ungentlemanly a piece of anonymous journalism as the most "yellow" of modern newspapers could produce. Thereafter the main events of her life were second visits to Paris in 1820, when she went on to Geneva and saw the Alps, and to Edinburgh (extended to Abbotsford) in 1823, noticed above; Sir Walter Scott's return visit to Edgeworthstown in 1825, on which occasion the Edgeworth party went on with their guest to Killarney; and the tour in Connemara in 1833, described in the letter printed below. Edgeworthstown, the best description of which was written by Mrs. S. C. Hall, had become a centre of pilgrimage, and received

distinguished foreign visitors like the Swiss Marc Auguste Pictet, the American George Ticknor, the German J. G. Kohl.* Several of Maria's books had been translated into French and German. Kohl's account of his visit to Edgeworthstown and the neighbourhood in 1843 is noticeable for his assertion that in Westmeath fifty years earlier nothing but Irish had been spoken or understood, though by that year many had forgotten it, and children were no longer taught it. An old woman told him "There are but very few who can even bless themselves in Irish." Two of Miss Edgeworth's stories, *Rosanna* and *Forgive and Forget*, were published in an Irish translation in Belfast in 1833, the translator being Thomas Feenaghty, teacher of Irish in Belfast, and the publication undertaken by a local Gaelic Society. But the translation is pronounced by competent judges to have little merit, and it seems improbable that the stories reached many Irish speakers. Kohl seems to have been misinformed as to the universality of Irish, at least as the sole language, in the north of Leinster at the beginning of the century, for the Edgeworth family has found in contemporary letters and estate papers no hint that anyone in the neighbourhood was unable to speak English. Of course, most country districts were far more bi-lingual until long after Miss Edgeworth's death than is usually supposed. But it is significant that in her novels we do not find—as we do in Scott—any evidence of pure Gaelic speakers. Her

* J. G. Kohl. *Travels in Ireland*. London, 1844.

country-people know the meanings of local place-names, and "have the Irish" as regards the names of herbs and the like, but they can all speak English. She had every opportunity for knowing about such matters, for the death of brothers, and consequent family arrangements, put the Edgeworthstown property entirely in her hands for some years. The grim realities of the Famine thus not only impressed her as they impressed every Irish man or woman with a heart, but found her, like the great majority of resident Irish landlords, in the fighting line, devoting all her powers to helping the distress of her country. "The fatalism of the economists," she said to the late Judge O'Connor Morris,* "will never do in a time like this," and she read to her visitors "a letter from Lord John Russell, complimentary and courteous, but refusing to listen to certain projects of relief. 'He is true,' she wittily said, 'to the motto of his house, but *Che sara sara* is the faith of the infidel.'" Lord John Russell was the Prime Minister of Great Britain and Ireland, and it is one of the oddest ironies of history that the party whose *laissez-faire* principles vetoed every suggestion made in Ireland for saving the country in its worst hour of need, has sincerely come to imagine that it always befriended the Irish people. The last act of Maria Edgeworth in her eighty-third year was inspired by hearing of the poor Irish porters in New York, who, when American admirers

* W. G. O'Connor Morris. *Memories and Thoughts of a Life*.
1895.

of her writings subscribed to send supplies to her for distribution to the famine-stricken, refused all payment for carrying the rice and Indian meal to the ships.

“She knit with her own hands,” writes Mrs. Edgeworth, “a woollen comforter for each porter, of bright and pretty colours, which she sent to a friend to present to the men, who were proud and grateful for the gifts; but, alas! before they received them those kind hands were cold, and that warm heart had ceased to beat.”

III.

MISS EDGEWORTH towards the end of her life wrote to a friend a very full description of her methods of literary work. She had, like Jane Austen, the rare faculty of being able to write in a library with her family round her.

“ In my whole life, since I began to write, I have had only about half-a-dozen little note books, strangely and irregularly kept, sometimes with only words of reference to some book or fact I could not bring accurately to mind. . . . I was averse to noting down, because I was conscious that it did better for me to keep the things in my head, if they suited my purpose ; and if they did not, they would only encumber me.”

Her novels were written in little, oblong note-books, oddly like cheque-books.

“ In every story (except ‘ Rackrent ’) which I ever wrote, I have always drawn out . . . a sketch, a frame-work ; all these are in existence, and I have lately compared many of the printed stories with them ; some strangely altered, by-the-way. I have seldom or ever drawn any one character—certainly not any ridiculous or faulty character—from any individual.

In fact, as she explains, she meant her characters to represent types rather than individuals. Perhaps her principal male characters would have been more alive than they are but for her determination to avoid personal portraits.

She is one of the writers that mark a striking transition in the English novel ; in the hands of Fielding* and Smollett it was a literary product that, as the French say,

* Miss Edgeworth’s views on the novels of Fielding and Richardson are introduced into *Ormond* : the hero was at one moment disposed to fancy himself an Irish Tom Jones.

“ ne peut pas être mis dans tous les mains.” But the close of the eighteenth century saw the rise of a reading public composed of cultivated women. It is largely to this fact, as Miss Zimmern points out, that the sudden reformation of the novel is due. The first women-novelists, indeed, had not that prudery which marked the next literary generation : Miss Edgeworth’s little story, *The Dun*, might be reprinted as a Social Purity pamphlet. But they preferred to dwell upon all that is decent and seemly in human life.

Her long life gives her a special place in literary history ; she was essentially of the eighteenth century, yet we find young Edward FitzGerald, friend of Tennyson, future translator of Omar Khayyam, visiting Edgeworthstown as an undergraduate, and writing genially of his hostess, “ The Great Maria.” On Scott’s enthusiastic praise we have already dwelt. Miss Mitford wrote of her : “ She shoots at folly as it flies with the strong bolt of ridicule, and seldom misses her aim.” Hazlitt, however, in his *Lectures on the Comic Writers*, while describing *Castle Rackrent* as a “ genuine unsophisticated national portrait,” lashes the “ pedantic pragmatism of commonsense ” of the other tales ; Leigh Hunt dismissed her as excessively utilitarian, while Bulwer Lytton later on was scornful about the impeccable prudence of Miss Edgeworth’s young ladies. One of the most searching contemporary criticisms is to be found in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1830—the great quarterlies paid close attention to her novels, and were generally

most favourable—" We are seldom furnished with such a clew to the character of a person as would enable us to judge how he would act under circumstances widely different." This criterion, surely, while worth laying down, would weigh hardly on all writers of fiction except a few of those who belong to the very first rank in the world's literature. We may fancy that we know how Adam Bede would have comported himself had he come into a fortune, or Pendennis had he gone into Parliament ; but can we be quite sure that George Eliot or Thackeray would have endorsed our views ? Still, the comment puts in an extreme form the contention that most of Miss Edgeworth's characters are not alive in the fullest sense. King Corny in *Ormond* is one of the exceptions : Macaulay, in his *History of England*, observed that Miss Edgeworth enabled readers to form some notion of what King Corny's great-grandfather must have been at the period of the Battle of the Boyne. He went so far as to describe the scene in *The Absentee* when Lord Colambre revealed his identity to the tenants as " the best thing of the sort since the revelation of Ulysses to the Suitors in the *Odyssey*." Mention of this recalls the Killarney boatman who told Macaulay, in 1849, that having rowed Sir Walter Scott and Miss Edgeworth on the Lakes twenty-four years ago had been " compensation to him for having missed a hanging which took place that very day." Charles Lever *

* Edmund Downey. *Charles Lever : His Life in his Letters*. 1906.

corresponded with Miss Edgeworth from 1843, when he asked leave to dedicate *Tom Burke* to her, and seems to have been guided by her judgment at times. He asked her opinion on *The O'Donoghue* and *The Knight of Gwynne*, and was dissuaded by her from writing a novel centred round political intrigue inspired by priests. His acknowledgment of her counsel is worth quoting : " I do feel that my prejudices might have easily led me to father on my priest, evils, social and political, which in all likelihood he could never have been answerable for."

In all histories of modern English literature Maria Edgeworth finds a place, and it is to be noted that Professor Saintsbury,* pronounces her in her novels as well as her children's books to have produced " work which wants but a little, if, in some instances, it wants even that, to be of the very first class." It is not at all certain, in fact, that Maria Edgeworth did not actually invent the novel of what we now call " local colour." Scott seems to have thought so, and we have the independent testimony of Turgenev, in some respects the greatest of the great Russian novelists, that it was a perusal of Miss Edgeworth that suggested to him the studies of Russian peasant life that he published under the title of *A Sportsman's Sketches*.

But her local colour is entirely confined to humanity ; she does not describe the Irish landscape, and in this

* " The Growth of the Later Novel," in *The Cambridge History of English Literature*," Vol. XI. 1914.

respect her contrast with Scott is obvious. She probably did not really think, with Dr. Johnson,* that "a blade of grass is always a blade of grass, whether in one country or another." But she might have said with him, "Men and women are my subjects of enquiry; let us see how these differ from those we have left behind." Lord Glenthorn's castle in *Ennui* is, we are told, on a cliff over the sea, but could anyone imagine to himself the scenery of the Black Isles from anything that is told to us in *Ormond*? A guide on Loch Lomond complained that since the publication of *The Lady of the Lake* all visitors deserted the great lake for "that stinking hole, Loch Katrine!" Miss Edgeworth never diverted a stream of tourists to any place. She enjoyed visiting picturesque scenes like Killarney, but she does not seem to have cared much about Wordsworth's poetry, and she really belongs to the mid-eighteenth century in her outlook on nature. Nor do remote historical associations appeal to her. The letter reprinted in this volume shows that she gave herself some trouble to see the ruins of Clonmacnois, but has nothing to say about them (whereas the town of Galway interests her), and showed a typical eighteenth century indifference to the beauty of the Connemara Mountains.

Though one of the few women elected as honorary members of the Royal Irish Academy, Miss Edgeworth has hardly come by her own in Ireland, perhaps for the reasons suggested at the opening of this essay, while as

* Quoted in Raleigh, *The English Novel*, p. 214.

an English novelist she is overshadowed by Jane Austen, a finer artist. It would be idle to claim that in her Irish work she had the vigour shown by the Banim brothers when at their best, the vein of genuine poetry that throbs in Gerald Griffin, or the insight into peasant life possessed by William Carleton. The very artlessness of Kickham makes *Knocknagow* a truer transcript from life. But Ireland is not entirely a nation of peasants, and Miss Edgeworth shows us, with a success unmatched save by Lever in his best work, the life of the governing class at the time of the Union. And here Lever was reconstructing where Miss Edgeworth was recording. She also tells us a good deal about the rise of that middle class which, though its very existence is sometimes denied, has, in fact, held Irish political life in its own hands for the last thirty years.

The conditions of Irish life have changed so radically that it was not to be expected that anything like a school of novelists should have descended from Miss Edgeworth, though her influence is to be seen in Annie Keary's *Castle Daly* (1875). As for living writers, in Mr. Shan Bullock's *The Squireen* and other stories of rural Ulster, in that masterpiece of ruthless observation, *The Real Charlotte*,* by the two ladies who are most widely, but not most intelligently, known by *The Experiences of an Irish R.M.*, and in the novels of two Irishwomen

* In his introduction to *Humours of Irish Life* in the present series, Mr. Charles Graves lent his authority to the view here expressed, as did Mr. Shan Bullock in a lecture on Irish novelists some time ago at the Irish Literary Society.

whose work is far too little known in Ireland, Mrs. Field and Miss Mary Crosbie, one may perhaps discern elements of diverse character that owe something to the books of Miss Edgeworth. Some other recent Irish writers present nothing but a contrast to her work. Mr. Bernard Shaw, for instance, in that otherwise maliciously accurate study of certain aspects of modern Ireland, *John Bull's Other Island*, has the effrontery to present as a typical family of Irish gentry a household that would have appeared in Miss Edgeworth's pages as an awful example of those middlemen or buckeens, for whom her sympathy, as Charles Lamb would have put it, was imperfect.

It must not be forgotten that she tried her hand at plays, but the "Comic Dramas" of 1817 are not important, though one of them, *Love and Law*, a comedy in which a matter-of-fact English magistrate is confronted by the intricacies of a faction feud among litigants whose character bewilders him as much as their phraseology puzzles him, contains a touch or two almost in Lady Gregory's manner. Still, one can hardly claim Maria Edgeworth as a precursor of the Abbey Theatre. An earlier play, *Whim for Whim*, had been offered to Sheridan, but declined, and it seems doubtful whether any of Maria's dramatic efforts got beyond the sphere of private theatricals in the way of actual representation on the boards. She seldom succeeded in getting into her deliberate work the fun that shines through her familiar letters, whether she is comparing the motion of

the Holyhead steamer (first endured by her in 1820) to the sensation felt inside a carriage at an inn door when a pig is scratching himself against a hind wheel, or commenting gravely, "though she hates scandal," that the Venus d'Medici and the Apollo Belvedere were both missing together in 1814 from the Louvre. "La triste utilité," as Madame de Stael is reported to have said, is the quality that most people seem to associate with her work, though the tenderness and pathos of some of the stories for children are unsurpassed, while the hatred of injustice and oppression, the scorn of insincerity, the fearlessness in exposing the besetting sins of her own class, the readiness to see the amusing side of unpleasant experiences, must strike any reader who takes up the best of the novels without preconceived ideas. "The one serious novelist coming from the upper classes in Ireland, and the most finished and famous produced by any class there, is undoubtedly Miss Edgeworth." That is the deliberate verdict of Mr. W. B. Yeats.

M. C. C. SETON.

April, 1915'

A Selection from the Irish Writings

OF

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

CASTLE RACKRENT. (*Abridged.*)

Monday Morning.

HAVING, out of friendship for the family, upon whose estate, praised be Heaven! I and mine have lived rent-free, time out of mind, voluntarily undertaken to publish the MEMOIRS of the RACKRENT FAMILY, I think it my duty to say a few words, in the first place, concerning myself. My real name is Thady Quirk, though in the family I have always been known by no other than "*honest Thady*,"—afterward, in the time of Sir Murtagh, deceased, I remember to hear them calling me "*old Thady*," and now I'm come to "*poor Thady*"; for I wear a long great coat winter and summer, which is very handy, as I never put my arms into the sleeves; they are

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as good as new, though come Holantide next I've had it these seven years ; it holds on by a single button round my neck, cloak fashion. To look at me, you would hardly think " poor Thady " was the father of attorney Quirk ; he is a high gentleman, and never minds what poor Thady says, and having better than fifteen hundred a year, landed estate, looks down upon honest Thady ; but I wash my hands of his doings, and as I have lived so will I die, true and loyal to the family. The family of the Rackrents is, I am proud to say, one of the most ancient in the kingdom. Everybody knows this is not the old family name, which was O'Shaughlin, related to the kings of Ireland—but that was before my time. My grandfather was driver to the great Sir Patrick O'Shaughlin, and I heard him, when I was a boy, telling how the Castle Rackrent estate came to Sir Patrick ; Sir Tallyhoo Rackrent was cousin-german to him, and had a fine estate of his own, only never a gate upon it, it being his maxim that a car was the best gate. Poor gentleman ! he lost a fine hunter and his life, at last, by it, all in one day's hunt. But I ought to bless that day, for the estate came straight into *the* family, upon one condition, which Sir Patrick O'Shaughlin at the time took sadly to heart, they say, but thought better of it afterwards, seeing how large a stake depended upon it, that he should, by Act of Parliament, take and bear the surname and arms of Rackrent.

Now it was that the world was to see what was *in* Sir Patrick. On coming into the estate, he gave the finest entertainment ever was heard of in the country ; not a man could stand after supper but Sir Patrick himself, who could sit out the best man in Ireland, let alone the three kingdoms itself. He had his house, from one year's

end to another, as full of company as ever it could hold, and fuller ; for rather than be left out of the parties at Castle Rackrent, many gentlemen, and those men of the first consequence and landed estates in the country, such as the O'Neills of Ballynagrotty, and the Moneygawls of Mount Juliet's Town, and O'Shannons of New Town Tullyhog, made it their choice, often and often, when there was no room to be had for love nor money, in long winter nights, to sleep in the chicken-house, which Sir Patrick had fitted up for the purpose of accommodating his friends and the public in general, who honoured him with their company unexpectedly at Castle Rackrent ; and this went on, I can't tell you how long—the whole country rang with his praises !—Long life to him ! I'm sure I love to look upon his picture, now opposite to me ; though I never saw him, he must have been a portly gentleman—his neck something short, and remarkable for the largest pimple on his nose, which, by his particular desire, is still extant in his picture, said to be a striking likeness, though taken when young. He is said also to be the inventor of raspberry whiskey, which is very likely, as nobody has ever appeared to dispute it with him, and as there still exists a broken punch-bowl at Castle Rackrent, in the garret, with an inscription to that effect—a great curiosity. A few days before his death he was very merry ; it being his honour's birth-day, he called my grandfather in, God bless him ! to drink the company's health, and filled a bumper himself, but could not carry it to his head, on account of the great shake in his hand ; on this he cast his joke, saying, “ What would my poor father say to me if he was to pop out of the grave, and see me now ? I remember when I was a little boy, the first bumper of claret he gave me after

dinner, how he praised me for carrying it so steady to my mouth. Here's my thanks to him—a bumper toast." Then he fell to singing the favourite song he learned from his father—for the last time, poor gentleman—he sung it that night as loud and as hearty as ever with a chorus :

“ He that goes to bed, and goes to bed sober,
Falls as the leaves do, falls as the leaves do, and dies in
October ;
But he that goes to bed, and goes to bed mellow,
Lives as he ought to do, lives as he ought to do, and dies
an honest fellow.”

Sir Patrick died that night ; just as the company rose to drink his health with three cheers, he fell down in a sort of fit, and was carried off ; they sat it out, and were surprised, on inquiry, in the morning, to find that it was all over with poor Sir Patrick. Never did any gentleman live and die more beloved in the country by rich and poor. His funeral was such a one as was never known before or since in the county ! All the gentlemen in the three counties were at it ; far and near, how they flocked ! My great-grandfather said, that to see all the women even in their red cloaks, you would have taken them for the army drawn out. Then such a fine whillaluh ! you might have heard it to the farthest end of the county, and happy the man who could get but a sight of the hearse ! But who'd have thought it ?—just as all was going on right, through his own town they were passing, when the body was seized for debt—a rescue was apprehended from the mob ; but the heir who attended the funeral was against that, for fear of consequences, seeing that those villains who came to serve acted under the disguise of the law ; so, to be sure, the law must take its course, and little gain had the creditors for their pains.

First and foremost, they had the curses of the country ; and Sir Murtagh Rackrent, the new heir, in the next place, on account of this affront to the body, refused to pay a shilling of the debts, in which he was countenanced by all the best gentlemen of property, and others of his acquaintance ; Sir Murtagh alleging in all companies that he all along meant to pay his father's debts of honour, but the moment the law was taken of him there was an end of honour to be sure. It was whispered (but none but the enemies of the family believe it), that this was all a sham seizure to get quit of the debts, which he had bound himself to pay in honour.

It's a long time ago, there's no saying how it was, but this for certain, the new man did not take at all after the old gentleman ; the cellars were never filled after his death, and no open house, or anything as it used to be ; the tenants even were sent away without their whiskey. I was ashamed myself, and knew not what to say for the honour of the family ; but I made the best of a bad case, and laid it all at my lady's door, for I did not like her anyhow, nor anybody else ; she was of the family of the Skinflints, and a widow ; it was a strange match for Sir Murtagh ; the people in the country thought he demeaned himself greatly, but I said nothing ; I knew how it was ; Sir Murtagh was a great lawyer, and looked to the great Skinflint estate ; there, however, he overshot himself ; for though one of the co-heiresses, he was never the better for her, for she outlived him many's the long day—he could not see that to be sure when he married her. I must say for her, she made him the best of wives, being a very notable, stirring woman, and looking close to everything. But I always suspected she had Scotch blood in her veins ; anything else I could have looked

over in her from a regard to the family. She was a strict observer for self and servants of Lent, and all fast days, but not holidays. However, my lady was very charitable in her own way. She had a charity school for poor children, where they were taught to read and write gratis, and where they were kept well to spinning gratis for my lady in return ; for she had always heaps of duty yarn from the tenants, and got all her household linen out of the estate from first to last ; for after the spinning, the weavers on the estate took it in hand for nothing, because of the looms my lady's interest could get from the Linen Board to distribute gratis. Then there was a bleach-yard near us, and the tenant dare refuse my lady nothing, for fear of a law-suit Sir Murtagh kept hanging over him about the water-course. With these ways of managing, 'tis surprising how cheap my lady got things done, and how proud she was of it. Her table the same way, kept for next to nothing ; duty fowls, and duty turkeys, and duty geese, came as fast as we could eat 'em, for my lady kept a sharp look-out, and knew to a tub of butter everything the tenants had, all round. They knew her way, and what with fear of driving for rent and Sir Murtagh's lawsuits, they were kept in such good order, they never thought of coming near Castle Rackrent without a present of something or other—nothing too much or too little for my lady—eggs, honey, butter, meal, fish, game, grouse, and herrings, fresh or salt, all went for something. As for their young pigs, we had them, and the best bacon and hams they could make up, with all young chickens in spring ; but they were a set of poor wretches, and we had nothing but misfortunes with them, always breaking and running away. This, Sir Murtagh and my lady said, was all their former

landlord Sir Patrick's fault, who let 'em all get the half year's rent into arrear; there was something in that to be sure. But Sir Murtagh was as much the contrary way; for let alone making English tenants of them, every soul, he was always driving and driving, and pounding and pounding, and canting and canting, and replevying and replevying, and he made a good living of trespassing cattle; there was always some tenant's pig, or horse, or cow, or calf, or goose, trespassing, which was so great a gain to Sir Murtagh, that he did not like to hear me talk of repairing fences. Then his heriots and duty-work brought him in something, his turf was cut, his potatoes set and dug, his hay brought home, and, in short, all the work about his house done for nothing; for in all our leases there were strict clauses, heavy with penalties, which Sir Murtagh knew well how to enforce; so many days' duty work of man and horse, from every tenant, he was to have, and had, every year; and when a man vexed him, why the finest day he could pitch on, when the cratur was getting in his own harvest, or thatching his cabin, Sir Murtagh made it a principle to call upon him and his horse; so he taught 'em all, as he said, to know the law of landlord and tenant. As for law, I believe no man, dead or alive, ever loved it so well as Sir Murtagh. He had once sixteen suits pending at a time, and I never saw him so much himself; roads, lanes, bogs, wells, ponds, eel-wires, orchards, trees, tithes, vagrants, gravel-pits, sandpits, dunghills, and nuisances—everything upon the face of the earth furnished him good matter for a suit. He used to boast that he had a lawsuit for every letter in the alphabet. How I used to wonder to see Sir Murtagh in the midst of the papers in his office! Why he could hardly turn about for them. I made bold to

shrug my shoulders once in his presence, and thanked my stars I was not born a gentleman to so much toil and trouble ; but Sir Murtagh took me up short with his old proverb, " learning is better than house or land." Out of forty-nine suits which he had, he never lost ~~one~~ but seventeen ; the rest he gained with costs, double costs, treble costs sometimes ; but even that did not pay. He was a very learned man in the law, and had the character of it ; but how it was I can't tell, these suits that he carried cost him a power of money ; in the end he sold some hundreds a year of the family estate ; but he was a very learned man in the law, and I know nothing of the matter, except having a great regard for the family ; and I could not help grieving when he sent me to post up notices of the sale of the fee-simple of the lands and appurtenances of Timoleague. " I know, honest Thady," says he, to comfort me, " what I'm about better than you do ; I'm only selling to get the ready money wanting to carry on my suit with spirit with the Nugents of Carrickashaughlin."

He was very sanguine about that suit with the Nugents of Carrickashaughlin. He could have gained it, they say, for certain, had it pleased Heaven to have spared him to us, and it would have been at the least a plump two-thousand a year in his way ; but things were ordered otherwise, for the best to be sure. He dug up a fairy-mount against my advice, and had no luck afterwards. Though a learned man in the law, he was a little too incredulous in other matters. I warned him that I heard the very Banshee that my grandfather heard under Sir Patrick's window a few days before his death. But Sir Murtagh thought nothing of the Banshee, nor of his cough, with a spitting of blood, brought on, I understand,

by catching cold in attending the courts, and overstraining his chest with making himself heard in one of his favourite causes. He was a great speaker with a powerful voice ; but his last speech was not in the courts at all. He and my lady, though both of the same way of thinking in some things, and though she was as good a wife and great economist as you could see, and he the best of husbands, as to looking into his affairs, and making money for his family ; yet I don't know how it was, they had a great deal of sparring and jarring between them. My lady had her privy purse—and she had her weed ashes, and her sealing money upon the signing of all the leases, with something to buy gloves besides ; and, besides, again often took money from the tenants, if offered properly, to speak for them to Sir Murtagh about abatements and renewals. Now the weed ashes and the glove money he allowed her clear perquisites ; though once when he saw her in a new gown saved out of the weed ashes, he told her to her face (for he could say a sharp thing), that she should not put on her weeds before her husband's death. But in a dispute about an abatement, my lady would have the last word, and Sir Murtagh grew mad ; I was within hearing of the door, and now I wish I had made bold to step in. He spoke loud, the whole kitchen was out on the stairs. All on a sudden he stopped and my lady too. Something has surely happened, thought I—and so it was, for Sir Murtagh in his passion broke a blood-vessel, and all the law in the land could do nothing in that case. My lady sent for five physicians, but Sir Murtagh died, and was buried. She had a fine jointure settled upon her, and took herself away to the great joy of the tenantry. I never said anything one way or the other whilst she was part of the family,

but got up to see her go at three o'clock in the morning. "It's a fine morning, honest Thady," says she; "good-bye to ye," and into the carriage she stepped, without a word more, good or bad, or even half-a-crown; but I made my bow, and stood to see her safe out of sight for the sake of the family.

Then we were all bustle in the house, which made me keep out of the way, for I walk slow and hate a bustle; but the house was all hurry-scurry, preparing for my new master. Sir Murtagh, I forgot to notice, had no childer; so the Rackrent estate went to his younger brother, a young dashing officer, who came amongst us before I knew for the life of me whereabouts I was, in a gig or some of them things, with another spark along with him, and led horses, and servants, and dogs, and scarce a place to put any Christian of them into; for my late lady had sent all the feather-beds off before her, and blankets and household linen, down to the very knife cloths, on the cars to Dublin, which were all her own, lawfully paid for out of her own money. So the house was quite bare, and my young master, the moment ever he set foot in it out of his gig, thought all those things must come of themselves, I believe, for he never looked after anything at all, but harum-scarum called for everything as if we were conjurers, or he in a public-house. For my part, I could not bestir myself anyhow; I had been so much used to my late master and mistress, all was upside down with me, and the new servants in the servants' hall were quite out of my way; I had nobody to talk to, and if it had not been for my pipe and tobacco, should, I verily believe, have broke my heart for poor Sir Murtagh.

But one morning my new master caught a glimpse of

me as I was looking at his horse's heels, in hopes of a word from him. "And is that old Thady?" says he, as he got into his gig; I loved him from that day to this, his voice was so like the family; and he threw me a guinea out of his waistcoat pocket, as he drew up the reins with the other hand, his horse rearing too; I thought I never set my eyes on a finer figure of a man, quite another sort from Sir Murtagh, though withal, *to me*, a family likeness. A fine life we should have led, had he stayed amongst us, God bless him! He valued a guinea as little as any man; money to him was no more than dirt, and his gentleman and groom, and all belonging to him, the same; but the sporting season over, he grew tired of the place, and having got down a great architect for the house, and an improver for the grounds, and seen their plans and elevations, he fixed a day for settling with the tenants, but went off in a whirlwind to town, just as some of them came into the yard in the morning. A circular letter came next post from the new agent, with news that the master was sailed for England, and he must remit £500 to Bath for his use before a fortnight was at an end; bad news still for the poor tenants, no change still for the better with them. Sir Kit Rackrent, my young master, left all to the agent; and though he had the spirit of a prince, and lived away to the honour of his country abroad, which I was proud to hear of, what were we the better for that at home? The agent was one of your middlemen who grind the face of the poor, and can never bear a man with a hat upon his head; he ferreted the tenants out of their lives; not a week without a call for money, drafts upon drafts from Sir Kit; but I laid it all to the fault of the agent; for, says I, what can Sir Kit do with so much cash, and he a single

man ? but still it went. Rents must be all paid up to the day, and afore ; no allowance for improving tenants, no consideration for those who had built upon their farms ; no sooner was a lease out, but the land was advertised to the highest bidder ; all the old tenants turned out, when they spent their substance in the hope and trust of a renewal from the landlord. All was now let at the highest penny to a parcel of poor wretches, who meant to run away, and did so, after taking two crops out of the ground. Then fining down the year's rent came into fashion, anything for the ready penny ; and with all this, and presents to the agent and the driver, there was no such thing as standing it. I said nothing, for I had a regard for the family ; but I walked about thinking if his honour Sir Kit knew all this, it would go hard with him, but he'd see us righted ; not that I had anything for my own share to complain of, for the agent was always very civil to me, when he came down into the country, and took a great deal of notice of my son Jason. Jason Quirk, though he be my son, I must say, was a good scholar from his birth, and a very 'cute lad ; I thought to make him a priest, but he did better for himself ; seeing how he was as good a clerk as any in the county, the agent gave him his rent accounts to copy, which he did first of all for the pleasure of obliging the gentleman, and would take nothing at all for his trouble, but was always proud to serve the family. By-and-by a good farm bounding us to the east fell into his honour's hands, and my son put in a proposal for it ; why shouldn't he, as well as another ? The proposals all went over to the master at the Bath, who knowing no more of the land than the child unborn, only having once been out a grousing on it before he went to England ;

and the value of the lands, as the agent informed him, falling every year in Ireland, his honour wrote over in all haste a bit of a letter, saying he left it all to the agent, and that he must let it as well as he could to the best bidder, to be sure, and send him over £200 by return of post ; with this the agent gave me a hint, and I spoke a good word for my son, and gave out in the country that nobody need bid against us. So his proposal was just the thing, and he a good tenant ; and he got a promise of an abatement in the rent, after the first year, for advancing the half year's rent at signing the lease, which was wanting to complete the agent's £200 by the return of the post, with all which my master wrote back he was well satisfied. About this time we learned from the agent as a great secret how the money went so fast, and the reason of the thick coming of the master's drafts ; he was a little too fond of play ; and Bath, they say, was no place for a young man of his fortune, where there were so many of his own countrymen too hunting him up and down, day and night, who had nothing to lose. At last, at Christmas, the agent wrote over to stop the drafts, for he could raise no more money on bond or mortgage, or from the tenants, or anyhow, nor had he any more to lend himself, and desired at the same time to decline the agency for the future, wishing Sir Kit his health and happiness, and the compliments of the season, for I saw the letter before ever it was sealed, when my son copied it. When the answer came, there was a new turn in affairs, and the agent was turned out ; and my son Jason, who had corresponded privately with his honour occasionally on business, was forthwith desired by his honour to take the accounts into his own hands, and look them over till further orders. It was a very spirited letter to be

sure ; Sir Kit sent his service, and the compliments of the season, in return to the agent, and he would fight him with pleasure to-morrow, or any day, for sending him such a letter, if he was born a gentleman, which he was sorry (for both their sakes) to find (too late) he was not. Then, in a private postscript, he condescended to tell us, that all would be speedily settled to his satisfaction, and we should turn over a new leaf, for he was going to be married in a fortnight to the grandest heiress in England, and had only immediate occasion at present for £200, as he would not choose to touch his lady's fortune for travelling expenses home to Castle Rackrent, where he intended to be, wind and weather permitting, early in the next month ; and desired fires, and the house to be painted, and the new building to go on as fast as possible, for the reception of him and his lady before that time ; with several words besides in the letter, which we could not make out, because, God bless him ! he wrote in such a flurry. My heart warmed to my new lady when I read this ; I was almost afraid it was too good news to be true ; but the girls fell to scouring, and it was well they did, for we soon saw his marriage in the paper to a lady with I don't know how many tens of thousand pounds to her fortune ; then I watched the post-office for his landing ; and the news came to my son of his and the bride being in Dublin, and on the way home to Castle Rackrent. We had bonfires all over the country, expecting him down the next day, and we had his coming of age still to celebrate, which he had not time to do properly before he left the country ; therefore, a great ball was expected, and great doings upon his coming, as it were, fresh to take possession of his ancestor's estate. I never shall forget the day he came home ; we had waited and

waited all day long till eleven o'clock at night, and I was thinking of sending the boy to lock the gates, and giving them up for that night, when there came the carriages thundering up to the great hall door. I got the first sight of the bride ; for when the carriage door opened, just as she had her foot on the steps, I held the flam full in her face to light her, at which she shut her eyes, but I had a full view of the rest of her, and greatly shocked I was, for by that light she was little better than a blackamoor, and seemed crippled, but that was only sitting so long in the chariot. " You're kindly welcome to Castle Rackrent, my lady," says I (recollecting who she was) ; " did your honour hear of the bonfires ? " His honour spoke never a word, nor so much as handed her up the steps—he looked to me no more like himself than nothing at all ; I know I took him for the skeleton of his honour ; I was not sure what to say next to one or t'other, but seeing she was a stranger in a foreign country, I thought it but right to speak cheerful to her, so I went back again to the bonfires. " My lady," says I, as she crossed the hall, " there would have been fifty times as many, but for fear of the horses, and frightening your ladyship ; Jason and I forbid them, please your honour." With that she looked at me a little bewildered. " Will I have a fire lighted in the state-room to night ? " was the next question I put to her, but never a word she answered, so I concluded she could not speak a word of English, and was from foreign parts. The short and the long of it was, I couldn't tell what to make of her ; so I left her to herself, and went straight down to the servants' hall to learn something for certain about her. Sir Kit's own man was tired, but the groom set him a talking at last, and we had it all out before ever I closed my eyes that night.

The bride might well be a great fortune—she was a *Jewish* by all accounts, who are famous for their great riches. I had never seen any of that tribe or nation before, and could only gather that she spoke a strange kind of English of her own, that she could not abide pork or sausages, and went neither to church or Mass. Mercy upon his honour's poor soul, thought I; what will become of him and his, and all of us, with his heretic blackamoor at the head of the Castle Rackrent estate! I never slept a wink all night for thinking of it; but before the servants I put my pipe in my mouth, and kept my mind to myself; for I had a great regard for the family; and after this, when strange gentlemen's servants came to the house, and would begin to talk about the bride, I took care to put the best foot foremost, and passed her for a nabob in the kitchen, which accounted for her dark complexion and everything.

There were no balls, no dinners, no doings; the country was all disappointed—Sir Kit's gentleman said in a whisper to me, it was all my lady's own fault, because she was so obstinate about the cross. "What cross?" says I; "is it about her being a heretic?" "Oh, no such matter," says he; "my master does not mind her heresies, but her diamond cross, it's worth I can't tell you how much; and she has thousands of English pounds concealed in diamonds about her, which she as good as promised to give up to my master before he married, but now she won't part with any of them, and she must take the consequences."

Her honey-moon, at least her Irish honey-moon, was scarcely well over, when his honour one morning said to me, "Thady, buy me a pig!" and then the sausages were ordered, and here was the first open breaking-out

of my lady's troubles. My lady came down herself into the kitchen to speak to the cook about the sausages, and desired never to see them more at her table. Now, my master had ordered them, and my lady knew that. The cook took my lady's part, because she never came down into the kitchen, and was young and innocent in housekeeping, which raised her pity; besides, she said, at her own table, surely, my lady should order and disorder what she pleases; but the cook soon changed her note, for my master made it a principle to have the sausages, and swore at her for a Jew herself, till he drove her fairly out of the kitchen; then, for fear of her place, and because he threatened that my lady should give her no discharge without the sausages, she gave up, and from that day forward always sausages, or bacon, or pig meat in some shape or other, went up to table; upon which my lady shut herself up in her own room, and my master said she might stay there, with an oath; and to make sure of her, he turned the key in the door, and kept it ever after in his pocket. We none of us ever saw or heard her speak for seven years after that; he carried her dinner himself. Then his honour had a great deal of company to dine with him, and balls in the house, and was as gay and gallant and as much himself as before he was married; and at dinner he always drank my Lady Rackrent's good health, and so did the company, and he sent out always a servant with his compliments to my Lady Rackrent, and the company was drinking her ladyship's health, and begged to know if there was anything at table he might send her; and the man came back, after the sham errand, with my Lady Rackrent's compliments, and she was very much obliged to Sir Kit—she did not wish for anything, but drank the company's

health. The country, to be sure, talked and wondered at my lady's being shut up, but nobody chose to interfere or ask any impertinent questions, for they knew my master was a man very apt to give a short answer himself, and likely to call a man out for it afterwards ; he was a famous shot ; had killed his man before he came of age, and nobody scarce dared look at him whilst at Bath. Sir Kit's character was so well known in the country that he lived in peace and quietness ever after, and was a great favourite with the ladies, especially when in process of time, in the fifth year of her confinement, my Lady Rackrent fell ill, and took entirely to her bed, and he gave out that she was now skin and bone, and could not last through the winter. In this he had two physicians' opinions to back him (for now he called in two physicians for her), and tried all his arts to get the diamond cross from her on her death-bed, and to get her to make a will in his favour of her separate possessions ; but there she was too tough for him. He used to swear at her behind her back, after kneeling to her to her face, and call her in the presence of his gentleman his stiff-necked Israelite, though before he married her that same gentleman told me he used to call her (how he could bring it out I don't know) " my pretty Jessica ! " To be sure, it must have been hard for her to guess what sort of a husband he reckoned to make her. When she was lying, to all expectation, on her death-bed of a broken heart, I could not but pity her, though she was a Jewish ; and considering, too, it was no fault of hers to be taken with my master so young as she was at the Bath, and so fine a gentleman as Sir Kit was when he courted her ; and considering, too, after all they had heard and seen of him as a husband, there were now no less than three ladies in our

county talked of for his second wife, all at daggers drawn with each other, as his gentleman swore, at the balls, for Sir Kit for their partner,—I could not but think them bewitched ; but they all reasoned with themselves that Sir Kit would make a good husband to any Christian but a Jewish, I suppose, and especially as he was now a reformed rake ; and it was not known how my lady's fortune was settled in her will, nor how the Castle Rackrent estate was all mortgaged, and bonds out against him, for he was never cured of his gaming tricks ; but that was the only fault he had, God bless him !

My lady had a sort of fit, and it was given out she was dead, by mistake ; this brought things to a sad crisis for my poor master—one of the three ladies showed his letters to her brother, and claimed his promises, whilst another did the same. I don't mention names. Sir Kit, in his defence, said he would meet any man who dared to question his conduct, and as to the ladies, they must settle it amongst them who was to be his second, and his third, and his fourth, whilst his first was still alive, to his mortification and theirs. Upon this, as upon all former occasions, he had the voice of the country with him, on account of the great spirit and propriety he acted with. He met and shot the first lady's brother ; the next day he called out the second, who had a wooden leg ; and their place of meeting by appointment being in a new ploughed field, the wooden-leg man stuck fast in it. Sir Kit, seeing his situation, with great candour fired his pistol over his head ; upon which the seconds interposed and convinced the parties there had been a slight misunderstanding between them ; thereupon they shook hands cordially, and went home to dinner together. This gentleman, to show the world how they stood

together, and by the advice of the friends of both parties, to re-establish his sister's injured reputation, went out with Sir Kit as his second, and carried his message next day to the last of his adversaries ; I never saw him in such fine spirits as that day he went out—sure enough he was within ames-ace of getting quit handsomely of all his enemies ; but, unluckily, after hitting the tooth-pick out of his adversary's finger and thumb, he received a ball in a vital part, and was brought home, in little better than an hour after the affair, speechless on a hand-barrow, to my lady. We got the key out of his pocket the first thing we did, and my son Jason ran to unlock the barrack-room, where my lady had been shut up for seven years, to acquaint her with the fatal accident. The surprise bereaved her of her senses at first, nor would she believe but we were putting some new trick upon her, to entrap her out of her jewels, for a great while, till Jason bethought himself of taking her to the window, and showed her the men bringing Sir Kit up the avenue upon the hand-barrow, which had immediately the desired effect ; for directly she burst into tears, and pulling her cross from her bosom, she kissed it with as great devotion as ever I witnessed ; and lifting up her eyes to heaven, uttered some ejaculation, which none present heard ; but I take the sense of it to be, she returned thanks for this unexpected interposition in her favour when she had least reason to expect it. My master was greatly lamented ; there was no life in him when we lifted him off the barrow, so he was laid out immediately, and *waked* the same night. The country was all in an uproar about him, and not a soul but cried shame upon his murderer ; who would have been hanged surely, if he could have been brought to his trial, whilst the gentlemen in the

country were up about it ; but he very prudently withdrew himself to the continent before the affair was made public. As for the young lady who was the immediate cause of the fatal accident, however innocently, she could never show her head after at the balls in the county or any place ; and, by the advice of her friends and physicians, she was ordered soon after to Bath, where it was expected, if anywhere on this side of the grave, she would meet with the recovery of her health and lost peace of mind. As a proof of his great popularity, I need only add that there was a song made up on my master's untimely death in the newspapers, which was in everybody's mouth, singing up and down through the country, even down to the mountains, only three days after his unhappy exit. He was also greatly bemoaned at the Curragh, where his cattle were well known ; and all who had taken up his bets were particularly inconsolable for his loss to society. His stud sold at the cant at the greatest price ever known in the county ; his favourite horses were chiefly disposed of amongst his particular friends, who would give any price for them for his sake ; but no ready money was required by the new heir, who wished not to displease any or the gentlemen of the neighbourhood just upon his coming to settle amongst them ; so a long credit was given where requisite, and the cash has never been gathered in from that day to this.

But to return to my lady :—She got surprisingly well after my master's decease. No sooner was it known for certain that he was dead, than all the gentlemen within twenty miles of us came in a body, as it were, to set my lady at liberty, and to protest against her confinement, which they now for the first time under-

stood was against her own consent. The ladies, too, were as attentive as possible, striving who should be foremost with their morning visits ; and they that saw the diamonds spoke very handsomely of them, but thought it a pity they were not bestowed, if it had so pleased God, upon a lady who would have become them better. All these civilities wrought little with my lady, for she had taken an unaccountable prejudice against the country and everything belonging to it, and was so partial to her native land, that after parting with the cook, which she did immediately upon her master's decease, I never knew her easy one instant, night or day, but when she was packing up to leave us. Had she meant to make any stay in Ireland I stood a great chance of being a great favourite with her ; for when she found I understood the weathercock, she was always finding some pretence to be talking to me, and asking me which way the wind blew, and was it likely, did I think, to continue fair for England. But when I saw she had made up her mind to spend the rest of her days upon her own income and jewels in England, I considered her quite as a foreigner, and not at all any longer as part of the family. She gave no vails to the servants at Castle Rackrent at parting, notwithstanding the old proverb of "*as rich as a Jew*," which, she being a Jewish, they built upon with reason. But from first to last she brought nothing but misfortunes amongst us ; and if it had not been all along with her, his honour, Sir Kit, would have been now alive in all appearance. Her diamond cross was, they say, at the bottom of it all ; and it was a shame for her, being his wife, not to show more duty, and to have given it up when he condescended to ask so often for such a bit of a trifle in his distresses, especially when he all along

made it no secret he married for money. But we will not bestow another thought upon her. This much I thought it lay upon my conscience to say, in justice to my poor master's memory.

'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody no good—the same wind that took the Jew Lady Rackrent over to England brought over the new heir to Castle Rackrent.

Here let me pause for breath in my story, for though I had a great regard for every member of the family, yet without compare Sir Conolly, commonly called, for short, amongst his friends, Sir Condy Rackrent, was ever my great favourite, and, indeed, the most universally beloved man I had ever seen or heard of, not excepting his great ancestor Sir Patrick, to whose memory he, amongst other instances of generosity, erected a handsome marble stone in the church of Castle Rackrent, setting forth in large letters his age, birth, parentage, and many other virtues, concluding with the compliment so justly due, that “ Sir Patrick Rackrent lived and died a monument of old Irish hospitality.”

CONTINUATION OF THE MEMOIRS
OF THE
RACKRENT FAMILY.

HISTORY OF SIR CONOLLY RACKRENT.
(*Abridged.*)

SIR CONDY RACKRENT, by the grace of God heir-at-law to the Castle Rackrent estate, was a remote branch of the family; born to little or no fortune of his own, he was bred to the bar; at which, having many friends to push him, and no mean natural abilities of his own, he doubtless would, in process of time, if he could have borne the drudgery of that study, have been rapidly made king's counsel, at the least; but things were disposed of otherwise, and he never went the circuit but twice, and then made no figure for want of a fee, and being unable to speak in public. He received his education chiefly in the college of Dublin; but before he came to years of discretion lived in the country, in a small but slated house, within view of the end of the avenue. I remember him bare-footed and headed, running through the street of O'Shaughlin's town, and playing at pitch and toss, ball, marbles, and what not, with the boys of the town, amongst whom my son Jason was a great favourite with him. As for me, he was ever my white-headed boy; often's the time when I would

call in at his father's, where I was always made welcome ; he would slip down to me in the kitchen, and love to sit on my knee, whilst I told him stories of the family, and the blood from which he was sprung, and how he might look forward, if the *then* present man should die without childer, to being at the head of the Castle Rackrent estate. This was then spoke quite and clear at random to please the child, but it pleased Heaven to accomplish my prophecy afterwards, which gave him a great opinion of my judgment in business. He went to a little grammar-school with many others, and my son amongst the rest, who was in his class, and not a little useful to him in his book-learning, which he acknowledged with gratitude ever after. These rudiments of his education thus completed, he got a-horseback, to which exercise he was ever addicted, and used to gallop over the country while yet but a slip of a boy, under the care of Sir Kit's huntsman, who was very fond of him, and often lent him his gun, and took him out a-shooting under his own eye. By these means he became well acquainted and popular amongst the poor in the neighbourhood early ; for there was not a cabin at which he had not stopped some morning or other, along with the huntsman, to drink a glass of burnt whiskey out of an eggshell, to do him good and warm his heart, and drive the cold out of his stomach. The old people always told him he was a great likeness of Sir Patrick ; which made him first have an ambition to take after him, as far as his fortune should allow. He left us when of an age to enter the college, and there completed his education and nineteenth year ; for as he was not born to an estate, his friends thought it incumbent on them to give him the best education which could be had for love or

money ; and a great deal of money consequently was spent upon him at college and Temple. He was a very little altered for the worse by what he saw there of the great world ; for when he came down into the country, to pay us a visit, we thought him just the same man as ever, hand and glove with everyone, and as far from high, though not without his proper own share of family pride, as any man ever you see. Latterly, seeing how Sir Kit and the Jewish lived together, and that there was no one between him and the Castle Rackrent estate, he neglected to apply to the law as much as was expected of him ; and secretly many of the tenants, and others, advanced him cash upon his note of hand value received, promising bargains of leases and lawful interest, should he ever come into the estate. All this was kept a great secret, for fear the present man, hearing of it, should take it into his head to take it ill of poor Condy, and so should cut him off for ever, by levying a fine, and suffering a recovery to dock the entail. Sir Murtagh would have been the man for that ; but Sir Kit was too much taken up philandering to consider the law in this case, or any other. These practices I have mentioned, to account for the state of his affairs, I mean Sir Condy's, upon his coming into the Castle Rackrent estate. He could not command a penny of his first year's income ; which, and keeping no accounts, and the great sight of company he did, with many other causes too numerous to mention, was the origin of his distresses. My son Jason, who was now established agent, and knew everything, explained matters out of the face to Sir Conolly, and made him sensible of his embarrassed situation. With a great nominal rent-roll, it was almost all paid away in interest ; which being for convenience suffered to run on, soon

doubled the principal, and Sir Condy was obliged to pass new bonds for the interest, now grown principal, and so on. Whilst this was going on, my son requiring to be paid for his trouble, and many years' service in the family gratis, and Sir Condy not willing to take his affairs into his own hands, or to look them even in the face, he gave my son a bargain of some acres, which fell out of lease, at a reasonable rent. Jason set the land, as soon as his lease was sealed, to under tenants, to make the rent, and got two hundred a year profit rent ; which was little enough considering his long agency. He bought the land at twelve years' purchase two years afterwards, when Sir Condy was pushed for money on an execution, and was at the same time allowed for his improvements thereon. There was a sort of hunting-lodge upon the estate convenient to my son Jason's land, which he had his eye upon about this time ; and he was a little jealous of Sir Condy, who talked of setting it to a stranger, who was just come into the country—Captain Moneygawl was the man. He was son and heir to the Moneygawls of Mount Juliet's town, who had a great estate in the next county to ours ; and my master was loth to disoblige the young gentleman, whose heart was set upon the lodge ; so he wrote him back that the lodge was at his service, and if he would honour him with his company at Castle Rackrent, they could ride over together some morning, and look at it, before signing the lease. Accordingly the captain came over to see us, and he and Sir Condy grew the greatest friends ever you see, and were for ever out a-shooting or hunting together, and were very merry in the evenings ; and Sir Condy was invited, of course, to Mount Juliet's town ; and the family intimacy that had been in Sir Patrick's time was now recollected,

and nothing would serve Sir Condry but he must be three times a week at the least with his new friends, which grieved me, who knew, by the captain's groom and gentleman, how they talked of him at Mount Juliet's town, making him quite, as one may say, a laughing-stock and a butt for the whole company ; but they were soon cured of *that* by an accident that surprised 'em not a little, as it did me. There was a bit of a scrawl found upon the waiting-maid of old Mr. Moneygawl's youngest daughter, Miss Isabella, that laid open the whole ; and her father, they say, was like one out of his right mind, and swore it was the last thing he ever should have thought of, when he invited my master to his house, that his daughter should think of such a match. But their talk signified not a straw, for, as Miss Isabella's maid reported, her young mistress was fallen over head and ears in love with Sir Condry from the first time that ever her brother brought him into the house to dinner ; the servant who waited that day behind my master's chair was the first who knew it, as he says ; though it's hard to believe him, for he did not tell it till a great while afterwards ; but, however, it's likely enough, as the thing turned out, that he was not far out of the way ; for towards the middle of dinner, as he says, they were talking of stage-plays, having a play-house, and being great play-actors at Mount Juliet's town ; and Miss Isabella turns short to my master, and says, " Have you seen the play-bill, Sir Condry ? " " No, I have not," said he. " Then more shame for you," said the captain her brother, " not to know that my sister is to play Juliet to-night, who plays it better than any woman on or off the stage in all Ireland." " I am very happy to hear it," said Sir Condry ; and there the

matter dropped for the present. But Sir Condy all this time, and a great while afterwards, was at a terrible non-plus ; for he had no liking, not he, to stage-plays, nor to Miss Isabella either ; to his mind, as it came out over a bowl of whiskey-punch at home, his little Judy M'Quirk, who was daughter to a sister's son of mine, was worth twenty of Miss Isabella. He had seen her often when he stopped at her father's cabin to drink whiskey out of the egg-shell, out hunting, before he came to the estate, and, as she gave out, was under something like a promise of marriage to her. Anyhow, I could not but pity my poor master, who was so bothered between them, and he an easy-hearted man, that could not disoblige nobody, God bless him ! To be sure, it was not his place to behave ungenerous to Miss Isabella, who had disoblige all her relations for his sake, as he remarked ; and then she was locked up in her chamber, and forbid to think of him any more, which raised his spirit, because his family was, as he observed, as good as theirs at any rate, and the Rackrents a suitable match for the Moneygawls any day in the year ; all which was true enough ; but it grieved me to see, that upon the strength of all this, Sir Condy was growing more in the mind to carry off Miss Isabella to Scotland, in spite of her relations, as she desired.

“ It's all over with our poor Judy ! ” said I, with a heavy sigh, making bold to speak to him one night when he was a little cheerful, and standing in the servants' hall all alone with me, as was often his custom. “ Not at all,” said he ; “ I never was fonder of Judy than at this present speaking ; and to prove it to you,” said he, and he took from my hand a halfpenny, change that I had just got along with my tobacco, “ and to prove it to you, Thady,” says he, “ it's a toss up with me which I

should marry this minute, her or Mr. Moneygawl of Mount Juliet's town's daughter—so it is.” “ Oh, boo ! boo ! ” says I, making light of it, to see what he would go on to next ; “ your honour's joking, to be sure ; there's no compare between our poor Judy and Miss Isabella, who has a great fortune, they say.” “ I'm not a man to mind a fortune, nor never was,” said Sir Condy, proudly, “ whatever her friends may say ; and to make short of it,” says he, “ I'm come to a determination upon the spot ” ; with that he swore such a terrible oath as made me cross myself ; “ and by this book,” said he, snatching up my ballad book, mistaking it for my prayer book, which lay in the window ; “ and by this book,” says he, “ and by all the books that ever were shut and opened, it's come to a toss-up with me, and I'll stand or fall by the toss ; and so, Thady, hand me over that *pin* out of the ink-horn,” and he makes a cross on the smooth side of the halfpenny ; “ Judy M'Quirk,” says he, “ her mark.” God bless him ! his hand was a little unsteadied by all the whiskey punch he had taken, but it was plain to see his heart was for poor Judy. My heart was all as one as in my mouth when I saw the halfpenny up in the air, but I said nothing at all ; and when it came down, I was glad I had kept myself to myself, for to be sure now it was all over with poor Judy. “ Judy's out a luck,” said I, striving to laugh. “ I'm out a luck,” said he ; and I never saw a man look so cast down ; he took up the halfpenny off the flag, and walked away quite sober-like by the shock. Now, though as easy a man, you would think, as any in the wide world, there was no such thing as making him unsay one of these sort of vows, which he had learned to reverence when young, as I well remember teaching him to toss

up for bog-berries on my knee. So I saw the affair was as good as settled between him and Miss Isabella, and I had no more to say but to wish her joy, which I did the week afterwards, upon her return from Scotland with my poor master.

My new lady was young, as might be supposed of a lady that had been carried off, by her own consent, to Scotland ; but I could only see her at first through her veil, which, from bashfulness or fashion, she kept over her face. “ And am I to walk through all this crowd of people, my dearest love ? ” said she to Sir Condy, meaning us servants and tenants, who had gathered at the back gate. “ My dear,” said Sir Condy, “ there’s nothing for it but to walk, or to let me carry you as far as the house, for you see the back road is too narrow for a carriage, and the great piers have tumbled down across the front approach ; so there’s no driving the right way, by reason of the ruins.” “ Plato, thou reasonest well ! ” said she, or words to that effect, which I could no ways understand ; and again, when her foot stumbled against a broken bit of a car-wheel, she cried out, “ Angels and ministers of grace, defend us ! ” Well, thought I, to be sure, if she’s no Jewish, like the last, she is a mad woman for certain, which is as bad ; it would have been as well for my poor master to have taken up with poor Judy, who is in her right mind, anyhow.

My master and my lady set out in great style ; they had the finest coach and chariot, and horses and liveries, and cut the greatest dash in the county, returning their wedding visits ; and it was immediately reported that her father had undertaken to pay all my master’s debts, and, of course, all his tradesmen gave him a new credit, and everything went on smack smooth, and I could not

but admire my lady's spirit, and was proud to see Castle Rackrent again in all its glory. My lady had a fine taste for building, and furniture, and playhouses, and she turned everything topsy-turvy, and made the barrack-room into a theatre, as she called it, and she went on as if she had a mint of money at her elbow ; and, to be sure, I thought she knew best, especially as Sir Condy said nothing to it one way or the other. All he asked, God bless him ! was to live in peace and quietness, and have his bottle or his whiskey punch at night to himself. Now this was little enough, to be sure, for any gentleman ; but my lady couldn't abide the smell of the whiskey punch. " My dear," says he, " you liked it well enough before we were married, and why not now ? " " My dear," said she, " I never smelt it, or I assure you I should never have prevailed upon myself to marry you." " My dear, I am sorry you did not smell it ; but we can't help that now," returned my master, without putting himself in a passion, or going out of his way, but just fair and easy helped himself to another glass, and drank it off to her good health.

But still my lady sobbed and sobbed, and called herself the most wretched of women ; and among other out-of-the-way provoking things, asked my master, was he fit for company for her, and he drinking all night ? This nettling him, which it was hard to do, he replied, that as to drinking all night, he was then as sober as she was herself, and that it was no matter how much a man drank, provided it did no ways affect or stagger him ; that as to being fit company for her, he thought himself of a family to be fit company for any lord or lady in the land ; but that he never prevented her from seeing and keeping what company she pleased, and that he had done his best

to make Castle Rackrent pleasing to her since her marriage, having always had the house full of visitors, and if her own relations were not amongst them, he said that was their own fault, and their pride's fault, of which he was sorry to find her ladyship had so unbecoming a share. So concluding, he took his candle and walked off to his room, and my lady was in her tantarums for three days after ; and would have been so much longer, no doubt, but some of her friends, young ladies, and cousins, and second cousins, came to Castle Rackrent, by my poor master's express invitation, to see her, and she was in a hurry to get up, as Mrs. Jane called it, a play for them, and so got well, and was as finely dressed, and as happy to look at, as ever ; and all the young ladies, who used to be in her room dressing of her, said, in Mrs. Jane's hearing, that my lady was the happiest bride ever they had seen, and that, to be sure, a love-match was the only thing for happiness, where the parties could anyway afford it.

As to affording it, God knows it was little they knew of the matter ; my lady's few thousands could not last for ever, especially the way she went on with them ; and letters from tradesfolk came every post thick and threefold with bills as long as my arm, of years' and years' standing ; my son Jason had 'em all handed over to him, and the pressing letters were all unread by Sir Condy, who hated trouble, and could never be brought to hear talk of business, but still put it off and put it off, saying settle it anyhow, or bid 'em call again to-morrow, or speak to me about it some other time. Now it was hard to find the right time to speak, for in the mornings he was a-bed, and in the evenings over his bottle, where no gentleman chooses to be disturbed. Things

in a twelve-month or so came to such a pass there was no making a shift to go on any longer, though we were all of us well enough used to live from hand to mouth at Castle Rackrent. One day, I remember, when there was a power of company, all sitting after dinner in the dusk, not to say dark, in the drawing-room, my lady having rung five times for candles, and none to go up, the housekeeper sent up the footman, who went to my mistress, and whispered behind her chair how it was. "My lady," says he, "there are no candles in the house." "Bless me," says she; "then take a horse and gallop off as fast as you can to Carrick O'Fungus, and get some." "And in the meantime tell them to step into the playhouse, and try if there are not some bits left," added Sir Condry, who happened to be within hearing. The man was sent up again to my lady, to let her know there was no horse to go, but one that wanted a shoe. "Go to Sir Condry then; I know nothing at all about the horses," said my lady; "why do you plague me with these things?" How it was settled I really forget, but to the best of my remembrance the boy was sent down to my son Jason's to borrow candles for the night. Another time in the winter, and on a desperate cold day, there was no turf in for the parlour and above stairs, and scarce enough for the cook in the kitchen; the little *gossoon** was sent off to the neighbours, to see and beg or borrow some, but none could he bring back with him for love or money; so, as

* *Gossoon*, a little boy—from the French word *garçon*. In most Irish families there *used* to be a barefooted *gossoon*, who was slave to the cook and the butler, and who in fact, without wages, did all the hard work of the house. *Gossoons* were always employed as messengers. The Editor has known a *gossoon* to go on foot, without shoes or stockings, fifty-one English miles between sunrise and sunset.

needs must, we were forced to trouble Sir Condy—" Well, and if there's no turf to be had in the town or country, why what signifies talking any more about it ; can't ye go and cut down a tree ? " " Which tree, please your honour ? " I made bold to say. " Any tree at all that's good to burn," said Sir Condy ; " send off smart and get one down, and the fires lighted, before my lady gets up to breakfast, or the house will be too hot to hold us." He was always very considerate in all things about my lady, and she wanted for nothing whilst he had it to give. Well, when things were tight with them about this time, my son Jason put in a word again about the lodge, and made a genteel offer to lay down the purchase-money to relieve Sir Condy's distresses. Now, Sir Condy had it from the best authority that there were two writs come down to the sheriff against his person, and the sheriff, as ill luck would have it, was no friend of his, and talked how he must do his duty, and how he would do it, if it was against the first man in the country, or even his own brother ; let alone one who had voted against him at the last election, as Sir Condy had done. So Sir Condy was fain to take the purchase-money of the lodge from my son Jason to settle matters ; and sure enough it was a good bargain for both parties, for my son bought the fee-simple of a good house for him and his heirs for ever, for little or nothing, and by selling of it for that same, my master saved himself from a gaol. Every way it turned out fortunate for Sir Condy ; for before the money was all gone there came a general election, and he being so well beloved in the county, and one of the oldest families, no one had a better right to stand candidate for the vacancy ; and he was called upon by all his friends, and the whole county I may say.

to declare himself against the old member, who had little thought of a contest. My master did not relish the thoughts of a troublesome canvass, and all the ill-will he might bring upon himself by disturbing the peace of the county, besides the expense, which was no trifle ; but all his friends called upon one another to subscribe, and they formed themselves into a committee, and wrote all his circular letters for him, and engaged all his agents, and did all the business unknown to him ; and he was well pleased that it should be so at last, and my lady herself was very sanguine about the election ; and there was open house kept night and day at Castle Rackrent, and I thought I never saw my lady look so well in her life as she did at that time ; there were grand dinners, and all the gentlemen drinking success to Sir Condy till they were carried off ; and then dances and balls, and the ladies all finishing with a raking pot of tea in the morning. Indeed it was well the company made it their choice to sit up all nights, for there were not half beds enough for the sights of people that were in it, though there were shake-downs in the drawing-room always made up before sunrise for those that liked it. For my part, when I saw the doings that were going on, and the loads of claret that went down the throats of them that had no right to be asking for it, and the sights of meat that went up to table and never came down, besides what was carried off to one or t'other below stairs, I couldn't but pity my poor master, who was to pay for all ; but I said nothing, for fear of gaining myself ill-will. The day of election will come some time or other, says I to myself, and all will be over ; and so it did, and a glorious day it was as any I ever had the happiness to see. "Huzza ! huzza ! Sir Condy Rackrent for ever !" was the first

thing I hears in the morning, and the same and nothing else all day, and not a soul sober only just when polling, enough to give their votes as became em', and to stand the browbeating of the lawyers, who came tight enough upon us ; and many of our freeholders were knocked off, having never a freehold they could safely swear to, and Sir Condy was not willing to have any man perjure himself for his sake, as was done on the other side, God knows ; but no matter for that. Some of our friends were dumb-founded by the lawyers asking them : Had they ever been upon the ground where their freeholds lay ? Now, Sir Condy being tender of the consciences of them that had not been on the ground, and so could not swear to a freehold when cross-examined by them lawyers, sent out for a couple of cleaves-full of the sods of his farm of Gulteenshinnagh ; and as soon as the sods came into town, he set each man upon his sod, and so then, ever after, you know, they could fairly swear they had been upon the ground. We gained the day by this piece of honesty. I thought I should have died in the streets for joy when I seed my poor master chaired, and he bareheaded, and it raining as hard as it could pour ; but all the crowds following him up and down, and he bowing and shaking hands with the whole town.

To go back to the day of the election, which I never think of but with pleasure and tears of gratitude for those good times ; after the election was quite and clean over, there comes shoals of people from all parts, claiming to have obliged my master with their votes, and putting him in mind of promises which he could never remember himself to have made ; one was to have a freehold for each of his four sons ; another was to have a renewal of a lease ; another an abatement ; one came to be paid

ten guineas for a pair of silver buckles sold my master on the hustings, which turned out to be no better than copper gilt ; another had a long bill for oats, the half of which never went into the granary to my certain knowledge, and the other half were not fit for the cattle to touch ; but the bargain was made the week before the election, and the coach and saddle horses were got into order for the day, besides a vote fairly got by them oats ; so no more reasoning on that head ; but then there was no end to them that were telling Sir Condy he had engaged to make their sons excisemen, or high constables, or the like ; and as for them that had bills to give in for liquor, and beds, and straw, and ribands, and horses, and postchaises for the gentlemen freeholders that came from all parts and other counties to vote for my master, and were not, to be sure, to be at any charges, there was no standing against all these ; and worse than all, the gentlemen of my master's committee, who managed all for him, and talked how they'd bring him in without costing him a penny, and subscribed by hundreds very genteelly, forgot to pay their subscriptions, and had laid out in agents' and lawyers' fees and secret service money the Lord knows how much ; and my master could never ask one of them for their subscription you are sensible, nor for the price of a fine horse he had sold one of them ; so it all was left at his door. He could never, God bless him again ! I say, bring himself to ask a gentleman for money, despising such sort of conversation himself ; but others, who were not gentlemen born, behaved very uncivil in pressing him at this very time, and all he could do to content 'em all was to take himself out of the way as fast as possible to Dublin, where my lady had taken a house fitting for him as a member of Parliament, to

attend his duty in there all the winter. I was very lonely when the whole family was gone, and all the things they had ordered to go, and forgot, sent after them by the car. There was then a great silence in Castle Rackrent, and I went moping from room to room, hearing the doors clap for want of right locks, and the wind through the broken windows, that the glazier never would come to mend, and the rain coming through the roof and best ceilings all over the house for want of the slater, whose bill was not paid, besides our having no slates or shingles for that part of the old building which was shingled and burnt when the chimney took fire, and had been open to the weather ever since. I took myself to the servants' hall in the evening to smoke my pipe as usual, but missed the bit of talk we used to have there sadly, and ever after was content to stay in the kitchen and boil my little potatoes, and put up my bed there ; and every post-day I looked in the newspaper, but no news of my master in the House ; he never spoke good or bad ; but as the butler wrote down word to my son Jason, was very ill used by the government about a place that was promised him and never given, after his supporting them against his conscience very honourably, and being greatly abused for it, which hurt him greatly, he having the name of a great patriot in the country before. The house and living in Dublin, too, were not to be had for nothing, and my son Jason said, " Sir Condy must soon be looking out for a new agent, for I've done my part, and can do no more. If my lady had the bank of Ireland to spend, it would all go in one winter, and Sir Condy would never gainsay her, though he does not care the rind of a lemon for her all the while."

Now, I could not bear to hear Jason giving out after this

manner against the family, and twenty people standing by in the street. Ever since he had lived at the lodge of his own, he looked down, howsomever, upon poor old Thady, and was grown quite a great gentleman, and had none of his relations near him ; no wonder he was no kinder to poor Sir Condy than to his own kith or kin.

Domestic quarrels continued until Lady Rackrent went back to her own people. " My poor master was in great trouble after my lady left us. The execution came down, and everything at Castle Rackrent was seized by the gripers, and my son Jason, to his shame be it spoken, amongst them." Jason, having got his master completely into his power, foreclosed on Castle Rackrent and took possession.

The very next day, being too proud, as he said to me, to stay an hour longer in a house that did not belong to him, he sets off to the Lodge, and I along with him not many hours after. And there was great bemoaning through all O'Shaughlin's Town, which I stayed to witness, and gave my poor master a full account of when I got to the Lodge. He was very low, and in his bed, when I got there, and complained of a great pain about his heart, but I guessed it was only trouble, and all the business, let alone vexation, he had gone through of late ; and knowing the nature of him from a boy, I took my pipe, and, whilst smoking it by the chimney, began telling him how he was beloved and regretted in the county, and it did him a deal of good to hear it. " Your honour has a great many friends yet, that you don't know of, rich and poor, in the county," says I ; " for as I was coming along the road I met two gentlemen in their own carriages, who asked after you, knowing me, and wanted to know where you was and all about you, and even how old I was ; think of that." Then he

wakened out of his doze, and began questioning me who the gentlemen were. And the next morning it came into my head to go, unknown to anybody, with my master's compliments, round to many of the gentlemen's houses, where he and my lady used to visit, and people that I knew were his great friends, and would go to Cork to serve him any day in the year, and I made bold to try to borrow a trifle of cash from them. They all treated me very civil for the most part, and asked a great many questions very kind about my lady, and Sir Condy, and all the family, and were greatly surprised to learn from me Castle Rackrent was sold, and my master at the Lodge for health; and they all pitied him greatly, and he had their good wishes, if that would do, but money was a thing they unfortunately had not any of them at this time to spare. I had my journey for my pains, and I, not used to walking, nor supple as formerly, was greatly tired, but had the satisfaction of telling my master, when I got to the Lodge, all the civil things said by high and low.

“Thady,” says he, “all you've been telling me brings a strange thought into my head; I've a notion I shall not be long for this world anyhow, and I've a great fancy to see my own funeral afore I die.” I was greatly shocked at the first speaking, to hear him speak so light about his funeral, and he, to all appearance, in good health, but recollecting myself, answered, “To be sure, it would be as fine a sight as one could see, I dared to say, and one I should be proud to witness, and I did not doubt his honour's would be as great a funeral as ever Sir Patrick O'Shaughlin's was, and such a one as that had never been known in the county afore or since.” But I never thought he was in earnest about seeing his own

funeral himself, till the next day he returns to it again. "Thady," says he, "as far as the wake goes, sure I might without any great trouble have the satisfaction of seeing a bit of my own funeral." "Well, since your honour's honour's so bent upon it," says I, not willing to cross him, and he in trouble, "we must see what we can do." So he fell into a sort of a sham disorder, which was easy done, as he kept his bed, and no one to see him; and I got my shister, who was an old woman very handy about the sick, and very skilful, to come up to the Lodge to nurse him; and we gave out, she knowing no better, that he was just at his latter end, and it answered beyond anything; and there was a great throng of people, men, women, and childer, and there being only two rooms at the Lodge, except what was locked up full of Jason's furniture and things, the house was soon as full and fuller than it could hold, and the heat, and smoke, and noise wonderful great; and standing amongst them that were near the bed, but not thinking at all of the dead, I was started by the sound of my master's voice from under the great coats that had been thrown all at top, and I went close up, no one noticing. "Thady," says he, "I've had enough of this; I'm smothering, and can't hear a word of all they're saying of the deceased." "God bless you, and lie still and quiet," says I, "a bit longer, for my shister's afraid of ghosts, and would die on the spot with fright, was she to see you come to life all on a sudden this way without the least preparation." So he lays him still, though well-nigh stifled, and I made all haste to tell the secret of the joke, whispering to one and t'other, and there was a great surprise, but not so great as we had laid out it would. "And aren't we to have the pipes and tobacco,

after coming so far to-night ? ” said some ; but they were all well enough pleased when his honour got up to drink with them, and sent for more spirits from a shebean-house, where they very civilly let him have it upon credit. So the night passed off very merrily, but, to my mind, Sir Condry was rather upon the sad order in the midst of it all, not finding there had been such a great talk about himself after his death as he had always expected to hear.

The next morning when the house was cleared of them, and none but my shister and myself left in the kitchen with Sir Condry, one opens the door, and walks in, and who should it be but Judy M'Quirk herself ! I forgot to notice that she had been married long since, whilst young Captain Moneygawl lived at the Lodge, to the captain's huntsman, who after awhile listed and left her, and was killed in the wars. Poor Judy fell off greatly in her good looks after her being married a year or two ; and being smoke-dried in the cabin, and neglecting herself like, it was hard for Sir Condry himself to know her again till she spoke ; but when she says, “ It's Judy M'Quirk, please your honour, don't you remember her ? ” “ Oh, Judy, is it you ? ” says his honour ; “ yes, sure, I remember you very well ; but you're greatly altered, Judy.” “ Sure it's time for me,” says she ; “ and I think your honour, since I *seen* you last—but that's a great while ago—is altered too.” “ And with reason, Judy,” says Sir Condry, fetching a sort of a sigh ; “ but how's this, Judy ? ” he goes on ; “ I take it a little amiss of you, that you were not at my wake last night.” “ Ah, don't be being jealous of that,” says she ; “ I didn't hear a sentence of your honour's wake till it was all over, or it would have gone hard with me but I would have

been at it sure ; but I was forced to go ten miles up the country three days ago to a wedding of a relation of my own's, and didn't get home till after the wake was over ; but," says she, " it won't be so, I hope, the next time, please your honour." " That we shall see, Judy," says his honour, " and may be sooner than you think for, for I've been very unwell this while past, and don't reckon anyway I'm long for this world."

There was a great horn at the Lodge, ever since my master and Captain Moneygawl was in together, that used to belong originally to the celebrated Sir Patrick, his ancestor ; and his honour was fond often of telling the story that he learned from me when a child, how Sir Patrick drank the full of this horn without stopping, and this was what no other man afore or since could without drawing breath. Now Sir Condry challenged the gauger, who seemed to think little of the horn, to swallow the contents, and had it filled to the brim with punch ; and the gauger said it was what he could not do for nothing, but he'd hold Sir Condry a hundred guineas he'd do it. " Done," says my master ; " I'll lay you a hundred golden guineas to a tester you don't." " Done," says the gauger ; and done and done's enough between two gentlemen. The gauger was cast, and my master won the bet, and thought he'd won a hundred guineas, but by the wording it was adjudged to be only a tester that was his due by the exciseman. It was all one to him ; he was as well pleased, and I was glad to see him in such spirits again.

The gauger, bad luck to him ! was the man that next proposed to my master to try himself could he take at a draught the contents of the great horn. " Sir Patrick's horn !" said his honour ; " hand it to me ; I'll hold

you your own bet over again I'll swallow it." "Done," says the gauger; "I'll lay ye anything at all you do no such thing." "A hundred guineas to sixpence I do," says he; "bring me the handkerchief." I was loth, knowing he meant the handkerchief with the gold in it to bring it out in such company, and his honour not very able to reckon it. "Bring me the handkerchief, then, Thady," says he, and stamps with his foot; so with that I pulls it out of my great coat pocket, where I had put it for safety. Oh, how it grieved me to see the guineas counting upon the table, and they the last my master had! Says Sir Condy to me, "Your hand is steadier than mine to-night, old Thady, and that's a wonder; fill you the horn for me." And so, wishing his honour success, I did; but I filled it, little thinking of what would befall him. He swallows it down, and drops like one shot. We lifts him up, and he was speechless, and quite black in the face. We put him to bed, and in a short time he wakened, raving with a fever on his brain. He was shocking either to see or hear. "Judy! Judy! have you no touch of feeling? won't you stay to help us nurse him?" says I to her, and she putting on her shawl to go out of the house. "I'm frightened to see him," says she, "and wouldn't nor couldn't stay in it; and what use? he can't last till the morning." With that she ran off. There was none but my shister and myself left near him of all the many friends he had. The fever came and went, and came and went, and lasted five days, and the sixth he was sensible for a few minutes, and said to me, knowing me very well, "I'm in burning pain all withinside of me, Thady." I could not speak, but my shister asked him would he have this thing or t'other to do him good?

“No,” says he, “nothing will do me good no more,” and he gave a terrible screech with the torture he was in—then again a minute’s ease—“brought to this by drink,” says he; “where are all the friends?—where’s Judy?—Gone, hey? Ay, Sir Condry has been a fool all his days,” said he; and there was the last word he spoke, and died. He had but a very poor funeral after all.

ESSAY ON IRISH BULLS.

THE HIBERNIAN MENDICANT.

PERHAPS the reader may wish to see as well as hear the petitioner. At first view you might have taken him for a Spaniard. He was tall ; and if he had been a gentleman, you would have said that there was an air of dignity in his figure. He seemed very old, yet he appeared more worn by sorrow than by time. Leaning upon a thick oaken stick as he took off his hat to ask for alms, his white hair was blown by the wind.

“Health and long life to you !” said he. “Give an old man something to help to bury him. He is past his labour, and cannot trouble this world long anyway.”

He held his hat towards us, with nothing importunate in his manner, but rather with a look of confidence in us, mixed with habitual resignation. His thanks were : “Heaven bless you !—Long life and success to you ! to you and yours ! and may you never want a friend, as I do.”

The last words were spoken low. He laid his hand upon his heart as he bowed to us and walked slowly away. We called him back ; and upon our questioning him farther, he gave the following account of himself :—

“I was bred and born—but no matter where such a one as I was bred and born, no more than where I may die and be buried. I, that have neither son, nor daughter,

nor kin, nor friend on the wide earth to mourn over my grave when I am laid in it, as I soon must. Well! when it pleases God to take me, I shall never be missed out of this world, so much as by a dog; and why should I?—having never in my time done good to any—but evil—which I have lived to repent me of, many's the long day and night, and ever shall whilst I have sense and reason left. In my youthful days God was too good to me; I had friends, and a little home of my own to go to—a pretty spot of land for a farm as you could see, with a snug cabin, and everything complete, and all to be mine; for I was the only one my father and mother had, and accordingly was made much of, too much; for I grew headstrong upon it, and high, and thought nothing of any man, and little of any woman, but one. That one I surely did think of; and well worth thinking of she was. Beauty, they say, is all fancy; but she was a girl every man might fancy. Never was one more sought after. She was then just in her prime, and full of life and spirits; but nothing light in her behaviour—quite modest—yet obliging. She was too good for me to be thinking of, no doubt; but 'faint heart never won fair lady,' so I made bold to speak to Rose, for that was her name, and after a world of pains, I began to gain upon her good liking, but couldn't get her to say more than that she never *seen* the man she would fancy so well. This was a great deal from her, for she was coy and proud-like, as she had a good right to be; and, besides being young, loved her little innocent pleasure, and could not *easy* be brought to give up her sway. No fault of hers; but all very natural. Well! I always considered she never would have held out so long, nor have been so stiff with me, had it not been for an old aunt Honour of hers—

God rest her soul ! One should not be talking ill of the dead ; but she was more out of my way than enough ; yet the cratur had no malice in her against me, only meaning her child's good, as she called it, but mistook it, and thought to make Rose happy by some greater match than me, counting her fondness for me, which she could not but see something of, childishness, that she would soon be broke of. Now, there was a party of English soldiers quartered in our town, and there was a sergeant amongst them that had money, and a pretty place, as they said, in his own country. He courted Rose, and the aunt favoured him. He and I could never relish one another at all. He was a handsome portly man, but very proud, and looked upon me as dirt under his feet, because I was an Irishman ; and at every word would say, '*That's an Irish bull!*' or '*Do you hear Paddy's brogue?*' at which his fellow-soldiers, being all English, would look greatly delighted. Now all this I could have taken in good part from any but him, for I was not an ill-humoured fellow ; but there was a spite in him I plainly saw against me, and I could not nor would not take a word from him against me or my country, especially when Rose was by, who did not like me the worse for having a proper spirit. She little thought what would come of it. Whilst all this was going on, her aunt Honour found to object against me, that I was wild, and given to drink ; both which charges were false and malicious, and I knew could come from none other than the sergeant, which enraged me the more against him for speaking *so mean* behind my back. Now I knew that, though the sergeant did not drink spirits, he drank plenty of beer. Rose took it, however, to heart, and talked very serious upon it, observing she could

never think to marry a man given to drink, and that the sergeant was remarkably sober and staid; therefore, most like, as her aunt Honour said, to make a good husband. The words went straight to my heart, along with Rose's look. I said not a word, but went out, resolving, before I slept, to take an oath against spirits, of all sorts, for Rose's sake sweet. That evening I fell in with some boys of the neighbours, who would have had me along with them, but I *denied myself* and them; and all I would taste was one parting glass, and then made my vow in the presence of the priest, forswearing spirits for two years. Then I went straight to her house to tell her what I had done, not being sensible that I was that same time a little elevated with the parting glass I had taken. The first thing I noticed on going into the room was the man I least wished to see there, and least looked for at this minute; he was in high talk with the aunt, and Rose sitting on the other side of him, no way strange towards him, as I fancied; but that was only fancy, and effect of the liquor I had drunk, which made me see things wrong. I went up, and put my head between them, asking Rose did she know what I had been about?

“ ‘ Yes; too well!’ said she, drawing back from my breath. And the aunt looked at her, and she at the aunt, and the sergeant stopped his nose, saying he had not been long enough in Ireland to love the smell of whiskey. I observed, that was an uncivil remark in the present company, and added that I had not taken a drop that night, but one glass. At which he sneered, and said that was a bull and a blunder, but no wonder, as I was an Irishman. I replied in defence of myself and country. We went on from one smart word to another; and some

of his soldiermen being of the company, he had the laugh against me still. I was vexed to see Rose bear so well what I could not bear myself. And the talk grew higher and higher; and from talking of blunders and such trifles, we got, I cannot myself tell you how, on to great party matters, and politics, and religion. And I was a Catholic, and he a Protestant; and there he had the thing still against me. The company seeing matters not agreeable, dropped off till none were left but the sergeant, and the aunt, and Rose, and myself. The aunt gave me a hint to part, but I would not take it; for I could not bear to go away worsted, and borne down as it were by the English faction, and Rose by to judge. The aunt was called out by one who wanted her to go to a funeral next day; the Englishman then let fall something about our Irish howl, and savages, which Rose herself said was uncivil, she being an Irishwoman, which he, thinking only of making game on me, had forgot. I knocked him down, telling him that it was he that was the savage to affront a lady. As he got up he said that he'd have the law of me, if any law was to be had in Ireland.

“ ‘The law!’ said I, ‘and you a soldier!’

“ ‘Do you mean to call me a coward?’ said he. ‘This is what an English soldier must not bear.’ With that he snatches at his arms that were beside him, asking me again did I mean to call an Englishman coward?

“ ‘Tell me first,’ said I, ‘did you mean to call us Irish savages?’

“ ‘That’s no answer to *my* question,’ says he, ‘or only an Irish answer.’

“ ‘It is not worse for that, may be,’ says I, very coolly,

despising the man now, and just took up a knife, that was on the table, to cut off a button that was hanging at my knee. As I was opening of the knife he asks me was I going to stab at him with my Irish knife, and directly fixes a bayonet at me ; on which I seizes a musket and bayonet one of his men had left, telling him I knew the use of it as well as he or any Englishman, and better ; for that I should never have gone, as he did, to charge it against an unarmed man.

“ ‘ You had your knife,’ said he, drawing back.

“ ‘ If I had, it was not thinking of you,’ said I, throwing the knife away. ‘ See ! I’m armed like yourself now ; fight me like a man and a soldier, if you dare,’ says I.

“ ‘ Fight me, if you dare,’ says he.

“ Rose calls to me to stop ; but we were both out of ourselves at the minute. We thrust at each other—he missed me—I hit him. Rose ran in between us to get the musket from my hand ; it was loaded, and went off in the struggle, and the ball lodged in her body. She fell ! and what happened next I cannot tell, for the sight left my eyes, and all sense forsook me. When I came to myself the house was full of people, going to and fro, some whispering, some crying ; and till the words reached my ears, ‘ Is she quite dead ? ’ I could not understand where I was, or what had happened. I wished to forget again, but could not. The whole truth came upon me, and yet I could not shed a tear ; but just pushed my way through the crowd into the inner room, and up to the side of the bed. There she lay stretched, almost a corpse—quite still ! Her sweet eyes closed, and no colour in her cheeks, that had been so rosy ! I took hold of one of her hands, that hung down, and she then opens her eyes, and knew me directly, and smiles upon

me, and says, ' It was no fault of yours ; take notice all of you, it was no fault of his if I die ; but *that* I won't do for his sake, if I can help it ! '—that was the word she spoke. I thinking, from her speaking so strong, that she was not badly hurt, knelt down to whisper her, that if my breath did smell of spirits, it was the parting glass I had tasted before making the vow I had done against drink for her sake ; and that there was nothing I would not do for her, if it would please God to spare her to me. She just pressed my hand, to show me she was sensible. The priest came in, and they forced our hands asunder, and carried me away out of the room. Presently there was a great cry, and I knew all was over."

Here the old man's voice failed, and he turned his face from us. When he had somewhat recovered himself, to change the course of his thoughts, we asked whether he were prosecuted for his assault on the English serjeant, and what became of him ?

" Oh ! to do him justice, as one should do to everyone," said the old man, " he behaved very handsome to me when I was brought to trial ; and told the whole truth, only blamed himself more than I would have done, and said it was all his fault for laughing at me and my nation more than a man could bear, situated as I was. They acquitted me through this means. We shook hands, and he hoped all would go right with me, he said ; but nothing ever went right with me after. I took little note ever after of worldly matters ; all belonging to me went to rack and ruin. The hand of God was upon me ; I could not help myself, nor settle mind or body to anything. I heard them say sometimes I was a little touched in my head ; however that might be I cannot say. But at the last I found it was as good for me to give up all

that was left to my friends, who were better able to manage, and more eager for it than I ; and fancying a roving life would agree with me best, I quitted the place, taking nothing with me, but resolved to walk the world, and just trust to the charity of good Christians, or die, as it should please God. How I have lived so long, He only knows, and His will be done.”

SELECTIONS FROM ENNUI ;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF THE EARL OF GLENTHORN.

THE story is told in the first person. Lord Glenthorn, a rich young peer, had become thoroughly bored by fashionable life in London. Born in Ireland, where he owned a large property, he had left the country as a child, and had no desire to revisit it until his old foster-mother, Ellinor O'Donoghue, made her way to him in England, and put the thought into his head. Shortly after this, Lady Glenthorn, "whose chief idea of happiness in marriage was the possession of the jewels and paraphernalia of a countess," eloped with a Captain Crawley, who had pretended to be her husband's friend. Glenthorn divorced his wife, and fell into a state of melancholy. He chanced to attend a prize-fight in London, where his feelings were touched by the sufferings of an Irish pugilist, Michael Noonan, who received a fatal injury in the fight. The dying man, who had come from Lord Glenthorn's own county, begged "that I would carry half a guinea, the only money he possessed, to his aged father and a silk handkerchief he had worn round his neck to his sister." . . . "Mixed motives govern the conduct of half mankind ; so I set out upon my journey to Ireland."

ARRIVAL IN IRELAND.

I was detained six days by contrary winds at Holyhead. Sick of that miserable place, in my ill-humour I cursed Ireland, and twice resolved to return to London ; but the wind changed, my carriage was on board the packet ; so I sailed and landed safely in Dublin. I was surprised

by the excellence of the hotel at which I was lodged. I had not conceived that such accommodation could have been found in Dublin. The house had, as I was told, belonged to a nobleman ; it was fitted up and appointed with a degree of elegance, and even magnificence, beyond what I had been used to in the most fashionable hotels in London.

“ Ah ! sir,” said an Irish gentleman, who found me in admiration upon the staircase, “ this is all very good, very fine, but it is too good and too fine to last ; come here again in two years, and I’m afraid you will see all this going to rack and ruin. This is too often the case with us in Ireland ; we can project, but we can’t calculate ; we must have everything upon too large a scale. We mistake a grand beginning for a good beginning. We begin like princes, and we end like beggars.”

I rested only a few days in a capital in which, I took it for granted, there could be nothing worth seeing by a person who was just come from London. In driving through the streets, I was, however, surprised to see buildings which my prejudices could scarcely believe to be Irish. I also saw some things which recalled to my mind the observations I had heard at my hotel. I was struck with instances of grand beginnings and lamentable want of finish, with mixture of the magnificent and the paltry ; of admirable and execrable taste. Though my understanding was wholly uncultivated, these things struck my eye. Of all the faculties of my mind, my taste had been most exercised, because its exercise had given me least trouble.

Impatient to see my own castle, I left Dublin. I was again astonished by the beauty of the prospects and the excellence of the roads. I had in my ignorance believed

that I was never to see a tree in Ireland, and that the roads were almost impassable. With the promptitude of credulity, I now went from one extreme to the other ; I concluded that we should travel with the same celerity as upon the Bath road ; and I expected that a journey for which four days had been allotted might be performed in two. Like all those who have nothing to do anywhere, I was always in a prodigious hurry to get from place to place ; and I ever had a noble ambition to go over as much ground as possible in a given space of time. I travelled in a light barouche, and with my own horses. My own man (an Englishman), and my cook (a Frenchman), followed in a hackney chaise ; I cared not how, so that they kept up with me ; the rest was their affair. At night, my gentleman complained bitterly of the Irish post carriages, and besought me to let him follow at an easier rate the next day ; but to this I could by no means consent ; for how could I exist without my own man and my French cook ? In the morning, just as I was ready to set off, and had thrown myself back in my carriage, my Englishman and Frenchman came to the door, both in so great a rage that the one was inarticulate and the other unintelligible. At length the object of their indignation spoke for itself. From the inn yard came a hackney chaise, in a most deplorable crazy state ; the body mounted up to a prodigious height, on unbending springs, nodding forwards, one door swinging open, three blinds up, because they could not be let down, the perch tied in two places, the iron of the wheels half off, half loose, wooden pegs for linch-pins, and ropes for harness. The horses were worthy of the harness ; wretched little dog-tired creatures, that looked as if they had been driven to the last gasp, and as if they

had never been rubbed down in their lives ; their bones starting through their skin ; one lame, the other blind ; one with a raw back, the other with a galled breast ; one with his neck poking down over his collar, and the other with his head dragged forward by a bit of a broken bridle, held at arm's length by a man dressed like a mad beggar, in half a hat and half a wig, both awry in opposite directions ; a long tattered great-coat, tied round his waist by a hay-rope ; the jagged rents in the skirts of his coat showing his bare legs marbled of many colours ; while something like stockings hung loose about his ankles. The noises he made by way of threatening or encouraging his steeds, I pretend not to describe.

In an indignant voice I called to the landlord, " I hope these are not the horses—I hope this is not the chaise, intended for my servants."

The innkeeper, and the pauper who was preparing to officiate as postilion, both in the same instant exclaimed, "*Sorrow* better chaise in the county !"

" *Sorrow !*" said I ; " what do you mean by sorrow ? "

" That there's no better, plase your honour, can be seen. We have two more, to be sure ; but one has no top, and the other no bottom. Anyway there's no better can be seen than this same."

" And these horses !" cried I ; " why, this horse is so lame he can hardly stand."

" Oh, plase your honour, tho' he can't stand, he'll go fast enough. He has a great deal of the rogue in him, plase your honour. He's always that way at first setting out."

" And that wretched animal with the galled breast !"

" He's all the better for it, when once he warms ; it's

he that will go with the speed of light, plase your honour. Sure, is not he Knockecroghery ? and didn't I give fifteen guineas for him, barring the luck penny, at the fair of Knockecroghery, and he rising four year old at the same time ? ”

I could not avoid smiling at this speech ; but my *gentleman*, maintaining his angry gravity, declared, in a sullen tone, that he would be cursed if he went with such horses ; and the Frenchman, with abundance of gesticulation, made a prodigious chattering, which no mortal understood.

“ Then I'll tell you what you'll do,” said Paddy ; “ you'll take four, as becomes gentlemen of your quality, and you'll see how we'll powder along.”

And straight he put the knuckle of his fore-finger in his mouth, and whistled shrill and strong ; and, in a moment, a whistle somewhere out in the fields answered him.

I protested against these proceedings, but in vain ; before the first pair of horses were fastened to the chaise, up came a little boy with the others *fresh* from the plough. They were quick enough in putting these to ; yet how they managed it with their tackle I know not. “ Now we're fixed handsomely,” said Paddy.

“ But this chaise will break down the first mile.”

“ Is it this chaise, plase your honour ? I'll engage it will go the world's end. The universe wouldn't break it down now ; sure it was mended but last night.”

Then seizing his whip and reins in one hand, he clawed up his stockings with the other ; so with one easy step he got into his place, and seated himself, coachman-like, upon a well-worn bar of wood that served as a coach-box. “ Throw me the loan of a trusty Bartly, for a cushion,”

said he. A frieze coat was thrown up over the horses' heads—Paddy caught it. "Where are you, Hosey?" cried he. "Sure I'm only rowling a wisp of straw on my leg," replied Hosey. "Throw me up," added this paragon of postilions, turning to one of the crowd of idle bystanders. "Arra, push me up, can't ye?"

A man took hold of his knee, and threw him upon the horse; he was in his seat in a trice; then clinging by the mane of his horse, he scrambled for the bridle, which was under the other horse's feet—reached it, and, well satisfied with himself, looked round at Paddy, who looked back to the chaise-door at my angry servants, "secure in the last event of things." In vain the Englishman in monotonous anger, and the Frenchman in every note of the gamut, abused Paddy; necessity and wit were on Paddy's side; he parried all that was said against his chaise, his horses, himself, and his country, with invincible comic dexterity, till at last both his adversaries, dumb-founded, clambered into the vehicle, where they were instantly shut up in straw and darkness. Paddy, in a triumphant tone, called to *my* postilions, bidding them "get on, and not be stopping the way any longer."

Without uttering a syllable, they drove on; but they could not, nor could I, refrain from looking back to see how those fellows would manage. We saw the fore-horses make towards the right, then to the left, and every way but straight forwards; whilst Paddy bawled to Hosey—"Keep the middle of the road, can't ye? I don't want ye to draw a pound at-all-at-all."

At last, by dint of whipping, the four horses were compelled to set off in a lame gallop; but they stopped short at a hill near the end of the town, whilst a shouting

troop of ragged boys followed, and pushed them fairly to the top. Half an hour afterwards, as we were putting on our drag-chain to go down another steep hill—to my utter astonishment, Paddy, with his horses in full gallop, came rattling and *chehopping* past us. My people called to warn him that he had no *drag*; but still he cried “Never fear!” and shaking the long reins, and stamping with his foot, on he went thundering down the hill. My Englishmen were aghast.

“The turn yonder below, at the bottom of the hill, is as sharp and ugly as ever I see,” said my postilion, after a moment’s stupefied silence. “He will break their necks, as sure as my name is John.”

Quite the contrary; when we had dragged and un-dragged, and came up to Paddy, we found him safe on his legs, mending some of his tackle very quietly.

“If that had broken as you were going down the steep hill,” said I, “it would have been all over with you, Paddy.”

“That’s true, plase your honour; but it never happened to me going down hill—nor never will, by the blessing of God, if I’ve any luck.”

With this mixed confidence in a special providence, and in his own good luck, Paddy went on, much to my amusement. It was his glory to keep before us; and he rattled on till he came to a narrow part of the road, where they were rebuilding a bridge. Here there was a dead stop. Paddy lashed his horses, and called them all manner of names; but the wheel horse, Knockecroghery, was restive, and at last began to kick most furiously. It seemed inevitable that the first kick which should reach the splinter-bar, at which it was aimed, must demolish it instantly. My English gentleman

and my Frenchman both put their heads out of the only window which was pervious, and called most manfully to be let out. "Never fear," said Paddy. To open the door for themselves was beyond their force or skill. One of the hind wheels, which had belonged to another carriage, was too high to suffer the door to be opened, and the blind at the other side prevented their attempts, so they were close prisoners. The men who had been at work on the broken bridge came forward, and rested on their spades to see the battle. As my carriage could not pass, I was also compelled to be a spectator of this contest between man and horse.

"Never fear," reiterated Paddy; "I'll engage I'll be up wid him. Now for it, Knockecroghery! Oh, the rogue, he thinks he has me at a *nonplush*, but I'll show him the *differ*."

After this brag of war, Paddy whipped, Knockecroghery kicked; and Paddy, seemingly unconscious of danger, sat within reach of the kicking horse, twitching up first one of his legs, then the other, and shifting as the animal aimed his hoofs, escaping every time as it were by a miracle. With a mixture of temerity and presence of mind, which made us alternately look upon him as a madman and a hero, he gloried in the danger, secure of success, and of the sympathy of the spectators.

"Ah! didn't I *compass* him cleverly then? Oh, the villain, to be browbeating me! I'm too cute for him yet. See there, now, he's come to; and I'll be his bail he'll go *asy* enough wid me. Ogh! he has a fine spirit of his own, but it's I that can match him; 'twould be a poor case if a man like me couldn't match a horse

anyway, let alone a mare, which this is, or it never would be so vicious."

After this hard-fought battle, and suitable rejoicing for the victory, Paddy walked his subdued adversary on a few yards to allow us to pass him; but, to the dismay of my postilions, a hay-rope was at this instant thrown across the road, before our horses, by the road-makers, who, to explain this proceeding, cried out, "Plase your honour, the road is so dry, we'd expect a trifle to wet it."

"What do these fellows mean?" said I.

"It's only a tester or a hog they want, your honour, to give 'em to drink your honour's health," said Paddy.

"A hog to drink my health?"

"Ay, that is a thirteen, plase your honour; all as one as an English shilling."

I threw them a shilling; the hay-rope was withdrawn, and at last we went on. We heard no more of Paddy till evening. He came in two hours after us, and expected to be doubly paid *for driving my honour's gentleman so well*.

I must say that on this journey, though I met with many delays and disasters; though one of my horses was lamed in shoeing by a smith, who came home drunk from a funeral; and though the back panel of my carriage was broken by the pole of a chaise; and though one day I went without my dinner at a large desloate inn, where nothing was to be had but whiskey; and though one night I lay in a little smoky den, in which the meanest of my servants in England would have thought it impossible to sleep; and though I complained bitterly, and swore it was impracticable for a gentleman to travel in Ireland; yet I never remember to have

experienced, on my journey, less ennui.* I was out of patience twenty times a day, but I certainly felt no ennui ; and I am convinced that the benefit some patients receive from a journey is in an inverse proportion to the ease and luxury of their mode of travelling. When they are compelled to exert their faculties, and to use their limbs, they forget their nerves, as I did. Upon this principle I should recommend to wealthy hypochondriacs

* Since Lord Glenthorn's Memoirs were published, the editor has received letters and information from the east, west, north, and south of Ireland, on the present state of posting in that country. The following is one of the many, which is vouched by indisputable authority as a true and recent anecdote, given in the very words in which it was related to the editor Mr. * * * *, travelling in Ireland, having got into a hackney chaise, was surprised to hear the driver knocking at each side of the carriage. "What are you doing?"—"A'n't I nailing your honour up?"—"Why do you nail me up? I don't wish to be nailed up."—"Augh! would your honour have the doors fly off the hinges?" When they came to the end of the stage, Mr. * * * * begged the man to unfasten the doors. "Ogh! what would I be taking out the nails for, to be racking the doors?"—"How shall I get out then?"—"Can't your honour get out of the window like any other *jantleman*?" Mr. * * * * began the operation; but having forced his head and shoulder out, could get no farther, and called again to the postilion. "Augh! did any one ever see anyone get out of a chay head foremost? Can't your honour put out your feet first, like a Christian?"

Another correspondent from the south relates that when he refused to go on till one of the four horses, who wanted a shoe, was shod, his two postilions in his hearing commenced thus: "Paddy, where *will* I get a shoe, and no smith nigh hand?"—"Why don't you see yon *jantleman*'s horse in the field? can't you go and unshoe him?"—"True for ye," said Jem; "but that horse's shoe will never fit him."—"Augh! you can but try it," said Paddy. So the gentleman's horse was actually unshod, and his shoe put upon the hackney horse; and, fit or not fit, Paddy went off with it.

Another gentleman travelling in the north of Ireland in a hackney chaise during a storm of wind and rain, found that two of the windows were broken, and two could not by force or art of man be pulled up; he ventured to complain to his Paddy of the inconvenience he suffered from the storm pelting in his face. His consolation was, "Augh! God bless your honour, and can't you get out and *set* behind the carriage, and you'll not get a drop at all, I'll engage."

a journey in Ireland, preferably to any country in the civilized world. I can promise them that they will not only be moved to anger often enough to make their blood circulate briskly, but they will even, in the acmè of their impatience, be thrown into salutary convulsions of laughter by the comic concomitants of their disasters ; besides, if they have hearts, their best feelings cannot fail to be awakened by the warm, generous hospitality they will receive in this country, from the cabin to the castle.

Late in the evening of the fourth day we came to an inn on the verge of the county where my estate was situate. It was one of the wildest parts of Ireland. We could find no horses, nor accommodations of any sort, and we had several miles farther to go. For our only comfort, the dirty landlady, who had married the hostler, and wore gold drop ear-rings, reminded us that, " Sure, if we could but wait an hour, and take a fresh egg, we should have a fine moon."

After many fruitless imprecations, my French cook was obliged to mount one of my saddle-horses ; my groom was left to follow us the next day ; I let my gentleman sit on the barouche box, and proceeded with my own tired horses. The moon, which my landlady had promised me, rose, and I had a full view of the face of the country. As we approached my maritime territories, the cottages were thinly scattered, and the trees had a stunted appearance ; they all slanted one way, from the prevalent winds that blew from the ocean. Our road presently stretched along the beach, and I saw nothing to vary the prospect but rocks, and their huge shadows upon the water. The road being sandy, the feet of the horses made no noise, and nothing interrupted

the silence of the night but the hissing sound of the carriage-wheels passing through the sand.

“What o’clock is it now, think you, John?” said one of my postilions to the other.

“Past twelve, for *sartain*,” said John; “and this *bees* a strange Irish place,” continued he, in a drawling voice; “with no possible way o’ getting at it, as I see.” John, after a pause, resumed, “I say, Timothy, to the best of my opinion, this here road is leading *on* us into the sea.” John replied, “that he did suppose there might be such a thing as a boat farther on, but where, he could not say for *sartain*.” Dismayed and helpless, they at last stopped to consult whether they had come the right road to the house. In the midst of their consultation there came up an Irish carman, whistling as he walked beside his horse and car.

“Honest friend, is this the road to Glenthorn Castle?”

“To Glenthorn, sure enough, your honour.”

“Whereabouts is the castle?”

“Forenent you, if you go on to the turn.”

“*Forenent* you!” As the postilions pondered upon this word, the carman, leaving his horse and car, turned back to explain by action what he could not make intelligible by words.

“See, isn’t here the castle?” cried he, darting before us to the turn of the road, where he stood pointing at what we could not possibly see, as it was hid by a promontory of rock. When we reached the spot where he was stationed, we came full upon the view of Glenthorn Castle; it seemed to rise from the sea, abrupt and insulated, in all the gloomy grandeur of ancient times, with turrets and battlements, and a huge gateway, the

pointed arch of which receded in perspective between the projecting towers.

“It’s my lord himself, I’m fond to believe!” said our guide, taking off his hat; “I had best step on and tell ’em at the castle.”

“No, my good friend, there is no occasion to trouble you farther; you had better go back to your horse and car, which you have left on the road.”

“Oh! they are used to that, please your honour; they’ll go on very *quite*, and I’ll run like a redshank with the news to the castle.”

He ran on before us with surprising velocity, whilst our tired horses dragged us slowly through the sand. As we approached, the gateway of the castle opened, and a number of men, who appeared to be dwarfs when compared with the height of the building, came out with torches in their hands. By their bustle, and the vehemence with which they bawled to one another, one might have thought that the whole castle was in flames; but they were only letting down a drawbridge. As I was going over this bridge, a casement window opened in the castle; and a voice, which I knew to be old Ellinor’s, exclaimed, “Mind the big hole in the middle of the bridge, God bless *yees!*”

I passed over the broken bridge, and through the massive gate, under an arched way, at the farthest end of which a lamp had just been lighted; then I came into a large open area, the court of the castle. The hollow sound of the horses’ feet, and of the carriage rumbling over the drawbridge, was immediately succeeded by the strange and eager voices of the people, who filled the court with a variety of noises, contrasting, in the most striking manner, with the silence in which we had travelled over

the sands. The great effect that my arrival instantaneously produced upon the multitude of servants and dependants, who issued from the castle, gave me an idea of my own consequence beyond anything which I had ever felt in England. These people seemed "born for my use"; the officious precipitation with which they ran to and fro; the style in which they addressed me; some crying, "Long life to the Earl of Glenthorn!" some blessing me for coming to reign over them; all together gave more the idea of the vassals than of tenants, and carried my imagination centuries back to feudal times.

The first person I saw on entering the hall of my castle was poor Ellinor; she pushed her way up to me.

"'Tis himself!" cried she. Then turning about suddenly, "I've seen him in his own castle—I've seen him; and if it pleases God this minute to take me to himself, I would die with pleasure."

"My good Ellinor," said I, touched to the heart by her affection, "my good Ellinor, I hope you will live many a happy year; and if I can contribute—"

"And himself to speak to me so kind before them all!" interrupted she. "Oh! this is too much—quite too much!" She burst into tears; and, hiding her face with her arm, made her way out of the hall.

The flights of stairs which I had to ascend, and the length of galleries through which I was conducted, before I reached the apartment where supper was served, gave me a vast idea of the extent of my castle; but I was too much fatigued to enjoy fully the gratifications of pride. To the simple pleasures of appetite I was more sensible; I ate heartily of one of the most profusely hospitable suppers that ever was prepared for a noble baron, even in the days when oxen were roasted whole.

Then I grew so sleepy that I was impatient to be shown to my bed. I was ushered through another suite of chambers and galleries ; and, as I was traversing one of these, a door of some strange dormitory opened, and a group of female heads were thrust out, in the midst of which I could distinguish old Ellinor's face ; but, as I turned my head, the door closed so quickly that I had no time to speak ; I only heard the words, " Blessings on him ! that's he ! "

I was so sleepy that I rejoiced having escaped an occasion where I might have been called upon to speak, yet I was really grateful to my poor nurse for her blessing. The state tower, in which, after reiterated entreaties, I was at last left alone to repose, was hung with magnificent, but ancient tapestry. It was so like a room in a haunted castle, that if I had not been too much fatigued to think of anything, I should certainly have thought of Mrs. Radcliffe. I am sorry to say that I have no mysteries, or even portentous omens, to record of this night ; for the moment that I lay down in my antiquated bed I fell into a profound sleep.

ESTATE MANAGEMENT.

The method of doing good, which seemed to require the least exertion, and which I, therefore, most willingly practised, was giving away money. I did not wait to inquire, much less to examine, into the merits of the claimants ; but, without selecting proper objects, I relieved myself from the uneasy feeling of pity by indiscriminate donations to objects apparently the most miserable.

I was quite angry with Mr. M'Leod, my agent, and considered him as a selfish, hard-hearted miser, because he did not seem to sympathize with me, or to applaud my generosity. I was so much irritated by his cold silence, that I could not forbear pressing him to say something.

"*I doubt*, then," said he, "since you desire me to speak my mind, my lord, *I doubt* whether the best way of encouraging the industrious is to give premiums to the idle."

"But idle or not, these poor wretches are so miserable that I cannot refuse to give them something; and, surely, when one can do it so easily, it is right to relieve misery. Is it not?"

"Undoubtedly, my lord; but the difficulty is, to relieve present misery, without creating more in future. Pity for one class of beings sometimes makes us cruel to others. I am told that there are some Indian Brahmins so very compassionate that they hire beggars to let fleas feed upon them; I doubt whether it might not be better to let the fleas starve."

I did not in the least understand what Mr. M'Leod meant; but I was soon made to comprehend it, by crowds of eloquent beggars, who soon surrounded me; many who had been resolutely struggling with their difficulties slackened their exertions, and left their labour for the easier trade of imposing upon my credulity. The money I had bestowed was wasted at the dram-shop, or it became the subject of family-quarrels; and those whom I had *relieved* returned to *my honour*, with fresh and insatiable expectations. All this time my industrious tenants grumbled, because no encouragement was given to them; and, looking upon me as a weak,

good-natured fool, they combined in a resolution to ask me for long leases, or reduction of rent.

The rhetoric of my tenants succeeded in some instances ; and again I was mortified by Mr. M'Leod's silence. I was too proud to ask his opinion. I ordered and was obeyed. A few leases for long terms were signed and sealed ; and when I had thus my own way completely, I could not refrain from recurring to Mr. M'Leod's opinion.

" I doubt, my lord," said he, " whether this measure may be as advantageous as you hope. These fellows, these middle-men, will underset the land, and live in idleness, whilst they *rack* a parcel of wretched under-tenants."

" But they said they would keep the land in their own hands and improve it ; and that the reason why they could not afford to improve before was that they had not long leases."

" It may be doubted whether long leases alone will make improving tenants ; for in the next county to us there are many farms of the dowager Lady Ormsby's land let at ten shillings an acre, and her tenantry are beggars ; and the land now, at the end of the leases, is worn out, and worse than at their commencement."

I was weary listening to this cold reasoning, and resolved to apply no more for explanations to Mr. M'Leod ; yet in my indolence I wanted the support of his approbation, at the very time I was jealous of his interference.

At one time I had a mind to raise the wages of labour ; but Mr. M'Leod said, "*It might be doubted* whether the people would not work less, when they could with less work have money enough to support them."

I was puzzled ; and then I had a mind to lower the wages of labour, to force them to work or starve. Still provoking Mr. M'Leod said, "*It might be doubted* whether it would not be better to leave them alone."

I gave marriage-portions to the daughters of my tenants, and rewards to those who had children ; for I had always heard that legislators should encourage population.

Still Mr. M'Leod hesitated to approve ; he observed, " that my estate was so populous, that the complaint in each family was, that they had not land for the sons. *It might be doubted* whether, if a farm could support but ten people, it were wise to encourage the birth of twenty. *It might be doubted* whether it were not better for ten to live, and be well fed, than for twenty to be born, and to be half-starved."

To encourage manufactures in my town of Glenthorn, I proposed putting a clause in my leases, compelling my tenants to buy stuffs and linens manufactured at Glenthorn, and nowhere else. Stubborn M'Leod, as usual, began with, "*I doubt* whether that will not encourage the manufacturers at Glenthorn to make bad stuffs and bad linen, since they are sure of a sale, and without danger of competition."

At all events, I thought my tenants would grow rich and *independent*, if they made everything *at home* that they wanted ; yet Mr. M'Leod perplexed me by his " doubt whether it would not be better for a man to buy shoes, if he could buy them cheaper than he could make them." He added something about the division of labour, and Smith's Wealth of Nations ; to which I could only answer—" Smith's a Scotchman."

I cannot express how much I dreaded Mr. M'Leod's *I doubt*—and—*It may be doubted*.

From the pain of doubt, and the labour of thought, I was soon most agreeably reprieved by the company of a Mr. Hardcastle, whose visits I constantly encouraged by a most gracious reception. Mr. Hardcastle was the agent of the dowager Lady Ormsby, who had a large estate in my neighbourhood ; he was the very reverse of my Mr. M'Leod in his deportment and conversation. Talkative, self-sufficient, peremptory, he seemed not to know what it was *to doubt* ; he considered doubt as a proof of ignorance, imbecility, or cowardice. “ *Can any man doubt ?* ” was his usual beginning. On every subject of human knowledge, taste, morals, politics, economy, legislation ; on all affairs, civil, military, or ecclesiastical, he decided at once in the most confident tone. Yet he “ never read, not he ! ” he had nothing to do with books ; he consulted only his own eyes and ears, and appealed only to common sense. As to theory, he had no opinion of theory ; for his part, he only pretended to understand practice and experience—and his practice was confined steadily to his own practice, and his experience uniformly to what he had tried at Newtown-Hardcastle.

At first I thought him a mighty clever man, and I really rejoiced to see my *doubter* silenced. After dinner, when he had finished speaking in this decisive manner, I used frequently to back him with a—*Very true—very fair—very clear*—though I understood what he said as little as he did himself ; but it was an ease to my mind to have a disputed point settled—and I filled my glass with an air of triumph, whilst M'Leod never contradicted my assertions, nor controverted Mr. Hardcastle's arguments

There was still an air of content and quiet self-satisfaction in M'Leod's very silence, which surprised and vexed me.

One day, when Hardcastle was laying down the law upon several subjects in his usual dictatorial manner, telling us how he managed his people, and what order he kept them in, I was determined that M'Leod should not enjoy the security of his silence, and I urged him to give us his general opinion as to the means of improving the poor people in Ireland.

"I doubt," said M'Leod, "whether anything effectual can be done till they have a better education."

"Education!—Pshaw!—There it is now—these bookmen," cried Hardcastle. "Why, my dear sir, can any man alive, who knows his country, doubt that the common people have already too much education, as it is called—a vast deal too much? Too many of them know how to read, and write, and cipher, which I presume is all you mean by education."

"Not entirely," said M'Leod; "a good education comprehends something more."

"The more the worse," interrupted Hardcastle. "The more they know, the worse they are, sir, depend on that; I know the people of this country, sir; I have *a good right* to know them, sir, being born amongst them, and bred amongst them; so I think I may speak with some confidence on these matters. And I give it as my decided humble opinion, founded on irrefragable experience, which is what I always build upon, that the way to ruin the poor of Ireland would be to educate them, sir. Look at the poor scholars, as they call themselves; and what are they?—a parcel of young vagabonds in rags, with a book under their arm instead of a spade or a shovel,

sir. And what comes of this ?—that they grow up the worst-disposed and the most troublesome seditious rascals in the community. I allow none of them about New-town-Hardcastle—none—banished them all. Useless vagrants—hornets, vipers, sir ; and show me a quieter, better-managed set of people than I have made of mine. I go upon experience, sir ; and that's the only thing to go upon ; and I'll go no farther than New-town-Hardcastle ; if that won't bring conviction home to you, nothing will."

" I never was at New-town-Hardcastle," said M'Leod, drily.

" Well, sir, I hope it will not be the case long. But in the meantime, my good sir, do give me leave to put it to your own common sense, what can reading or writing do for a poor man, unless he is to be a bailiff or an exciseman ? And you know all men can't expect to be bailiffs or excisemen. Can all the book-learning in the world, sir, dig a poor man's potatoes for him, or plough his land, or cut his turf ? Then, sir, in this country, where's the advantage of education, I humbly ask ? No, sir, no, trust me—keep the Irish common people ignorant, and you keep 'em quiet ; and that's the only way with them ; for they are too quick and smart, as it is, naturally. Teach them to read and write, and it's just adding fuel to fire—fire to gunpowder, sir. Teach them anything, and directly you *set them up* ; now it's our business to *keep them down*, unless, sir, you'd wish to have your throat cut. Education, sir ! Lord bless your soul, sir ! they have a great deal too much ; they know too much already, which makes them so refractory to the laws and so idle. I will go no farther than New-town-Hardcastle to prove all this. So, my good sir," concluded he,

triumphantly, "education, I grant you, is necessary for the rich ; but tell me, if you can, what's the use of education to the poor ? "

" Much the same, I apprehend, as to the rich," answered M'Leod. " The use of education, as I understand it, is to teach men to see clearly, and to follow steadily, their real interests. All morality, you know, is comprised in this definition ; and——"

" Very true, sir ; but all this can never apply to the poor in Ireland."

" Why, sir ; are they not men ? "

" Men, to be sure ; but not like men in Scotland. The Irish know nothing of their interests ; and as to morality, that's out of the question ; they know nothing about it, my dear sir."

" That is the very thing of which I complain," said M'Leod. " They know nothing, because they have been taught nothing."

" They cannot be taught, sir."

" Did you ever try ? "

" I *did*, sir, no later than last week. A fellow that I caught stealing my turf, instead of sending him to jail, I said to him, with a great deal of lenity : My honest fellow, did you never hear of the eighth commandment, ' Thou shalt not steal ? ' He confessed he had, but did not know it was the eighth. I showed it to him, and counted it to him myself ; and set him, for a punishment, to get his whole catechism. Well, sir, the next week I found him stealing my turf again ! and when I caught him by the wrist in the fact, he said it was because the priest would not let him learn the catechism I gave him because it was a Protestant one. Now, you see, sir, there's a bar for ever to all education."

Mr. M'Leod smiled, said something about time and patience, and observed "that one experiment was not conclusive against a whole nation." Anything like a general argument Mr. Hardcastle could not comprehend. He knew every blade of grass within the reach of his tether, but could not reach an inch beyond. Anything like an appeal to benevolent feelings was lost upon him; for he was so frank in his selfishness that he did not even pretend to be generous. By sundry self-complacent motions he showed, whilst his adversary spoke, that he disdained to listen almost as much as to read; but, as soon as M'Leod paused, he said, "What you observe, sir, may possibly be very true; but I have made up my mind." Then he went over and over again his assertions, in a louder and a louder voice, ending with a tone of interrogation that seemed to set all answer at defiance, "What have you to answer to me now, sir? Can any man alive doubt this, sir?"

LADY GERALDINE.

Arrived at Ormsby Villa, and introduced to this crowd of people, I was at first disappointed by seeing nothing extraordinary. I expected that their manners would have been as strange to me as some of their names appeared; but whether it was from my want of the powers of discrimination, or from the real sameness of the objects, I could scarcely, in this fashionable flock, discern any individual marks of distinction. At first view, the married ladies appeared much the same as those of a similar class in England, whom I had been accustomed to see. The young ladies I thought, as usual, "best

distinguished by black, brown, and fair ” ; but I had not yet seen Lady Geraldine ***** ; and a great part of the conversation, the first day I was at Ormsby Villa, was filled with lamentations on the unfortunate tooth-ache which prevented her ladyship from appearing. She was talked of so much, and as a person of such importance, and so essential to the amusement of society that I could not help feeling a slight wish to see her. The next day at breakfast she did not appear ; but, five minutes before dinner, her ladyship’s humble companion whispered, “ Now Lady Geraldine is coming, my lord.” I was always rather displeased to be called upon to attend to anything or anybody, yet as Lady Geraldine entered, I gave one involuntary glance of curiosity. I saw a tall, finely-shaped woman, with the commanding air of a woman of rank ; she moved well ; not with feminine timidity, but with ease, promptitude, and decision. She had fine eyes and a fine complexion, yet no regularity of feature. The only thing that struck me as really extraordinary was her indifference when I was introduced to her. Everybody had seemed extremely desirous that I should see her ladyship, and that her ladyship should see me ; and I was rather surprised by her unconcerned air. This piqued me, and fixed my attention. She turned from me, and began to converse with others. Her voice was agreeable ; she did not speak with the Irish accent ; but, when I listened maliciously, I detected certain Hibernian inflections ; nothing of the vulgar Irish idiom, but something that was more interrogative, more exclamatory, and perhaps more rhetorical, than the common language of English ladies, accompanied with much animation of countenance and demonstrative gesture. This ap-

peared to me peculiar and unusual, but not affected. She was uncommonly eloquent, and yet, without action, her words were not sufficiently rapid to express her ideas. Her manner appeared foreign, yet it was not quite French. If I had been obliged to decide, I should, however, have pronounced it rather more French than English. To determine what it was, or whether I had ever seen anything similar, I stood considering her ladyship with more attention than I had ever bestowed on any other woman. The words *striking—fascinating—bewitching*, occurred to me as I looked at her and heard her speak. I resolved to turn my eyes away, and shut my ears ; for I was positively determined not to like her, I dreaded so much the idea of a second Hymen. I retreated to the farthest window, and looked out very soberly upon a dirty fish-pond. Dinner was announced. I observed Lady Kildangan manœuvring to place me beside her daughter Geraldine, but Lady Geraldine counteracted this movement. I was again surprised and piqued. After yielding the envied position to one of the Swanlinbar Graces, I heard Lady Geraldine whisper to her next neighbour, “ Baffled, mamma ! ”

It was strange to me to feel piqued by a young lady’s not choosing to sit beside me. After dinner, I left the gentlemen as soon as possible, because the conversation wearied me. Lord Kilrush, the chief orator, was a courtier, and could talk of nothing but Dublin Castle and my Lord Lieutenant’s levees. The moment that I went to the ladies, I was seized upon by the officious Miss Bland ; she could not speak of anything but Lady Geraldine, who sat at so great a distance, and who was conversing with such animation herself, that she could not hear her *prôneuse*, Miss Bland, inform me that “ her

friend, Lady Geraldine, was extremely clever ; so clever that many people were at first a little afraid of her ; but that there was not the least occasion ; for that, where she liked, nobody could be more affable and engaging." This judicious friend, a minute afterwards, told me, as a very great secret, that Lady Geraldine was an admirable mimic ; that she could draw or *speak* caricatures ; that she was also wonderfully happy in the invention of agnomens and cognomens, so applicable to the persons that they could scarcely be forgotten or forgiven. I was a little anxious to know whether her ladyship would honour me with an agnomen. I could not learn this from Miss Bland, and I was too prudent to betray my curiosity ; I afterwards heard it, however. Pairing me and Mr. M'Leod, whom she had seen together, her ladyship observed that *Sawney and Yawney* were made for each other ; and she sketched, in strong caricature, my relaxed elongation of limb and his rigid rectangularity. A slight degree of fear of Lady Geraldine's powers kept my attention alert. In the course of the evening, Lady Kildangan summoned her daughter to the music-room, and asked me to come and hear an Irish song. I exerted myself so far as to follow immediately ; but though summoned, Lady Geraldine did not obey. Miss Bland tuned the harp, and opened the music-books on the piano ; but no Lady Geraldine appeared. Miss Bland was sent backwards and forwards with messages ; but Lady Geraldine's ultimatum was, that she could not possibly sing, because she was afraid of the tooth-ache. God knows, her mouth had never been shut all the evening. " Well, but," said Lady Kildangan, " she can play for us, cannot she ? " No ; her ladyship was afraid of the cold in the music-room. " Do, my

Lord Glenthorn, go and tell the dear capricious creature that we are very warm here.”

Very reluctantly I obeyed. The Lady Geraldine, with her circle round her, heard and answered me with the air of a princess.

“Do you the honour to play for you, my lord! Excuse me; I am no professor—I play so ill, that I make it a rule never to play but for my own amusement. If you wish for music, there is Miss Bland; she plays incomparably, and, I dare say, will think herself happy to oblige your lordship.” I never felt so silly, or so much abashed, as at this instant. “This comes,” thought I, “of acting out of character. What possessed me to exert myself to ask a lady to play? I, that have been tired to death of music! Why did I let myself be sent ambassador, when I had no interest in the embassy?”

To convince myself and others of my apathy, I threw myself on a sofa, and never stirred or spoke the remainder of the night. I presume I appeared fast asleep, else Lady Geraldine would not have said, within my hearing, “Mamma wants me to catch somebody, and to be caught by somebody; but that will not be; for, do you know, I think somebody is nobody.”

I was offended as much as it was in my nature to be offended, and I began to meditate apologies for shortening my visit at Ormsby Villa; but, though I was shocked by the haughtiness of Lady Geraldine, and accused her, in my own mind, of want of delicacy and politeness, yet I could not now suspect her of being an accomplice with her mother in any matrimonial designs upon me. From the moment I was convinced of this, my conviction was, I suppose, visible to her ladyship’s penetrating eyes, and from that instant she showed me that she could

be polite and agreeable. Now, soothed to a state of ease and complacency, I might have sunk to indifference and ennui, but fresh singularities in this lady struck me, and kept my attention awake and fixed upon her character. If she had treated me with tolerable civility at first I never should have thought about her. High-born and high-bred, she seemed to consider more what she thought of others than what others thought of her. Frank, candid, and affable, yet opinionated, insolent, and an egotist, her candour and affability appeared the effect of a naturally good temper, her insolence and egotism only those of a spoiled child. She seemed to talk of herself purely to oblige others, as the most interesting possible topic of conversation ; for such it had always been to her fond mother, who idolized her ladyship as an only daughter and the representative of an ancient house. Confident of her talents, conscious of her charms, and secure of her station, Lady Geraldine gave free scope to her high spirits, her fancy, and her turn for ridicule. She looked, spoke, and acted like a person privileged to think, say, and do what she pleased. Her raillery, like the raillery of princes, was without fear of retort. She was not ill-natured, yet careless to whom she gave offence, provided she produced amusement ; and in this she seldom failed ; for, in her conversation, there was much of the raciness of Irish wit and the oddity of Irish humour. The singularity that struck me most about her ladyship was her indifference to flattery. She certainly preferred frolic.

Lord Craiglethorpe had that sort of bashfulness which makes a man surly and obstinate in his taciturnity ; which makes him turn upon all who approach him as if they were going to assault him ; which makes him

answer a question as if it were an injury, and repel a compliment as if it were an insult. Once, when he was out of the room, Lady Geraldine exclaimed, "That cousin Craiglethorpe of mine is scarcely an agreeable man; the awkwardness of *mauvaise honte* might be pitied and pardoned, even in a nobleman," continued her ladyship, "if it really proceeded from humility; but here, when I know it is connected with secret and inordinate arrogance, 'tis past all endurance. Even his ways of sitting and standing provoke me, they are so self-sufficient. Have you observed how he stands at the fire? Oh, the caricature of '*the English fire-side*' outdone! Then, if he sits, we hope that change of posture may afford our eyes transient relief: but worse again; bolstered up, with his back against his chair, his hands in his pockets, and his legs thrown out, in defiance of all passengers and all decorum, there he sits, in magisterial silence, throwing a gloom upon all conversation. As the Frenchman said of the Englishman, for whom even his politeness could not find another compliment, '*Il faut avouer que ce monsieur a un grand talent pour le silence*'; he holds his tongue, till the people actually believe that he has something to say; a mistake they could never fall into if he would but speak."

Some of the company attempted to interpose a word or two in favour of Lord Craiglethorpe's timidity, but the vivacious and merciless lady went on.

"I tell you, my good friends, it is not timidity—it is all pride. I would pardon his dulness, and even his ignorance; for one, as you say, might be the fault of his nature, and the other of his education; but his self-sufficiency is his own fault, and that I will not and

cannot pardon. Somebody says that nature may make a fool, but a coxcomb is always of his own making. Now, my cousin—(as he is my cousin, I may say what I please of him)—my cousin Craiglethorpe is a solemn coxcomb, who thinks, because his vanity is not talkative and sociable, that it's not vanity. What a mistake! his silent superciliousness is to me more intolerable than the most garrulous egotism that ever laid itself open to my ridicule."

Miss Bland and Miss Ormsby both confessed that Lord Craiglethorpe was vastly too silent.

"For the honour of my country," continued Lady Geraldine, "I am determined to make this man talk, and he shall say all that I know he thinks of us poor Irish savages. If he would but speak, one could answer him; if he would find fault, one might defend; if he would laugh, one might perhaps laugh again; but here he comes to hospitable, open-hearted Ireland; eats as well as he can in his own country; drinks better than he can in his own country; sleeps as well as he can in his own country; accepts all our kindness without a word or a look of thanks, and seems the whole time to think that, 'Born for his use, we live but to oblige him.' There he is at this instant; look at him, walking in the park, with his note-book in his hand, setting down our faults, and conning them by rote. We are even with him. I understand, Lady Kilrush, that my bright cousin Craiglethorpe means to write a book, a great book, upon Ireland."

Lady Kilrush replied that she understood Lord Craiglethorpe had it in contemplation to publish a Tour through Ireland, or a View of Ireland, or something of that nature.

“He! with his means of acquiring information!” exclaimed Lady Geraldine. “Posting from one great man’s house to another, what can he see or know of the manners of any rank of people but of the class of gentry, which in England and Ireland is much the same? As to the lower classes, I don’t think he ever speaks to them; or, if he does, what good can it do him? for he can’t understand their modes of expression, nor they his; if he inquire about a matter of fact, I defy him to get the truth out of them, if they don’t wish to tell it; and, for some reason or other, they will, nine times in ten, not wish to tell it to an Englishman. There is not a man, woman, or child, in any cabin in Ireland, who would not have wit and *’cuteness* enough to make *my lard* believe just what they please. So, after posting from Dublin to Cork, and from the Giant’s Causeway to Killarney; after travelling east, west, north, and south, my wise cousin Craiglethorpe will know just as much of the lower Irish as the cockney who has never been out of London, and who has never, *in all his born days*, seen an Irishman but on the English stage; where the representations are usually as like the originals as the Chinese pictures of lions, drawn from description, are to the real animal.”

“Now! now! look at his lordship!” cried Miss Bland; “he has his note-book out again.”

“Mercy on us!” said Miss Callwell, “how he is writing!”

“Yes, yes, write on, my good cousin Craiglethorpe,” pursued Lady Geraldine, “and fill the little note-book, which will soon turn to a ponderous quarto. I shall have a copy, bound in morocco, no doubt, *from the author*, if I behave myself prettily; and I will earn it, by supplying valuable information. You shall see,

my friends, how I'll deserve well of my country, if you'll only keep my counsel and your own countenances."

Presently Lord Craiglethorpe entered the room, walking very pompously, and putting his note-book up as he advanced.

"Oh, my dear lord, open the book again; I have a bull for you."

Lady Geraldine, after putting his lordship in good humour by this propitiatory offering of a bull, continued to supply him, either directly or indirectly, by some of her confederates, with the most absurd anecdotes, incredible *facts*, stale jests, and blunders, such as were never made by true-born Irishmen; all which my Lord Craiglethorpe took down with an industrious sobriety, at which the spectators could scarcely refrain from laughing. Sometimes he would pause and exclaim, "A capital anecdote! a curious fact! May I give my authority? may I quote your ladyship?"

"Yes, if you'll pay me a compliment in the preface," whispered Lady Geraldine; "and now, dear cousin, do go upstairs *and put it all in ink.*"

When she had despatched the noble author, her ladyship indulged her laughter. "But now," cried she, "only imagine a set of sober English readers studying my cousin Craiglethorpe's New View of Ireland, and swallowing all the nonsense it will contain!"

When Lord Kilrush remonstrated against the cruelty of letting the man publish such stuff, and represented it as a fraud upon the public, Lady Geraldine laughed still more, and exclaimed, "Surely you don't think I would use the public and my poor cousin so ill. No, I am doing him and the public the greatest possible service. Just when he is going to leave us, when the

writing-box is packed, I will step up to him, and tell him the truth. I will show him what a farrago of nonsense he has collected as materials for his quarto ; and convince him at once how utterly unfit he is to write a book, at least a book on Irish affairs. Won't this be deserving well of my country and of my cousin ? ”

Lady Geraldine's raillery, like all other things, would, perhaps, soon have become tiresome to me, but that there was infinite variety in her humour. At first I had thought her merely superficial, and intent solely upon her own amusement ; but I soon found that she had a taste for literature, beyond what could have been expected in one who lived so dissipated a life ; a depth of reflection that seemed inconsistent with the rapidity with which she thought ; and, above all, a degree of generous indignation against meanness and vice, which seemed incompatible with the selfish character of a fine lady, and which appeared quite incomprehensible to the imitating tribe of her fashionable companions.

I mentioned a Mrs. Norton and Lady Hauton amongst the company of Ormsby Villa. These two English ladies, whom I had never met in any of the higher circles in London, who were persons of no consequence, and of no marked character in their own country, made, it seems, a prodigious *sensation* when they came over to Ireland, and turned the heads of half Dublin by the extravagance of their dress, the impertinence of their airs, and the audacity of their conduct. Fame flew before them to the remote parts of the country ; and when they arrived at Ormsby Villa, all the country gentlemen and ladies were prepared to admire these celebrated fashionable belles. All worshipped them present, and abused them absent, except Lady Geraldine, who neither joined

in the admiration nor inquired into the scandal. One morning Mrs. Norton and Lady Hauton had each collected her votaries round her ; one group begging patterns of dress from Lady Hauton, who stood up in the midst of them, to have everything she wore examined and envied ; the other group sat on a sofa apart, listening to Mrs. Norton, who, *sotto voce*, was telling interesting anecdotes of an English crim. con., which then occupied the attention of the fashionable world. Mrs. Norton had letters from *the best authorities* in London, which she was entreated by her auditors to read to them. Mrs. Norton went to look for the letters, Lady Hauton to direct her woman to furnish some patterns of I know not what articles of dress ; and, in the meantime, all the company joined in canvassing the merits and demerits of the dress and characters of the two ladies who had just left the room. Lady Geraldine, who had kept aloof, and who was examining some prints at the farther end of the room, at this instant laid down her book, and looked upon the whole party with an air of magnanimous disdain ; then smiling, as in scorn, she advanced towards them, and, in a tone of irony, addressing one of the Swanlinbar Graces, " My dear Theresa," said her ladyship, " you are absolutely ashamed, I see, of not being quite naked ; and you, my good Bess, will, no doubt, very soon be equally scandalized, at the imputation of being a perfectly modest woman. Go on, my friends, go on, and prosper ; beg and borrow all the patterns and precedents you can collect of the newest fashions of folly and vice. Make haste, make haste ; they don't reach our remote island fast enough. We Irish might live in innocence half a century longer if you didn't expedite the progress of profligacy ; we might escape

the plague that rages in neighbouring countries if we didn't, without any quarantine, and with open arms, welcome every *suspected* stranger ; if we didn't encourage the importation of whole bales of tainted fineries, that will spread the contagion from Dublin to Cork, and from Cork to Galway ! ”

“ La ! ” said Miss Ormsby, “ how severe your ladyship is ; and all only for one's asking for a pattern ! ”

“ But you know,” pursued Mrs. O'Connor, “ that Lady Geraldine is too proud to take pattern from anybody.”

“ Too proud am I ? Well, then, I'll be humble ; I'll abase myself—shall I ?

‘ *Proud* as I am, I'll put myself to school,’

and I'll do what the ladies Hauton and Norton shall advise, to heighten my charms and preserve my reputation. I must begin, must not I, Mrs. O'Connor, by learning not to blush ? for I observed you were ashamed for me yesterday at dinner, when I blushed at something said by one of our fair missionaries. Then, to whatever lengths flirtations and gallantry may go between unmarried or married people, I must look on. I may shut my eyes, if I please, and look down ; but not from shame—from affectation I may as often as I please, or to show my eyelashes. Memorandum—to practise this before Clementina Ormsby, my mirror of fashion. So far, so good, for my looks ; but now for my language. I must reform my barbarous language, and learn from Mrs. Norton, with her pretty accommodating voice, to call an intrigue *an arrangement*, and a crim. con. *an affair in Doctors' Commons*, or *that business before the Lords*.

‘ *We never mention Hell to ears polite.*’

How virtuous we shall be when we have no name for vice ! But stay, I must mind my lessons—I have more, much more to learn. From the dashing Lady Hauton I may learn, if my head be but strong and my courage intrepid enough, ‘to touch the brink of all we hate,’ without tumbling headlong into the gulf ; and from the interesting Mrs. Norton, as I hear it whispered amongst you ladies, I may learn how, with the assistance of a Humane-society, to save a half-drowned reputation. It is, I understand, the glory of one class of fashionable females to seem worse than they are ; and of another class the privilege to be worse than they seem.”

Here clamorous voices interrupted Lady Geraldine—some justifying, some attacking, Lady Hauton and Mrs. Norton.

“ Oh ! Lady Geraldine, I assure you, notwithstanding all that was said about General—— and Mrs. Norton, I am convinced there was nothing in it.”

“ And, my dear Lady Geraldine, though Lady Hauton does go great lengths in coquetting with a certain lord, you must see that there’s *nothing wrong* ; and that she means nothing but to provoke his lady’s jealousy. You know his lordship is not a man to fall in love with.”

“ So, because Lady Hauton’s passion is hatred instead of love, and because her sole object is to give pain to a poor wife, and to make mischief in families, all her sins are to be forgiven ! Now, if I were forced to forgive any ill-conducted female, I would rather excuse the woman who is hurried on by love than she who is instigated by hatred.”

Miss Bland now began to support her ladyship’s opinion, that “ Lady Hauton was much the worst

of the two ” ; and all the scandal that was in circulation was produced by the partisans of each of these ladies.

“ No matter, no matter, which is the worst,” cried Lady Geraldine ; “ don’t let us waste our time in repeating or verifying scandalous stories of either of them. I have no enmity to these ladies ; I only despise them, or rather, their follies and their faults. It is not the sinner, but the sin we should reprobate. Oh ! my dear countrywomen,” cried Lady Geraldine, with increasing animation of countenance and manner—“ Oh ! my dear countrywomen, let us never stoop to admire and imitate these second-hand airs and graces, follies and vices. Let us dare to be ourselves ! ”

My eyes were fixed upon her animated countenance, and, I believe, I continued gazing after even her voice ceased.

“ Pray, my lord,” said she, “ you who have lived so much in the great world in England, say, for you can, whether I am right or wrong in my suspicion, that these ladies, who have made such a noise in Ireland, have been little heard of in England ? ”

I confirmed her ladyship’s opinion by my evidence. The faces of the company changed. Thus, in a few seconds, the empire of Lady Hauton and of Mrs. Norton seemed shaken to the foundation, and never recovered from this shock.

Glenthorn finally proposed to Lady Geraldine, who, to her mother’s consternation, refused him, as she was attached to another member of the house-party, Mr. Cecil Devereux. Glenthorn exerted his political influence to obtain for Devereux, who was too poor to marry, an appointment in India, and so brought about the lovers’ marriage.

THE 'NINETY-EIGHT.

I remember to have heard in some epilogue to a tragedy that the tide of pity and of love, whilst it overwhelms, fertilizes the soul. That it may deposit the seeds of future fertilization, I believe ; but some time must elapse before they germinate ; on the first retiring of the tide the prospect is barren and desolate. I was absolutely inert, and almost imbecile for a considerable time, after the extraordinary stimulus, by which I had been actuated, was withdrawn. I was in this state of apathy when the rebellion broke out in Ireland ; nor was I roused in the least by the first news of the disturbances. The intelligence, however, so much alarmed my English servants that, with one accord, they left me ; nothing could persuade them to remain longer in Ireland. The parting with my English gentleman affected my lethargic selfishness a little. His loss would have been grievous to such a helpless being as I was, had not his place been immediately supplied by that half-witted Irishman, Joe Kelly, who had ingratiated himself with me by a mixture of drollery and simplicity, and by suffering himself to be continually my laughing-stock ; for, in imitation of Lady Geraldine, I thought it necessary to have a butt. I remember he first caught my notice by a strange answer to a very simple question. I asked, "What noise is that I hear ?" "My lord," said he, "it is only the singing in my ears ; I have had it these six months." Another time, when I reproached him for having told me a lie, he answered, "Why, now indeed, and plase your honour, my lard, I tell as few lies

as possibly I can." This fellow, the son of a bricklayer, had originally been intended for a priest, and he went, as he told me, to the College of Maynooth to study his *humanities*; but, unluckily, the charms of some Irish Heloise came between him and the altar. He lived in a cabin of love till he was weary of his smoke-dried Heloise, and then thought it *convenient* to turn *sarving* man, as he could play on the flute, and brush a coat remarkably well, which he *larned* at Maynooth, by brushing the coats of the superiors. Though he was willing to be laughed at, Joe Kelly could in his turn laugh; and he now ridiculed, without mercy, the pusillanimity of the English *renegadoes*, as he called the servants who had just left my service. He assured me that, to his knowledge, there was no manner of danger, *excepted a man prefarred being afraid of his own shadow, which some did, rather than have nothing to talk of, or enter into resolutions about with some of the spirited men in the chair.*

Unwilling to be disturbed, I readily believed all that lulled me in my security. I would not be at the trouble of reading the public papers; and when they were read to me, I did not credit any paragraph that militated against my own opinion. Nothing could awaken me. I remember, one day, lying yawning on my sofa, repeating to Mr. M'Leod, who endeavoured to open my eyes to the situation of the country, "Pshaw, my dear sir; there is no danger, be assured—none at all—none at all. For mercy's sake! talk to me of something more diverting, if you would keep me awake; time enough to think of these things when they come nearer to us."

Evils that were not immediately near me had no power to affect my imagination. My tenantry had not yet been contaminated by the epidemic infection, which

broke out soon after with such violence as to threaten the total destruction of all civil order. I had lived in England—I was unacquainted with the causes and the progress of the disease, and I had no notion of my danger ; all I knew was, that some houses had been robbed of arms, and that there was a set of desperate wretches called *defenders* ; but I was *annoyed* only by the rout that was now made about them. Having been used to the regular course of justice which prevailed in England, I was more shocked at the summary proceedings of my neighbours than alarmed at the symptoms of insurrections. Whilst my mind was in this mood, I was provoked by the conduct of some of the violent party, which wounded my personal pride, and infringed upon my imagined consequence. My foster-brother's forge was searched for pikes, his house ransacked, his bed and *bellows*, as possible hiding places, were cut open ; by accident, or from private malice, he received a shot in his arm ; and though not the slightest cause of suspicion could be found against him, the party left him with a broken arm, and the consolation of not being sent to jail as a defender. Without making any allowance for the peculiar circumstances of the country, my indignation was excited in the extreme by the injury done to my foster-brother ; his sufferings, the tears of his mother, the taunts of Mr. (now *Captain*) Hardcastle, and the opposition made by his party, called forth all the faculties of my mind and body. The poor fellow, who was the subject of this contest, showed the best disposition imaginable ; he was excessively grateful to me for interesting myself to *get* him justice ; but as soon as he found that parties ran high against me, he earnestly dissuaded me from persisting.

“ Let it drop, and *plase* your honour ; my lord, let it drop, and don't be making of yourself *inimies* for the likes of me. Sure, what signifies my arm ? and before the next assizes sha'n't I be as well as ever, arm and all ? ” continued he, trying to appear to move the arm without pain. “ And there's the new bellows your honour has *give* me ; it does my heart good to look at 'em, and it won't be long before I will be blowing them again as stout as ever ; and so God bless your honour, my lord, and think no more about it—let it drop entirely, and don't be bringing yourself into trouble.”

“ Ay, don't be bringing yourself into trouble, dear,” added Ellinor, who seemed half distracted between her feelings for her son and her fears for me ; “ it's a shame to think of the way they've treated Christy—but there's no help now, and it's best not to be making bad worse ; and so, as Christy says, let the thing drop, jewel, and don't be bringing yourself into trouble ; you don't know the *natur* of them people, dear—you are *too innocent* for them entirely, and myself does not know the mischief they might do *yees*.”

“ True for ye,” pursued Christy ; “ I wouldn't for the best cow ever I see that your honour ever larnt a sentence about me or my arm ; and it is not for such as we to be minding every little accident—so God lend you long life, and don't be plaguing yourself to death ! Let it drop, and I'll sleep well the night, which I did not do the week, for thinking of all the trouble you got, and would get, God presarve ye ! ”

This generous fellow's eloquence produced an effect directly contrary to what was intended ; both my feelings and my pride were now more warmly interested in his

cause. I insisted upon his swearing examinations before Mr. M'Leod, who was a justice of the peace. Mr. M'Leod behaved with the utmost steadiness and impartiality ; and in this trying moment, when " it was infamy to seem my friend," he defended my conduct calmly, but resolutely, in private and in public, and gave his unequivocal testimony, in few but decided words, in favour of my injured tenant. I should have respected Mr. M'Leod more if I had not attributed this conduct to his desire of being returned for one of my boroughs at the approaching election. He endeavoured, with persevering goodness, to convince me of the reality of the danger in the country. My eyes were with much difficulty forced open so far as to perceive that it was necessary to take an active part in public affairs to vindicate my loyalty, and to do away the prejudices that were entertained against me ; nor did my incredulity, as to the magnitude of the peril, prevent me from making exertions essential to the defence of my own character, if not to that of the nation. How few act from purely patriotic and rational motives ! At all events I acted, and acted with energy ; and certainly at this period of my life I felt no ennui. Party spirit is an effectual cure for ennui ; and perhaps it is for this reason that so many are addicted to its intemperance. All my passions were roused, and my mind and body kept in continual activity. I was either galloping, or haranguing, or fearing, or hoping, or fighting ; and so long as it was said that I could not sleep in my bed, I slept remarkably well, and never had so good an appetite as when I was in hourly danger of having nothing to eat. *The rebels were up, and the rebels were down*—and Lord Glenthorn's spirited conduct in the chair, and indefatigable exertions in the field, were the

theme of daily eulogium amongst my convivial companions and immediate dependants. But, unfortunately, my sudden activity gained me no credit amongst the violent party of my neighbours, who persisted in their suspicions; and my reputation was now still more injured by the alternate charge of being a trimmer or a traitor. Nay, I was further exposed to another danger, of which, from my ignorance of the country, I could not possibly be aware. The disaffected themselves, as I afterwards found, really believed that, as I had not begun by persecuting the poor, I must be a favourite of the rebels; and all that I did to bring the guilty to justice, they thought was only to give a *colour to the thing*, till the proper moment should come for my declaring myself. Of this absurd and perverse mode of judging I had not the slightest conception; and I only laughed when it was hinted to me. My treating the matter so lightly confirmed suspicion on both sides. At this time all objects were so magnified and distorted by the mist of prejudice, that no inexperienced eye could judge of their real proportions. Neither party could believe the simple truth, that my tardiness to act arose from the habitual *inertia* of my mind and body.

Whilst prepossessions were thus strong, the time, the important time, in Ireland, the most important season of the year, the assizes, arrived. My foster-brother's cause, or, as it was now generally called, *Lord Glenthorn's* cause, came on to be tried. I spared no expense, I spared no exertions; I fee'd the ablest counsel; and not content with leaving them to be instructed by my attorney, I explained the affair to them myself with indefatigable zeal. One of the lawyers whom I had seen, or by whom I had been seen, in my former inert state of

existence, at some watering-place in England, could not refrain from expressing his astonishment at my change of character ; he could scarcely believe that I was the same Lord Glenthorn, of whose indolence and ennui he had formerly heard and seen so much.

Alas ! all my activity, all my energy, on the present occasion proved ineffectual. After a dreadful quantity of false swearing, the jury professed themselves satisfied ; and, without retiring from the box, acquitted the persons who had assaulted my foster-brother. The mortification of this legal defeat was not all that I had to endure ; the victorious party mobbed me, as I passed some time afterwards through a neighbouring town, where Captain Hardcastle and his friends had been carousing. I was hooted, and pelted, and narrowly escaped with my life — *I* who, but a few months ago, had imagined myself possessed of nearly despotic power ; but opinions had changed ; and on opinion almost all power is founded. No individual, unless he possess uncommon eloquence, joined to personal intrepidity, can withstand the combination of numbers and the force of prejudice.

Such was the result of my first public exertions ! Yet I was now happier and better satisfied with myself than I had ever been before. I was not only conscious of having acted in a manly and generous manner, but the alarms of the rebels, and of the French, and of the loyalists, and the parading, and the galloping, and the quarrelling, and the continual agitation in which I was kept, whilst my character and life were at stake, relieved me effectually from the intolerable burden of ennui.

Unfortunately *for me*, the rebellion in Ireland was soon quelled the nightly scouring of our county ceased ; the poor people returned to their duty and their homes ;

the occupation of upstart and ignorant *associators* ceased, and their consequence sunk at once. Things and persons settled to their natural level. The influence of men of property, and birth, and education, and character, once more prevailed. The spirit of party ceased to operate; my neighbours wakened, as if from a dream, and wondered at the strange injustice with which I had been treated. Those who had lately been my combined enemies were disunited, and each was eager to assure me that he had *always been privately my friend*, but that he was compelled to conceal his sentiments; each exculpated himself, and threw the blame on others; all apologized to me, and professed to be my most devoted humble servants. My popularity, my power, and my prosperity were now at their zenith, *unfortunately for me*, because my adversity had not lasted long enough to form and season my character.

I remember hearing, some years afterwards, a Frenchman, who had been in imminent danger of being guillotined by Robespierre, and who at last was one of those who arrested the tyrant, declare, that when the bustle and horror of the revolution were over, he could hardly keep himself awake; and that he thought it very insipid to live in quiet with his wife and family. He further summed up the catalogue of Robespierre's crimes by exclaiming, "D'ailleurs c'étoit un grand philanthrope!" I am not conscious of any disposition to cruelty, and I heard this man's speech with disgust; yet, upon a candid self-examination, I must confess that I have felt, though from different causes, some degree of what he described. Perhaps *ennui* may have had a share in creating revolutions. A French author pronounces *ennui* to be "a moral indigestion, caused by a monotony of situations!"

I had no wife or family to make domestic life agreeable ; nor was I inclined to a second marriage, my first had proved so unfortunate, and the recollection of my disappointment with Lady Geraldine was so recent. Even the love of power no longer acted upon me ; my power was now undisputed. My jealousy and suspicions of my agent, Mr. M'Leod, were about this time completely conquered, by his behaviour at a general election. I perceived that he had no underhand design upon my boroughs ; and that he never attempted or wished to interfere in my affairs, except at my particular desire. My confidence in him became absolute and unbounded ; but this was really a misfortune to me, for it became the cause of my having still less to do. I gave up all business, and from all manner of trouble I was now free ; yet I became more and more unhappy, and my nervous complaints returned.

THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY AND KILLARNEY.

I fancied that change of air and change of place would do me good ; and, as it was fine summer weather, I projected various parties of pleasure. The Giants' Causeway and the Lake of Killarney were the only things I had ever heard mentioned as worth seeing in Ireland. I suffered myself to be carried into the county of Antrim, and I saw the Giants' Causeway. From the description given by Dr. Hamilton of some of those wonders of nature, the reader may judge how much I *ought* to have been astonished and delighted.

In the bold promontory of Bengore you behold, as you look up from the sea, a gigantic colonnade of basaltes, supporting a black mass of irregular rock, over which rises another range of pillars, "forming altogether a perpendicular height of one hundred and seventy feet, from the base of which the promontory, covered over with rock and grass, slopes down to the sea, for the space of two hundred feet more ; making, in all, a mass of near four hundred feet in height, which, in the beauty and variety of its colouring, in elegance and novelty of arrangement, and in the extraordinary magnificence of its objects, cannot be rivalled."

Yet I was seized with a fit of yawning, as I sat in my pleasure-boat, to admire this sublime spectacle. I looked at my watch, observed that we should be late for dinner, and grew impatient to be rowed back to the place where we were to dine ; not that I was hungry, but I wanted to be again set in motion. Neither science nor taste expanded my view ; and I saw nothing worthy of my admiration, or capable of giving me pleasure. The watching a straw floating down the tide was the only amusement I recollect to have enjoyed upon this excursion.

I was assured, however, by Lady Ormsby, that I could not help being enchanted with the Lake of Killarney. The party was arranged by this lady, who, having the preceding summer seen me captivated by Lady Geraldine, and pitying my disappointment, had formed the obliging design of restoring my spirits, and marrying me to one of her near relatives. She calculated that, as I had been charmed by Lady Geraldine's vivacity, I must be enchanted with the fine spirits of Lady Jocunda Lawler. So far were the thoughts

of marriage from my imagination, that I only was sorry to find a young lady smuggled into our party, because I was afraid she would be troublesome ; but I resolved to be quite passive upon all occasions, where attentions to the fair sex are sometimes expected. My arm, or my hand, or my assistance, in any manner, I was determined not to offer ; the lounging indifference which some fashionable young men affect towards ladies I really felt ; and, besides, nobody minds unmarried women ! This fashion was most convenient to my indolence. In my state of torpor I was not, however, long left in peace. Lady Jocunda was a high-bred romp, who made it a rule to say and do whatever she pleased. In a hundred indirect ways I was called upon to admire her charming spirits ; but the rattling voice, loud laughter, flippancy wit, and hoyden gaiety of Lady Jocunda disgusted me beyond expression. A thousand times on my journey I wished myself quietly asleep in my own castle. Arrived at Killarney, such blowing of horns, such boating, such seeing of prospects, such prosing of guides, all telling us what to admire ! Then such exclamations, and such clambering ! I was walked and talked till I was half-dead. I wished the rocks, and the hanging-woods, and the glens, and the water-falls, and the arbutus, and the myrtles, and the upper and lower lakes, and the islands, and Mucruss, and Mucruss Abbey, and the purple mountain, and the eagle's nest, and the Grand Turk, and the lights and the shades, and the echoes, and, above all, the Lady Jocunda, fairly at the devil.

A nobleman in the neighbourhood had the politeness to invite us to see a stag-hunt upon the water. The account of this diversion, which I had met with in my Guide to

the Lakes,* promised well. I consented to stay another day; that day I really was revived by this spectacle, for it was new. The sublime and the beautiful had no charms for me; novelty was the only power that could waken me from my lethargy; perhaps there was in this spectacle something more than novelty. The Romans had recourse to shows of wild beasts and gladiators to relieve their ennui. At all events, I was kept awake this whole morning, though I cannot say that I felt in *such ecstasies as to be in any imminent danger of jumping out of the boat.*

*“The stag is roused from the woods that skirt Glenaa mountain, in which there are many of these animals that run wild; the bottoms and sides of the mountains are covered with woods, and the declivities are so long and steep that no horse could either make his way to the bottom, or climb these impracticable hills. It is impossible to follow the hunt, either on foot or on horseback. The spectator enjoys the diversion on the lake, where the cry of the hounds, the harmony of the horn, resounding from the hills on every side, the universal shouts of joy along the valleys and mountains, which are often lined with foot-people, who come in vast numbers to partake and assist at the diversion, re-echo from hill to hill, and give the highest glee and satisfaction that the imagination can conceive possible to arise from the chase, and perhaps can nowhere be enjoyed with that spirit and sublime elevation of soul that a thorough-bred sportsman feels at a stag-hunt on the Lake of Killarney. There is, however, one imminent danger which awaits him; that in his raptures and ecstasies he may forget himself and jump out of the boat. When hotly pursued, and weary with the constant difficulty of making his way with his ramified antlers through the woods, the stag, terrified at the cry of his open-mouthed pursuers, almost at his heels, now looks toward the lake as his last resource—then pauses and looks upwards; but the hills are insurmountable, and the woods refuse to shelter him—the hounds roar with redoubled fury at the sight of their victim—he plunges into the lake. He escapes but for a few minutes from one merciless enemy to fall into the hands of another—the shouting boatmen surround their victim—throw cords round his majestic antlers—he is haltered and dragged to shore; while the big tears roll down his face, and his heaving sides and panting flanks speak his agonies, the keen searching knife drinks his blood, and savages exult at his expiring groan.”

TOURISTS' IMPRESSIONS.

I could now boast that I had travelled all over Ireland, from north to south ; but, in fact, I had seen nothing of the country or of its inhabitants. In these commodious parties of pleasure everything had been provided to prevent the obstacles that roused my faculties. Accustomed by this time to the Hibernian tone, I fancied that I knew all that could be known of the Irish character ; familiarized with the comic expressions of the lower class of people, they amused me no longer. On this journey, however, I recollect making one observation, and once laughing at what I thought a practical bull. We saw a number of labourers at work in a bog, on a very hot day, with a fire lighted close to them. When I afterwards mentioned, before Mr. M'Leod, this circumstance, which I had thought absurd, he informed me that the Irish labourers often light fires, that the smoke may drive away or destroy those myriads of tiny flies, called *midges*, by which they are often tormented so much, that without this remedy they would, in hot and damp weather, be obliged to abandon their work. Had I been sufficiently active during my journey to pen a journal, I should certainly, without further inquiry, have noted down that the Irish labourers *always* light fires in the hottest weather to cool themselves ; and thus I should have added one more to the number of cursory travellers who expose their own ignorance, whilst they attempt to ridicule local customs, of which they have not inquired the cause or discovered the utility.

A foreigner, who has lately written Letters on England,

has given a laughable instance of this promptitude of misapprehension. He says he had heard much of the venality of the British Parliament, but he had no idea of the degree to which it extended till he actually was an eye-witness of the scene. The moment the minister entered the House, all the members ran about exclaiming, "Places ! places !" which means, Give us places—give us places.

My heavy indolence fortunately preserved me from exposing myself, like these volatile tourists. I was at least secure from the danger of making mistakes in telling what I never saw.

As to the mode of living of the Irish, their domestic comforts or grievances, their habits and opinions, their increasing or decreasing ambition to better their condition, the proportion between the population and the quantity of land cultivated or capable of cultivation, the difference between the profits of the husbandman and the artificer, the relation between the nominal wages of labour and the actual command over the necessaries of life—these were questions wholly foreign to my thoughts, and, at this period of my life, absolutely beyond the range of my understanding. I had travelled through my own country without making even a single remark upon the various degrees of industry and civilization visible in different parts of the kingdom. In fact, it never occurred to me that it became a British nobleman to have some notion of the general state of that empire, in the legislation of which he has a share ; nor had I the slightest suspicion that political economy was a study requisite or suitable to my rank in life or situation in society. Satisfied with having seen all that is worth seeing in Ireland, the Giants' Causeway and the Lake of Killarney, I was now impatient

to return to England. During the rebellion I could not, with honour, desert my post ; but now that tranquillity was apparently restored, I determined to quit a country of which my partial knowledge had in every respect been unfortunate.

THE PLOT AGAINST GLENTHORN

When the first grey light of morning began to make objects indistinctly visible, I thought I saw the door of my apartment open very softly. I was broad awake, and kept my eyes fixed upon it—it opened by very slow degrees ; my head was so full of visions that I expected a ghost to enter—but it was only Ellinor.

“ Ellinor ! ” cried I ; “ is it you at this time in the morning ? ”

“ Hush ! hush ! ” said she, shutting the door with great precaution, and then coming on tiptoe close to my bedside ; “ for the love of God, speak softly, and make no stir to awake them that’s asleep near and too near you. It’s unknown to all that I come up ; for maybe when them people are awake and about, I might not get the opportunity to speak, or they might guess I knew something by my looks.”

Her looks were full of terror—I was all amazement and expectation. Before she would say a word more, she searched the closets carefully, and looked behind the tapestry, as if she apprehended that she might be overheard ; satisfied that we were alone, she went on speaking, but still in a voice that, with my utmost strained attention, I could but just hear.

“As you hope to live and breathe,” said she, “never go again after night-fall any time walking in that lone place by the sea-shore. It’s a mercy you escaped as you did ; but if you go again you’ll never come back alive—for never would they get you to do what they want, and to be as wicked as themselves—the wicked villains !”

“Who ?” said I. “What wicked villains ? I do not understand you. Are you in your right senses ?”

“That I am, and wish you was as much in yours ; but it’s time yet, by the blessing of God ! What wicked villains am I talking of ? Of three hundred that have sworn to make you their captain, or, in case you refuse, to have your life this night. What villains am I talking of ? Of him, the wickedest of all, who is now living in the very house with you, that is now lying in the very next room to you.”

“Joe Kelly ?”

“That same. From the first minute I saw him in the castle, I should have hated him, but for his causing you for to put off the journey to England. I never could abide him ; but that blinded me, or I am sure I would have found him out long ago.”

“And what have you found out concerning him ?”

“That he is (speaking very low) a *united-man*, and stirring up the *rubbles* again here ; and they have their meetings at night in the great cave, where the smugglers used to hide formerly, under the big rock, opposite the old abbey—and there’s a way up into the abbey, that you used to be so fond of walking to, dear.”

“Good Heavens ! can this be true ?”

“True it is, and too true, dear.”

“But how did you find all this out, Ellinor ?”

“It was none of I found it, nor ever could any such

things have come into my head—but it pleased God to make the discovery of all by one of the *childer*—my own grandson—the boy you gave the gun to, long and long ago, to shoot them rabbits. He was after a hare yesterday, and it took him a chase over that mountain, and down it went and took shelter in the cave, and in went the boy after it, and as he was groping about, he lights on an old great coat ; and he brought it home with him, and was showing it, as I was boiling the potatoes for their dinner yesterday, to his father forenent me ; and turning the pockets inside out, what should come up but the broken head of a pike ; then he *sarches* in the other pocket, and finds a paper written all over—I could not read it—thank God, I never could read none of them wicked things, nor could the boy—by very great luck he could not, being no scholar, or it would be all over the country before this.”

“ Well, well ! but what was in the paper after all ? Did anybody read it ? ”

“ Ay, did they—that is, Christy read it—none but Christy—but he would not tell us what was in it—but said it was no matter, and he’d not be wasting his time reading an old song—so we thought no more, and he sent the boy up to the castle with a bill for smith’s work, as soon as we had eat the potatoes, and I thought no more about any things being going wrong, no more than a child ; and in the evening Christy said he must go to the funeral of a neighbour, and should not be home till early in the morning, maybe ; and it’s not two hours since he came home and wakened me, and told me where he had been, which was not to the funeral at all, but to the cave where the coat was found ; and he put the coat and the broken head of the pike, and the papers all in

the pockets, just as we found it, in the cave—and the paper was a list of the names of them *rubbles* that met there, and a letter telling how they would make Lord Glenthorn their captain, or have his life ; this was what made Christy to try and find out more—so he hid hisself in a hole in the side of the cave, and built hisself up with rubbish, only just leaving a place for hisself to breathe—and there he stayed till nightfall ; and then on till midnight, God help us !—so, sure enough, them villains all come filling fast into the cave. He had good courage, God bless him for it—but he always had—and there he heard and saw all—and this was how they were talking :—First, one began by saying how they must not be delaying longer to show themselves ; they must make a rising in the country—then named the numbers in other parts that would join, and that they would not be put down so *asy* as afore, for they would have good leaders—then some praised you greatly, and said they was sure you favoured them in your heart, by all the ill-will you got in the county the time of the last 'ruction. But, again, others said you was milk and water, and did not go far enough, and never would, and that it was not *in* you, and that you was a sleepy man, and not the true thing at all, and neither beef nor *vael*. Again, thim that were for you spoke and said you would show yourself soon—and the others made reply, and observed you must now spake out, or never spake more ; you must either head 'em, or be tramped under foot along with the rest, so it did not signify talking, and Joey Kelly should not be fribbling any more about it ; and it was a wonder, said they, he was not the night at the meeting. And what was this about your being going off for England—what would they do when you was gone with M'Leod the Scotchman, to come in

over them again agent, who was another guess sort of man from you, and never slept at all, and would scent 'em out, and have his corps after 'em, and that once M'Leod was master there would be no making any head again his head ; so, not to be tiring you too much with all they said, backward and forward, one that was a captain, or something that way, took the word, and bid 'em all hold their peace, for they did not know what they was talking on, and said that Joey Kelly and he had settled it all, and that the going to England was put off by Joe, and all a sham, and that when you would be walking out to-morrow at nightfall, in those lone places by the sea-side or the abbey, he and Joe was to seize upon you, and when you would be coming back near the abbey, to have you down through the trap-door into the cave, and anyway they would swear you to join and head them, and if you would not, out with you, and shove you into the sea, and no more about it, for it would be give out you drown' yourself in a fit of the melancholy lunacy, which none would question, and it would be proved too you made away wid yourself, by your hat and gloves lying on the bank—Lord save us ! What are you laughing at in that, when it is truth every word, and Joe Kelly was to find the body, after a great search. Well, again, say you would swear and join them, and head them, and do whatever they pleased, still that would not save you in the end ; for they would quarrel with you at the first turn, because you would not be ruled by them as captain, and then they would shoot or pike you (God save the mark, dear), and give the castle to Joe Kelly, and the plunder all among 'em entirely. So it was all laid out, and they are all to meet in the cave to-morrow evening—they will go along bearing a funeral, seemingly

to the abbey-ground. And now you know the whole truth, and the Lord preserve you! And what will be done? My poor head has no more power to think for you no more than an infant's, and I'm all in a tremble ever since I heard it, and afraid to meet anyone lest they should see all in my face. Oh, what will become of *yees* now—they will be the death of you, whatever you do!"

By the time she came to these last words, Ellinor's fears had so much overpowered her, that she cried and sobbed continually, repeating—"What will be done now! What will be done! They'll surely be the death of you, whatever you do." As to me, the urgency of the danger wakened my faculties; I rose instantly, wrote a note to Mr. M'Leod, desiring to see him immediately on particular business. Lest my note should by any accident be intercepted or opened, I couched it in the most general and guarded terms; and added a request that he would bring his last settlement of accounts with him; so that it was natural to suppose my business with him was of a pecuniary nature. I gradually quieted poor Ellinor by my own appearance of composure; I assured her that we should take our measures so as to prevent all mischief—thanked her for the timely warning she had given me—advised her to go home before she was observed, and charged her not to speak to anyone this day of what had happened. I desired that as soon as she should see Mr. M'Leod coming through the gate, she would send Christy after him to the castle, to get his bill paid; so that I might then, without exciting suspicion, talk to him in private, and we might learn from his own lips the particulars of what he saw and heard in the cavern.

Ellinor returned home, promising to obey me exactly, especially as to my injunction of secrecy—to make sure of herself she said “she would go to bed straight, and have the rheumatism very bad all day ; so as not to be in a way to talk to none who would call in.” The note to M’Leod was despatched by one of my grooms, and I, returning to bed, was now left at full leisure to finish my morning’s nap.

Joe Kelly presented himself at the usual hour in my room ; I turned my head away from him, and, in a sleepy tone, muttered that I had passed a bad night, and should breakfast in my own apartment.

Some time afterwards Mr. M’Leod arrived, with an air of sturdy pride, and produced his accounts, of which I suffered him to talk till the servant who waited upon us had left the room ; I then explained the real cause of my sending for him so suddenly. I was rather vexed that I could not produce in him, by my wonderful narrative, any visible signs of agitation or astonishment. He calmly observed—“We are lucky to have so many hours of daylight before us. The first thing we have to do is to keep the old woman from talking.”

I answered for Ellinor.

“Then the next thing is for me, who am a magistrate, to take the examinations of her son, and see if he will swear to the same that he says.”

Christy was summoned into our presence, and he came with his *bill for smith’s work done* ; so that the servants could have no suspicion of what was going forward. His examinations were taken and sworn to in a few minutes ; his evidence was so clear and direct that there was no possibility of doubting the truth. The only variation between his story and his mother’s report to

me was as to the numbers he had seen in the cavern—her fears had turned thirteen into three hundred.

Christy assured us that there were but thirteen at this meeting, but that they said there were three hundred ready to join them.

“You were a very bold fellow, Christy,” said I, “to hazard yourself in the cave with these villains; if you had been found out in your hiding-place they would have certainly murdered you.”

“True for me,” said Christy; “but a man must die some way, please your honour; and where’s the way I could die better? Sure, I could not but remember how good you was to me that time I was shot, and all you suffered for it! It would have been bad indeed if I would stay quiet, and let ’em murder you after all. No, no, Christy O’Donoghoe would not do that—anyway. I hope, if there’s to be any fighting, your honour would not wrong me so much as not to give me a blunderbush, and let me fight a bit along wid de rest for yees.”

“We are not come to that yet, my good fellow,” said Mr. M’Leod, who went on methodically; “if you are precipitate, you will spoil all. Go home to your forge, and work as usual, and leave the rest to us; and I promise that you shall have your share, if there is any fighting.”

Very reluctantly Christy obeyed. Mr. M’Leod then deliberately settled our plan of operations. I had a fishing-lodge at a little distance, and a pleasure-boat there; to this place M’Leod was to go, as if on a fishing-party with his nephew, a young man, who often went there to fish. They were to carry with them some yeomen in coloured clothes, as their attendants, and more were to come as their guests to dinner. At the lodge

there was a small four-pounder, which had been frequently used in times of public rejoicing; a naval victory, announced in the papers of the day, afforded a plausible pretence for bringing it out. We were aware that the rebels would be upon the watch, and, therefore, took every precaution to prevent their suspecting that we had made any discovery. Our fishing-party was to let the mock funeral pass them quietly, to ask some trifling questions, and to give money for pipes and tobacco. Towards evening the boat, with the four-pounder on board, was to come under shore, and at a signal given by me was to station itself opposite to the mouth of the cave.

At the same signal a trusty man on the watch was to give notice to a party hid in the abbey to secure the trap-door above. The signal was to be my presenting a pistol to the captain of the rebels, who intended to meet and seize me on my return from my evening's walk. Mr. M'Leod at first objected to my hazarding a meeting with this man; but I insisted upon it, and I was not sorry to give a public proof of my loyalty and my personal courage. As to Joe Kelly, I also undertook to secure him.

Mr. M'Leod left me, and went to conduct his fishing-party. As soon as he was gone, I sent for Joe Kelly to play on the flute to me. I guarded my looks and voice as well as I could, and he did not see or suspect anything—he was too full of his own schemes. To disguise his own plots he affected great gaiety; and to divert me, alternately played on the flute, and told me *good* stories all the morning. I would not let him leave me the whole day. Towards evening I began to talk of my journey to England, proposed setting out the next morning, and sent

Kelly to look for some things in what was called *the strong closet*—a closet with a stout door and iron-barred windows, out of which no mortal could make his escape. Whilst he was busy searching in a drawer, I shut the door upon him, locked it, and put the key into my pocket. As I left the castle, I said in a jesting tone to some of the servants who met me—“ I have locked Joe Kelly up in the strong room ; if he calls to you to let him out never mind him ; he will not get out till I come home from my walk—I owe him this trick.” The servants thought it was some jest, and I passed on with my loaded pistols in my pocket. I walked for some time by the sea-shore, without seeing anyone. At last I espied our fishing-boat, just peering out, and then keeping close to the shore. I was afraid that the party would be impatient at not seeing my signal, and would come out to the mouth of the cave, and show themselves too soon. If Mr. M'Leod had not been their commander, this, as I afterwards learned, would have infallibly happened ; but he was so punctual, cool, and peremptory, that he restrained the rest of the party, declaring that, if it were till midnight, he would wait till the signal agreed upon was given. At last I saw a man creeping out of the cave—I sat down upon my wonted stone, and yawned as naturally as I could ; then began to describe figures in the sand with my stick, as I was wont to do, still watching the image of the man in the water as he approached. He was muffled up in a frieze great coat ; he sauntered past, and went on to a turn in the road, as if looking for someone. I knew well for whom he was looking. As no Joe Kelly came to meet him, he returned in a few minutes towards me. I had my hand upon the pistol in my pocket.

“ You are my Lard Glenthorn, I presume,” said he.

“ I am.”

“ Then you will come with me, if you please, my lord,” said he.

“ Make no resistance, or I will shoot you instantly,” cried I, presenting my pistol with one hand, and seizing him by the collar with the other. I dragged him (for I had force enough, now my energy was roused) to the spot appointed for my signal. The boat appeared opposite the mouth of the cave. Everything answered my expectation.

“ There,” said I, pointing to the boat, “ there are my armed friends ; they have a four-pounder—the match is ready lighted—your plot is discovered. Go in to your confederates in that cave ; tell them so. The trap-door is secured above ; there is no escape for them ; bid them surrender ; if they attempt to rush out the grape-shot will pour upon them, and they are dead men.”

I cannot say that my rebel captain showed himself as stout as I could have wished, for the honour of my victory. The surprise disconcerted him totally ; I felt him tremble under my grasp. He obeyed my orders—went into the cave to bring his associates to submission. His parley with them, however, was not immediately successful ; I suppose there were some braver fellows than he amongst them, whose counsel might be for open war. In the meantime our yeomen landed, and surrounded the cave on all sides, so that there was no possibility of escape for those within. At last they yielded themselves our prisoners. I am sorry I have no bloody battle for the entertainment of such of my readers as like horrors ; but so it was, that they yielded without a drop of blood being spilled, or a shot fired. We let them out of their hiding-place one by one, searching each as

he issued forth, to be secure that they had no concealed weapons. After they had given up the arms which were concealed in the cave, the next question was, what to do with our prisoners. As it was now late, and they could not all be examined and committed with due legal form to the county gaol, Mr. M'Leod advised that we should detain them in the place they had chosen for themselves till morning. Accordingly, in the cave we again stowed them, and left a guard at each entrance to secure them for the night. We returned to the castle. I stopped at the gate to tell Ellinor and Christy that I was safe. They were sitting up watching for the news. The moment Ellinor saw me, she clasped her hands in an ecstasy of joy, but could not speak. Christy was voluble in his congratulations; but, in the midst of his rejoicing, he could not help reproaching me with forgetting to give him the *blunderbush*, and to let him have a bit of the fighting. "Upon my honour," said I, "there was none, or you should have been there."

"Oh, don't be plaguing and gathering round him now," said Ellinor; "sure he is tired, and look how hot—no wonder—let him get home and to bed; I'll run and warm it with the pan myself, and not be trusting them."

She would not be persuaded that I did not desire to have my bed warmed, but, by some short-cut, got in before us. On entering the castle-hall, I found her, with the warming-pan in her hand, held back by the inquisitive servants, who were all questioning her about the news, of which she was the first and not very intelligible enunciator.

I called for bread and water for my prisoner in the strong-room, and then I heard various exclamations of wonder.

“ Ay, it is all true ! it is no jest ! Joe is at the bottom of all. *I* never liked Joe Kelly—*I* always knew Joe was not the right thing—and *I* always said so ; and I, and I, and I. And it was but last week I was saying so ; and it was but yesterday *I* said so and so.”

I passed through the gossiping crowd with bread and water for my culprit. M'Leod instantly saw and followed me.

“ I will make bold to come with you,” said he ; “ a pent rat's a dangerous animal.” I thanked him, and acquiesced ; but there was no need for the precaution. When we opened the door, we found the conscience or terror-struck wretch upon his knees, and in the most abject terms he implored for mercy. From the windows of the room, which looked into the castle yard, he had heard enough to guess all that had happened. I could not bear to look at him. After I had set down his food, he clung to my knees, crying and whining in a most unmanly manner. M'Leod, with indignation, loosened him from me, threw him back, and locked the door.

“ Cowardice and treachery,” said he, “ usually go together.”

“ And courage and sincerity,” said I. “ And now we'll go to supper, my good friends. I hope you are all as hungry as I am.”

I never did eat any meal with so much appetite.

“ 'Tis a pity, my lord,” said M'Leod, “ but that there was a conspiracy against you every day of your life, it seems to do you so much good.”

ELLINOR'S STORY.

“What new wonders? What new misfortunes, Ellinor?” said I, as Ellinor, with a face of consternation, appeared again in the morning in my room, just as I was going down to breakfast. “What new misfortunes, Ellinor?”

“Oh! the worst that could befall me!” cried she, wringing her hands; “the worst, the very worst!—to be the death of my own child!” said she, with inexpressible horror. “Oh! save him! save him! for the love of heaven, dear, save him! If you don't save him, 'tis I shall be his death.”

She was in such agony that she could not explain herself farther for some minutes.

“It was I gave the information against them all to you. But how could I ever have thought Owen was one of them? My son, my own son, the unfortunate cratur; I never thought but what he was with the militia far away. And how could it ever come into my head that Owen could have any hand in a thing of the kind?”

“But I did not see him last night,” interrupted I.

“Oh! he was there! One of his own friends, one of the military that went with you, saw him among the prisoners, and came just now to tell me of it. That Owen should be guilty of the like!—Oh! what could have come over him! He must have been out of his *raison*. And against you to be plotting! That's what I never will believe, if even I'd hear it from himself. But he's among them that were taken last night. And

will I live to see him go to gaol ?—and will I live to see—No, I'd rather die first, a thousand and a thousand times over. Oh ! for mercy's sake !” said she, dropping on her knees at my feet, “ have pity on me, and don't let the blood of my own child be upon me in my old days.”

“ What would you have me do, Ellinor ? ” said I, much moved by her distress.

“ There is but one thing to do,” said she. “ Let him off ; sure a word from you would be enough for the soldiers that are over them on guard. And Mr. M'Leod has not yet seen him ; and if he was just let escape, there would be no more about it ; and I'd engage he shall fly the country, the unfortunate cratur ! and never trouble you more. This is all I ask ; and sure, dear, you can't refuse it to your own Ellinor—your old nurse, that carried ye in her arms, and fed ye with her milk, and watched over ye many's the long night, and loved ye ; ay, none ever loved or could love ye so well.”

“ I am sensible of it ; I am grateful,” interrupted I ; “ but what you ask of me, Ellinor, is impossible—I cannot let him escape ; but I will do my utmost.”

“ Troth, nothing will save him if you would not say the word for him now. Ah ! why cannot you let him off then ? ”

“ I should lose my honour ; I should lose my character. You know that I have been accused of favouring the rebels already—you saw the consequences of my protecting your other son, though he was innocent and injured, and bore an excellent character.”

“ Christy ; ay, true ; but poor Owen, unlucky as he is, and misguided, has a better claim upon you.”

“ How can that be ? Is not the other my foster-brother, in the first place ? ”

“ True for him.”

“ And had not I proofs of his generous conduct and attachment to me ? ”

“ Owen is naturally fonder of you by a great deal,” interrupted she ; “ I'll answer for that.”

“ What ! when he has just been detected in conspiring against my life ? ”

“ That's what I'll never believe,” cried Ellinor, vehemently ; “ that he might be drawn in, maybe, when out of his *rason*—he was always a wild boy—to be a united-man, and to hope to get you for his captain, might be the case, and bad enough that ; but, jewel, you'll find he did never conspire against you ; I'd lay down my life upon that.”

She threw herself again at my feet, and clung to my knees.

“ As you hope for mercy yourself in this world, or the world to come, show some now, and do not be so hard-hearted as to be the death of both mother and son.”

Her supplicating looks and gestures, her words, her tears, moved me so much that I was on the point of yielding ; but recollecting what was due to justice and to my own character, with an effort of what I thought virtuous resolution, I repeated, “ It is impossible ; my good Ellinor, urge me no farther ; ask anything else, and it shall be granted, but this is impossible.”

As I spoke, I endeavoured to raise her from the ground ; but with the sudden force of angry despair, she resisted.

“ No, you shall not raise me,” cried she. “ Here let me lie, and break my heart with your cruelty ! 'Tis a judgment upon me—it's a judgment, and it's fit I should feel it as I do. But you shall feel too, in spite of your hard heart. Yes, your heart is harder than the marble ; you want the natural touch, you do ; for your

mother has knelt at your feet, and you have denied her prayer."

"My mother!"

"And what was her prayer?—to save the life of your brother."

"My brother! Good heavens! what do I hear?"

"You hear the truth; you hear that I am your lawful mother. Yes, you are my son. You have forced that secret from me, which I thought to have carried with me to my grave. And now you know all; and now you know how wicked I have been, and it was all for you; for you that refused me the only thing ever I asked, and that, too, in my greatest distress, when my heart was just breaking; and all this time, too, there's Christy—poor good Christy; he that I've wronged, and robbed of his rightful inheritance, has been as a son, a dutiful good son to me, and never did he deny me anything I could ask; but in you I have found no touch of tenderness. Then it's fit I should tell you again, and again, and again, that he who is now slaving at the forge, to give me the earnings of his labour; he that lives, and has lived all his days, upon potatoes and salt, and is content; he who has the face and the hands so disguised with the smoke and the black, that yourself asked him t'other day did he ever wash his face since he was born—I tell ye, he it is who should live in this castle, and sleep on that soft bed, and be lord of all here—he is the true and real Lord Glenthorn, and to the wide world I'll make it known. Ay, be pale and tremble, do; it's your turn now; I've touched you now; but it's too late. In the face of day I shall confess the wrong I've done; and I shall call upon you to give back to him all that by right is his own."

Ellinor stopped short, for one of my servants at this instant came into the room.

“ My lord, Mr. M'Leod desires me to let you know the guard has brought up the prisoners, and he is going to commit them to gaol, and would be glad to know if you choose to see them first, my lord.”

Stupefied by all I had just heard, I could only reply that I would come presently. Ellinor rushed past the servant—“ Are they come ? ” cried she. “ Where will I get a sight of them ? ” I stayed for a few minutes alone, to decide upon what I ought to say and do. A multitude of ideas, more than had ever come in my mind in a twelvemonth, passed through it in these few minutes.

As I was slowly descending the great staircase, Ellinor came running, as fast as she could run, to the foot of the stairs, exclaiming, “ It's a mistake ! it's all a mistake, and I was a fool to believe them that brought me the word. Sure Ody's not there at all ! nor ever was in it. I've seen them all, face to face ; and my son's not one of them, nor ever was ; and I was a fool from beginning to end—and I beg your pardon entirely,” whispered she, coming close to my ear ; “ I was out of my reason at the thought of that boy's being to suffer, and I, his mother, the cause of it. Forgive all I said in my passion, my own best jewel ; you was always good and tender to me, and be the same still, dear. I'll never say a word more about it to anyone living ; the secret shall die with me. Sure, when my conscience has borne it so long, it may strive and bear it a little longer for your sake ; and it can't be long I have to live, so that will make all easy. Hark ! they are asking for you. Do you go your ways into the great parlour, to Mr. M'Leod, and think no more of anything at all but joy. My son's not one of them !

I must go to the forge and tell Christy the good news."

Ellinor departed, quite satisfied with herself, with me, and with all the world. She took it for granted that she left me in the same state of mind, and that I should obey her injunctions, and *think of nothing but joy*. Of what happened in the great parlour, and of the examinations of the prisoners, I have but a confused recollection. I remember that Mr. M'Leod seemed rather surprised by my indifference to what concerned me so nearly; and that he was obliged to do all the business himself. The men were, I believe, all committed to gaol, and Joe Kelly turned king's evidence; but as to any further particulars, I know no more than if I had been in a dream. The discovery which Ellinor had just made to me engrossed all my powers of attention.

"Le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable," says an acute observer of human affairs. The romance of real life certainly goes beyond all other romances; and there are facts which few writers would dare to put into a book as there are skies which few painters would venture to put into a picture.

When I had leisure to reflect, I considered that as yet I had no proof of the truth of Ellinor's strange story, except her own assertions. I sent for her again, to examine her more particularly. I was aware that, if I alarmed her, I should so confuse her imagination that I should never obtain the truth; therefore, I composed myself, and assumed my usual external appearance of nonchalance. I received her lolling upon my sofa, as usual, and I questioned her merely as if to gratify an idle curiosity.

"Troth, dear," said she, "I'll tell you the whole story how it was, to make your mind asy, which, God knows,

mine never was, from that minute it first came into my head, till this very time being. You mind the time you got the cut in your head—no, not you, jewel ; but the little lord that was then, Christy there below that is. Well, the cut was a terrible cut as ever you seen, got by a fall on the fender from the nurse's arms, that was drunk, three days after he was born."

" I remember to have heard my father talk of some accident of this sort which happened to me when I was an infant."

" Ay, sure enough it did, and that was what first put him in the notion of taking the little lord out of the hands of the Dublin nurse-tenders, and them that were about my Lady Glenthorn, and did not know how to manage her, which was the cause of her death ; and he said he'd have his own way about his son and heir anyway, and have him nursed by a wholesome woman in a cabin, and brought up hardy, as he, and the old lord, and all the family, were before him. So with that he sends for me, and he puts the young lord, God bless him, into my arms himself, and a *donny* thing he was that same time to look at, for he was but just out of the surgeon's hands, the head just healed and scarred over like ; and my lord said there should be no more doctors never about him. So I took him, that is, Christy, and you, to a house at the sea, for the salt water, and showed him every justice ; and my lord often came to see him whilst he was in the country ; but then he was off, after a time, to Dublin, and I was in a lone place, where nobody came, and the child was very sick with me, and you was all the time as fine and thriving a child as ever you see ; and I thought to be sure, one night, that he would die wid me. He was very bad, very bad indeed ; and I was sitting up in

bed, rocking him backwards and forwards this ways ; I thought with myself, what a pity it was the young lord should die, and he an only son and heir, and the estate to go out of the family the Lord knows where ; and then the grief the father would be in ; and then I thought how happy he would be if he had such a fine *babby* as you, dear . and you was a fine *babby*, to be sure ; and then I thought how happy it would be for you if you was in the place of the little lord ; and then it came into my head, just like a shot, where would be the harm to change you ? for I thought the real lord would surely die ; and then, what a gain it would be to all, if it was never known, and if the dead child was carried to the grave, since it must go, as only poor Ellinor O'Donoghoe's and no more about it. Well, if it was a wicked thought, it was the devil himself put it into my head, to be sure ; for, only for him, I should never have had the sense to think of such a thing, for I was always innocent like, and not worldly given. But so it was, the devil put it in my head, and made me do it, and showed me how, and all in a minute. So, I mind, your eyes and hair were both of the very same colour, dear ; and as to the rest, there's no telling how those young things alter in a few months, and my lord would not be down from Dublin in a hurry, so I settled it all right ; and as there was no likelihood at all the real lord would live, that quieted my conscience ; for I argued, it was better the father should have any sort of child at all than none. So when my lord came down, I carried him the child to see, that is you, jewel. He praised me greatly for all the care I had taken of his boy, and said how finely you was come on ! and I never see a father in greater joy ; and it would have been a sin, I thought, to tell him the

truth, after he took the change that was put upon him so well, and it made him so happy like. Well, I was afeard of my life he'd pull off the cap to search for the scar, so I would not let your head be touched anyway, dear, saying it was tinder and soft still with the fall, and you'd cry if the cap was stirred ; and so I made it out, indeed, very well , for, God forgive me, I twitched the string under your chin, dear, and made you cry like mad, when they would come to touch you. So there was no more about it, and I had you home to myself, and, all in good time, the hair grew, and fine, thick hair it was, God bless you ; and so there was no more about it, and I got into no trouble at all, for it all fell out just as I had laid it out, except that the real little young lord did not die as I thought ; and it was a wonder but he did, for you never saw none so near death, and backwards and forwards, what turns of sickness he took with me for months upon months, and year after year, so that none could think, no more than me, there was any likelihood at all of rearing him to man's estate. So that kept me easier in my mind concerning what I'd done ; for as I kept saying to myself, better the family should have an heir to the estate, suppose not the right, than none at all ; and if the father, nor nobody, never found it out, there was he and all the family made happy for life, and my child made a lord of, and none the wiser or the worse. Well, so I down-argued my conscience ; and anyway I took to little Christy, as he was now to be called—and I loved him, all as one as if he was my own—not that he was ever as well-looking as Ody, or any of the childer I had, but I never made any differ betwixt him and any of my own—he can't say as I did, anyhow, and he has no reason to complain of my being an unnat'ral mother to

him, and being my foster-child I had a right to love him as I did, and I never wronged him in any way, except in the one article of changing him at nurse, which he being an infant, and never knowing, was never a bit the worse for, nor never will now. So all's right, dear, and make your mind asy, jewel ; there's the whole truth of the story for you."

Having satisfied himself of the truth of Ellinor's story by quiet enquiries, her son decided to hand over the property to Christy, the blacksmith, even though he was certain that Ellinor would not make the facts public.

THE FOSTER-BROTHERS.

I was, perhaps, the more ready to do rightly because I felt that I was not compelled to do it. The moment when I made this virtuous decision was the happiest I had at that time ever felt ; my mind seemed suddenly relieved from an oppressive weight ; my whole frame glowed with new life ; and the consciousness of courageous integrity elevated me so much in my own opinion that titles, and rank, and fortune, appeared as nothing in my estimation. I rang my bell eagerly, and ordered that Christy O'Donoghoe should be immediately sent for. The servant went instantly ; but it seemed to me an immoderately long time before Christy arrived. I walked up and down the room impatiently, and at last threw myself at full length upon the sofa ; the servant returned.

" The smith is below in the hall, my lord."

“ Show him up.”—He was shown up into the ante-chamber.

“ The smith is at the door, my lord.”

“ Show him in, cannot you ? What detains him ? ”

“ My brogues, my lord ! I’d be afraid to come in with ’em on the carpet.” Saying this, Christy came in, stepping fearfully, astonished to find himself in a splendid drawing-room.

“ Were you never in this room before, Christy ? ” said I.

“ Never, my lord, plase your honour, barring the day I mended the bolt.”

“ It is a fine room, is not it, Christy ? ”

“ Troth, it is the finest ever I see, sure enough.”

“ How should you like to have such a room of your own, Christy ? ”

“ Is it I, plase your honour ? ” replied he, laughing ; “ what should I do with the like ? ”

“ How should you feel if you were master of this great castle ? ”

“ It’s a poor figure I should make, to be sure,” said he, turning his head over his shoulder towards the door, and resting upon the lock ; “ I’d rather be at the forge by a great *dale*.”

“ Are you sure of that, Christy ? Should not you like to be able to live without working any more, and to have horses and servants of your own ? ”

“ What would I do with them, plase your honour, I that have never been used to them ? Sure they’d all laugh at me, and I’d not be the better o’ that, no more than of having nothing to do ; I that have been always used to the work, what should I do all the day without it ? But sure, my lord,” continued he, changing his voice

to a more serious tone, "the horse that I shod yesterday for your honour did not go lame, did he?"

"The horse is very well shod, I believe; I have not ridden him since; I know nothing of the matter."

"Because I was thinking, maybe, it was that made your lordship send for me in the hurry—I was afeard that I'd find your honour mad with me; and I'd be very sorry to disoblige you, my lord; and I'm glad to see your honour looking so well after all the trouble you've been put to by them *rubbles*, the villains, to be *consarting* against you under-ground. But, thanks be to God, you have 'em all in gaol now. I thought my mother would have died of the fright she took when the report came that Ody was one of them. I told her there could not be no truth in it at all, but she would not mind me; it would be a strange unnatural thing indeed, of any belonging to her to be plotting against your honour. I knew Ody could not be in it, and be a brother of mine; and that's what I kept saying all the time, but she never heeded me; for, your honour knows, when the women are frightened, and have taken a thing into their heads, you can't asy get it out again."

"Very true; but to return to what I was saying, should not you like to change places with me, if you could?"

"Your honour, my lord, is a very happy jantleman, and a very good jantleman, there's no doubt, and there's few but would be proud to be like you in anything at all."

"Thank you for that compliment. But now, in plain English, as to yourself, would you like to be in my place—to change places with me?"

"In your honour's place—I! I would *not*, my lord;

and that's the truth, now," said he, decidedly. "I would not; no offence—your honour bid me speak the truth; for I've all I want in the world, a good mother, and a good wife, and good *childer*, and a reasonable good little cabin, and my little *pratees*, and the grazing of the cow, and work enough always, and not called on to *slave*, and I get my health, thank God for all; and what more could I have if I should be made a lord to-morrow? Sure, my good woman would never make a lady; and what should I do with her? I'd be grieved to see her the laughing-stock of high and low, besides being the same myself, and my boy after me. That would never answer for me; so I'm not like them that would overturn all to get uppermost; I never had any hand, art, or part in a thing of the kind; I always thought and knew I was best as I am; not but what, if I was to change with any, it is with you, my lord, I would be proud to change; because if I was to be a jantleman at all, I'd wish to be of a *ra-al* good *ould* family born."

"You are then what you wish to be?" said I.

"Och!" said he, laughing and scratching his head, "your honour's jesting me about them kings of Ireland, that they say the O'Donoghoes was once; but that's what I never think *on*, that's all idle talk for the like of me, for sure that's a long time ago, and what use going back to it? One might as well be going back to Adam, that was the father of all, but which makes no differ now."

"But you do not understand me," interrupted I; "I am not going back to the kings of Ireland; I mean to tell you that you were born a gentleman—nay, I am perfectly serious; listen to me."

"I do, plase your honour, though it is mocking me

I know you are ; I would be sorry not to take a joke as well as another."

" This is no joke. I repeat that I am serious. You are not only a gentleman, but a nobleman : to you this castle and this great estate belongs, and to you they shall be surrendered."

He stood astonished ; and, his eyes opening wide, showed a great circle of white in his black face.

" Eh ! " cried he, drawing that long breath which astonishment had suppressed. " But how can this be ? "

" Your mother can explain better than I can ; your mother, did I say ?—she is not your mother ; Lady Glenthorn was your mother."

" I can't understand it at all—I can't understand it at all. I'll *lave* it all to your honour," said he, making a motion with his hands, as if to throw from him the trouble of comprehending it.

" Did you never hear of such a thing as a child's being changed at nurse ? "

" I did, plase your honour ; but *my* mother would never do the like, I'll answer for *her*, anyway ; and them that said anything of the kind belied her ; and don't be believing them, my lord."

" But Ellinor was the person who told me this secret."

" Was she so ? Oh, she must have been *draaming* ; she was always too good a mother to me to have sarved me so. But," added he, struggling to clear his intellects, " you say it's not my mother she is ; whose mother is she then ? Can it be that she is yours ? 'Tis not possible to think such a great lord was the son of such as her, to look at you both ; and was you the son of my father Johnny O'Donoghoe ? How is that again ? "

He rubbed his forehead ; and I could scarcely forbear

laughing at his odd perplexity, though the subject was of such serious importance. When he clearly understood the case, and thoroughly believed the truth, he did not seem elated by this sudden change of fortune ; he really thought more of me than of himself.

“ Well, I’ll tell you what you will do then,” continued he, after a pause of deep reflection ; “ say nothing to nobody, but just keep asy on, even as we are. Don’t let there be any surrendering at all, and I’ll speak to my mother, that is, Ellinor O’Donoghoe, and settle it so ; and let it be so settled, in the name of God, and no more about it ; and none need never be the wiser ; ’tis so best for all. A good day to your honour, and I’ll go shoe the mare.”

“ Stay,” said I ; “ you may hereafter repent of this sudden determination. I insist upon your taking four-and-twenty hours—no, that would be too little—take a month to consider of it coolly, and then let me know your final determination.”

“ Oh ! plase your honour, I will say the same then as now. It would be a poor thing indeed of me, after all you done for me and mine, to be putting you to more trouble. It would be a poor thing of me to forget how you liked to have lost your life all along with me at the time of the ’ruction. No, I’ll not take the fortin from you, anyhow.”

“ Put gratitude to me out of the question,” said I. “ Far be it from me to take advantage of your affectionate temper. I do not consider you as under any obligations to me ; nor will I be paid for doing justice.”

“ Sure enough, your honour desarved to be born a gentleman,” said Christy.

“ At least I have been bred a gentleman,” said I.

“ Let me see you again this day month, and not till then.”

“ You shall not—that is, you *shall*, plase your honour ; but for fear anyone would suspect anything, I’d best go shoe the mare, anyway.”

The day appointed for Christy’s final determination arrived. I knew by the first motion of his shoulder as he came into the room what his decision would be.

“ Well, Christy,” said I, “ you will be Earl of Glenthorn, I perceive. You are glad now that I did not take you at your word, and that I gave you a month’s time for consideration.”

“ Your honour was always considerate ; but if I’d wish now to be changing my mind,” said he, hesitating, and shifting from leg to leg, “ it is not upon my own account, anyway, but upon my son Johnny’s.”

“ My good friend,” said I, “ no apology is necessary. I should be very unjust if I were offended by your decision, and very mean if, after the declarations I have made, I could, for an instant, hesitate to restore to you that property which it is your right and your choice to reclaim.”

Christy made a low bow, and seemed much at a loss what he was to say next.

“ I hope,” continued I, “ that you will be as happy when you are Earl of Glenthorn as you have been as Christy O’Donoghoe.”

“ Maybe not, plase your honour ; but I trust my childer will be happy after me ; and it’s them and my wife I’m thinking of, as in duty bound. But it is hard your honour should be astray for want of the fortin you’ve been bred to ; and this weighs with me greatly on the other side. If your honour could live on here, and share with us—But I see your honour’s displeas’d

at my naming *that*. It was my wife thought o' that ; I knew it could not do. But then, what I think is, that your honour should name what you would be pleased to keep to live upon ; for, to be sure, you have a right to live as a gentleman, that have always lived as one, as everybody knows, and none better than I. Would your honour be so kind, then, as just to put down on a bit of paper what you'd wish to keep ; and that same, whatever it is, none shall touch but yourself ; and I would not own a child for mine that would begrudge it you. I'll step down and wait below while your honour writes what you please."

The generosity of this man touched me to the heart. I accepted from him three hundred a year ; and requested that the annuity I allowed to the unfortunate Lady Glenthorn might be continued ; that the house which I had built for Ellinor, and the land belonging to it, might be secured to her rent-free for life ; and that all my debts should be paid. I recommended Mr. M'Leod in the strongest manner, as an agent whose abilities and integrity would be to him an invaluable treasure.

These events were followed by the death of Ellinor. At her funeral the ex-Lord Glenthorn announced to the tenants the change in his fortunes, and then took the necessary legal steps for surrendering the property. As Mr. O'Donoghoe he started life afresh, read for the Bar, and began to practise in Dublin, urged to these efforts by falling in love with Miss Cecilia Delamere. Though he had not previously made her acquaintance, she was the next heir to the Glenthorn property. His divorced wife had died, and after a long wooing he married Miss Delamere. Meanwhile at Glenthorn Castle everything had gone to rack and ruin, the new owner being quite unable to cope with the extravagance of his wife and only son, who kept open house for all the country-side.

THE BLACKSMITH EARL.

The preceding memoirs were just ready for publication, when I received the following letter :

“ HONOURED FOSTER-BROTHER,

“ Since the day I parted yees, nothing in life but misfortins has happened me, owing to my being over-ruled by my wife, who would be a lady, all I could say again it. But that’s over, and there’s no help ; for all and all that ever she can say will do no good. The castle’s burnt down all to the ground, and my Johnny’s dead, and I wish I was dead in his place. The occasion of his death was owing to drink, which he fell into from getting too much money, and nothing to do—and a snuff of a candle. When going to bed last night, a little in liquor, what does he do but takes the candle, and sticks it up against the head of his bed, as he used oftentimes to do, without detriment, in the cabin where he was reared, against the mud-wall. But this was close to an ould window curtain, and a deal of ould wood in the bed, which was all in a smother, and he lying asleep after drinking, when he was ever hard to wake, and before he waked at all, it appears the unfortunate *cratur* was smothered, and none heard a sentence of it, till the ceiling of my room, the blue bedchamber, with a piece of the big wood cornice, fell, and wakened me with terrible uproar, and all above and about me was flame and smoke, and I just took my wife on my back, and down the stairs with her, which did not give in till five minutes after, and she screeching, and all them relations she had screeching and

running everyone for themselves, and no thought in any to save anything at all, but just what they could for themselves, and not a sarvent that was in his right rason. I got the ladder with a deal of difficulty, and up to Johnny's room, and there was a sight for me—he a corpse, and how even to get the corpse out of that, myself could not tell, for I was bewildered, and how they took me down, I don't well know. When I came to my sinses, I was lying on the ground in the court, and all confusion and screaming still, and the flames raging worse than ever. There's no use in describing all—the short of it is, there's nothing remaining of the castle but the stones ; and it's little I'd think o' that, if I could have Johnny back—such as he used to be in my good days ; since he's gone, I am no good. I write this to beg you, being married, of which I give you joy, to Miss Delamere, that is the *hare* at law, will take possession of all immediately, for I am as good as dead, and will give no hindrance. I will go back to my forge, and, by the help of God, forget at my work what has passed ; and as to my wife, she may go to her own kith and kin if she will not abide by me. I shall not trouble her long. Mr. M'Leod is a good man, and will follow any directions you send ; and may the blessing of God attind and come to reign over us again, when you will find me, as heretofore,

“ Your loyal foster-brother,

“ CHRISTY DONOGHOE.”

SELECTIONS FROM THE ABSENTEE.

THE CLONBRONIES IN LONDON.

“ ARE you to be at Lady Clonbrony’s gala next week ? ” said Lady Langdale to Mrs. Dareville whilst they were waiting for their carriages in the crush-room of the Opera-house.

“ Oh yes ! Everybody is to be there, I hear,” replied Mrs. Dareville. “ Your ladyship, of course ? ”

“ Why, I don’t know. Lady Clonbrony makes it such a point with me, that if I possibly can manage it, I believe I must look in upon her for a few minutes. They are going to a prodigious expense on this occasion. Soho tells me the reception-rooms are all to be newly furnished, and in the most magnificent style.”

“ At what a famous rate those Clonbronies are dashing on ! ” said Colonel Heathcock. “ Up to anything.”

“ Who are they, these Clonbronies, of whom one hears so much of late ? ” said her Grace of Torcaster. “ Irish absentees, I know ; but how do they support all this enormous expense ? ”

“ The son *will* have a prodigiously fine estate when some Mr. Quin dies,” said Mrs. Dareville.

“ Yes, everybody who comes from Ireland *will* have a fine estate when somebody dies,” said her Grace ; “ but what have they at present ? ”

“Twenty thousand a year, it is said,” replied Mrs. Dareville.

“Ten thousand, I believe,” cried Lady Langdale. “Make it a rule to believe only half the world says.”

“Ten thousand, have they?—it is possible,” said her Grace. “I know nothing about them, having no acquaintance among the Irish. Torcaster knows something of Lady Clonbrony; she has fastened herself, by some means, upon him; but I charge him not to *commit* me. Positively I could not for anybody, and much less for that sort of person, extend the circle of my acquaintance.”

“Now, that is so cruel of your Grace,” said Mrs. Dareville, laughing, “when poor Lady Clonbrony works so hard and pays so high to get into certain circles.”

“If you knew all she endures to look, speak, move, breathe like an Englishwoman, you would pity her,” said Lady Langdale.

“Yes, and you *cawnt* conceive the *peens* she *teeks* to talk of the *teebles* and *cheers*, and to thank Q., and with so much *teeste*, to speak pure English,” said Mrs. Dareville.

“Pure cockney, you mean,” said Lady Langdale.

“But does Lady Clonbrony expect to pass for English?” said the Duchess.

“Oh yes, because she is not quite English *bred and born*—only bred, not born,” said Mrs. Dareville; “and she could not be five minutes in your Grace’s company without telling you that she was *Henglish*, born in *Hoxfordshire*.”

“She must be a vastly amusing personage. I should like to meet her, if one could see and hear her *incog*,” said the Duchess. “And Lord Clonbrony, what is he?”

“Nothing—nobody,” said Mrs. Dareville; “one never even hears of him.”

“ A tribe of daughters too, I suppose ? ”

“ No, no,” said Lady Langdale ; “ daughters would be past all endurance.”

“ There’s a cousin, though, a Miss Nugent,” said Mrs. Dareville, “ that Lady Clonbrony has with her.”

“ Best part of her too,” said Colonel Heathcock ; “ very fine girl ! never saw her look better than at the opera to-night.”

“ Fine *complexion* ! as Lady Clonbrony says when she means a high colour,” said Lady Langdale.

“ Miss Nugent is not a lady’s beauty,” said Mrs. Dareville. “ Has she any fortune, colonel ? ”

“ ’Pon honour, don’t know,” said the colonel.

“ There’s a son somewhere, is there not ? ” said Lady Langdale.

“ Don’t know, ’pon honour,” replied the colonel.

“ Yes, at Cambridge ; he is not of age yet,” said Mrs. Dareville. “ Bless me ! here is Lady Clonbrony come back ; I thought she had left half-an-hour ago.”

“ Mamma,” whispered one of Lady Langdale’s daughters, who was leaning between her mother and Mrs. Dareville, “ who is that gentleman that passed us just now ? ”

“ Which way ? ”

“ Towards the door. There, mamma, you can see him now. He is speaking to Lady Clonbrony—to Miss Nugent. Now Lady Clonbrony is introducing him to Miss Broadhurst.”

“ I see him now,” said Lady Langdale, examining him through her glass ; “ a very gentleman-like looking young man indeed.”

“ Not an Irishman, I am sure, by his manner,” said her Grace.

“Heathcock!” said Lady Langdale, “who is Miss Broadhurst talking to?”

“Eh! Now really, ’pon honour, don’t know,” replied Heathcock.

“And yet he certainly looks like somebody one should know,” pursued Lady Langdale, “though I don’t recollect seeing him anywhere before.”

“Really now!” was all the satisfaction she could gain from the insensible, immovable colonel. However, her ladyship, after sending a whisper along the line, gained the desired information that the young gentleman was Lord Colambre, son, and only son, of Lord and Lady Clonbrony; that he was just come from Cambridge; that he was not yet of age; that he would be of age within a year; that he would then, after the death of somebody, come into possession of a fine estate by the mother’s side. “And, therefore, Cat-rine, my dear,” said she, turning round to the daughter who had first pointed him out, “you understand, we should never talk about other people’s affairs.”

“No, mamma, never. I hope to goodness, mamma, Lord Colambre did not hear what you and Mrs. Dareville were saying.”

“How could he, child? He was quite at the other end of the world?”

“I beg your pardon; he was at my elbow, close behind us; but I never thought about him till I heard somebody say, ‘My lord.’”

“Good heavens! I hope he didn’t hear.”

“But for my part I said nothing,” cried Lady Langdale.

“And for my part I said nothing but what everybody knows!” cried Mrs. Dareville.

“And for my part I am guilty only of hearing,” said

the Duchess. "Do, pray, Colonel Heathcock, have the goodness to see what my people are about, and what chance we have of getting away to-night."

"The Duchess of Torcaster's carriage stops the way!" This was a joyful sound to Colonel Heathcock and to her Grace, and not less agreeable at this instant to Lady Langdale, who, directly she was disembarassed of the Duchess, pressed through the crowd to Lady Clonbrony, and addressed her with smiles and complacency, saying she was "charmed to have a little moment to speak to her; could *not* sooner get through the crowd; would certainly do herself the honour to be at her ladyship's gala.

"Lady Langdale's carriage stops the way!" Lord Colambre made no offer of his services, notwithstanding a look from his mother. Incapable of the meanness of voluntarily listening to a conversation not intended for him to hear, he had, however, been compelled by the pressure of the crowd to remain a few minutes stationary, where he could not avoid hearing the remarks of the fashionable friends. Disdaining dissimulation, he made no attempt to conceal his displeasure. Perhaps his vexation was increased by his consciousness that there was some truth in their sarcasms. He was sensible that his mother in some points—her manners for instance—was obvious to ridicule and satire. In Lady Clonbrony's address there was a mixture of constraint, affection, and indecision, unusual in a person of her birth, rank, and knowledge of the world. A natural and unnatural manner seemed struggling in all her gestures and in every syllable that she articulated. A naturally free, familiar, good-natured, precipitate Irish manner had been schooled, and schooled late in life, into a sober, cold, still, stiff

deportment, which she mistook for English. A strong Hibernian accent she had, with infinite difficulty, changed into an English tone. Mistaking reverse of wrong for right, she caricatured the English pronunciation; and the extraordinary precision of her London phraseology betrayed her not to be a Londoner, as the man who strove to pass for an Athenian was detected by his Attic dialect. Not aware of her real danger, Lady Clonbrony was, on the opposite side, in continual apprehension, every time she opened her lips, lest some treacherous *a* or *e*, some strong *r*, some puzzling aspirate or non-aspirate, some unguarded note, interrogative or expostulatory, should betray her to be an Irishwoman. Mrs. Dareville had in her mimicry perhaps a little exaggerated as to the *teebles* and *cheers*, but still the general likeness of the representation of Lady Clonbrony was strong enough to strike and vex her son. He had now, for the first time, an opportunity of judging of the estimation in which his mother and his family were held by certain leaders of the *ton*, of whom in her letters she had spoken so much, and into whose society, or rather into whose parties, she had been admitted. He saw that the renegade cowardice with which she denied, abjured, and reviled her own country gained nothing but ridicule and contempt. He loved his mother, and whilst he endeavoured to conceal her faults and foibles as much as possible from his own heart, he could not endure those who dragged them to light and ridicule. The next morning the first thing that occurred to Lord Colambre's remembrance, when he awoke, was the sound of the contemptuous emphasis which had been laid on the words *Irish absentees*! This led to recollections of his native country, to comparisons of past and present scenes, to future plans

of life. Young and careless as he seemed, Lord Colambre was capable of serious reflection. Of naturally quick and strong capacity, ardent affections, impetuous temper, the early years of his childhood were spent at his father's castle in Ireland, where everybody, from the lowest servant to the well-dressed dependant of the family, had conspired to wait upon, to fondle, to flatter, to worship this darling of their lord. Yet he was not spoiled nor rendered selfish, for in the midst of this flattery and servility some strokes of genuine and generous affection had gone home to his little heart ; and though unqualified submission had increased the natural impetuosity of his temper, and though visions of his future grandeur had touched his infant thought, yet, fortunately before he acquired any fixed habits of insolence or tyranny, he was carried far away from all that were bound or willing to submit to his commands—far away from all signs of hereditary grandeur, plunged into one of our great public schools, into a new world. Forced to struggle, mind and body, with his equals, his rivals, the little lord became a spirited schoolboy, and in time a man. Fortunately for him, science and literature happened to be the fashion among a set of clever young men with whom he associated at Cambridge. His ambition for intellectual superiority developed itself, his views were enlarged, his tastes and his manners formed. The sobriety of English good sense mixed most advantageously with Irish vivacity ; English prudence governed but did not extinguish his Irish enthusiasm. But, in fact, English and Irish had not been invidiously contrasted in his mind ; he had been so long resident in England, and so intimately connected with Englishmen, that he was not obvious to any of the commonplace

ridicule thrown upon Hibernians ; and he had lived with men who were too well-informed and liberal to misjudge or depreciate a sister country. He had found from experience that, however the English may be in manner, they are warm at heart ; that however averse they may be to forming new acquaintances, their esteem and confidence once gained, they make the most solid friends. He had formed friendships in England ; he was fully sensible of the superior comforts, refinement, and information of English society ; but his own country was endeared to him by early association, and a sense of duty and patriotism attached him to Ireland. "And shall I, too, be an absentee ?" was a question which resulted from these reflections ; a question which he was not yet prepared to answer decidedly.

LORD CLONBRONY AND SIR TERENCE O'FAY.

Whilst Lady Clonbrony, in consequence of her residence in London, had become more of a fine lady, Lord Clonbrony since he left Ireland had become less of a gentleman. Lady Clonbrony, born an Englishwoman, disclaiming and disencumbering herself of all the Irish in town, had, by giving splendid entertainments at an enormous expense, made her way into a certain set of fashionable company. But Lord Clonbrony, who was somebody in Ireland, a great person in Dublin, found himself nobody in England, a mere cipher in London. Looked down upon by the fine people with whom his lady associated, and heartily weary of them, he retreated from them altogether, and sought entertainment and self-

complacency in society, beneath him indeed, both in rank and education, but in which he had the satisfaction of feeling himself the first person in company. Of these associates, the first in talents and in jovial profligacy was Sir Terence O'Fay, a man of low extraction, who had been knighted by an Irish lord lieutenant in some convivial frolic. No one could tell a good story or sing a good song better than Sir Terence ; he exaggerated his native brogue and his natural propensity to blunder, caring little whether the company laughed at him or with him, provided they laughed. "Live and laugh ; laugh and live," was his motto ; and certainly he lived on laughing as well as many better men can contrive to live on a thousand a year.

GRACE NUGENT.

Lady Clonbrony was taken ill the day after her gala. She had caught cold by standing, when much overheated, in a violent draught of wind, paying her parting compliments to the Duke of V——, who thought her a bore, and wished her in heaven all the time for keeping his horses standing. Her ladyship's illness was severe and long ; she was confined to her room for some weeks by a rheumatic fever and an inflammation in her eyes. Every day, when Lord Colambre went to see his mother, he found Miss Nugent in her apartment and every hour he found fresh reason to admire this charming girl.

Much must be allowed for an inflammation in the eyes and something for a rheumatic fever ; yet it may seem strange that Lady Clonbrony should be so blind and deaf

as neither to see nor hear all this time ; that, having lived so long in the world, it should never have occurred to her that it was rather imprudent to have a young lady—and such a young lady, not eighteen—nursing her, when her son—and such a son, not one-and-twenty—came to visit her daily. But so it was ; Lady Clonbrony knew nothing of love. She had read of it, indeed, in novels, which sometimes, for fashion's sake, she had looked at, and over which she had been obliged to doze ; but this was only love in books. With love in real life she had never met ; in the life she led how should she ? She had heard that it made young and even old people do foolish things ; but those were foolish people ; and if they were worse than foolish, why it was shocking, and nobody visited them. But Lady Clonbrony had not, for her own part, the slightest notion how people could be brought to this pass, nor how anybody out of Bedlam could prefer, to a good house, a decent equipage, and a proper establishment, what is called love in a cottage. As to Colambre, she had too good an opinion of his understanding—to say nothing of his duty to his family, his pride, his rank, and his being her son—to let such an idea cross her imagination. As to her niece ; in the first place, she was her niece, and first cousins should never marry because they form no new connections to strengthen the family interest or raise its consequence. This doctrine her ladyship had repeated for years, so often and so dogmatically, that she conceived it to be incontrovertible, and of as full force as any law of the land, or as any moral or religious obligation. She would as soon have suspected her niece of an intention of stealing her diamond necklace as of purloining Colambre's heart or marrying this heir of the house of Clonbrony.

Miss Nugent was so well apprised and so thoroughly convinced of all this, that she never for one moment allowed herself to think of Lord Colambre as a lover. Duty, honour, and gratitude—gratitude, the strong feeling and principle of her mind—forbade it. She had so prepared herself to consider him as a person with whom she could not possibly be united, that, with perfect ease and simplicity, she behaved towards him exactly as if he was her brother.

SIR TERENCE'S WAY WITH DUNS.

“Never fear,” said Sir Terence. “Haven't I been at my wits' ends for myself or my friends ever since I came to man's estate ; to years of discretion I should say, for the deuce a foot of estate have I. But use has sharpened my wits pretty well for your service ; so never be in dread, my good lord ; for, look ye !” cried the reckless knight, sticking his arms akimbo—“look ye here ! in Sir Terence O'Fay stands a host that desires no better than to encounter, single witted, all the duns in the United Kingdoms, Mordicai, the Jew, inclusive.”

“Ah ! that's the devil, that Mordicai,” said Lord Clonbrony ; “that's the only man on earth I dread.”

“Why, he's only a coachmaker, is he not ?” said Lady Clonbrony. “I can't think how you can talk, my lord, of dreading such a low man. Tell him, if he's troublesome, we won't bespeak any more carriages ; and, I'm sure, I wish you would not be so silly, my lord, to employ him any more, when you know he disappointed me the last birthday about the landau, which I have not got yet.”

“Nonsense, my dear,” said Lord Clonbrony, “you don’t know what you are talking of—Terry, I say, even a friendly execution is an ugly thing.”

“Phoo ! phoo ! an ugly thing ! So is a fit of the gout ; but one’s all the better for it after. ’Tis just a renewal of life, my lord, for which one must pay a bit of a fine, you know. Take patience, and leave me to manage all properly. You know I’m used to these things. Only you recollect, if you please, how I managed my friend Lord —— ; it’s bad to be mentioning names, but Lord everybody-knows-who. Didn’t I bring him through cleverly, when there was that rascally attempt to seize the family plate ? I had notice, and what did I do, but broke open a partition between that lord’s house and my lodgings, which I had taken next door ; and so, when the sheriff’s officers were searching below on the ground-floor, I just shoved the plate easy through to my bed-chamber at a moment’s warning, and then bid the gentlemen walk in, for they couldn’t set a foot in my Paradise, the devils ! So they stood looking at it through the wall, and cursing me, and I holding both my sides with laughter at their fallen faces.”

Sir Terence and Lord Clonbrony laughed in concert.

“This is a good story,” said Miss Nugent, smiling ; “but, surely, Sir Terence, such things are never done in real life ?

“Done ! ay, are they, and I could tell you a hundred better strokes, my dear Miss Nugent.”

“Grace !” cried Lady Clonbrony, “do pray have the goodness to seal and send these notes ; for really,” whispered she, as her niece came to the table, “I cawnt stee, I cawnt bear that horrid man’s vice, his accent grows horrid and horrid !”

Her ladyship rose and left the room.

“Why, then,” continued Sir Terence, following Miss Nugent to the table, where she was sealing letters; “I must tell you how I sarved that same man, on another occasion, and got the victory too.”

No general officer could talk of his victories, or fight his battles over again, with more complacency than Sir Terence O’Fay recounted his civil exploits.

“Now, I’ll tell Miss Nugent. There was a footman in the family, not an Irishman, but one of your powdered English scoundrels that ladies are so fond of having hanging to the backs of their carriages; one Fleming he was, that turned spy, and traitor, and informer, went privately and gave notice to the creditors where the plate was hid in the thickness of the chimney—but if he did, what happened? Why, I had my counter-spy, an honest little Irish boy, in the creditor’s shop, that I had secured with a little *douceur* of *usquebaugh*; and he outwitted, as was natural, the English lying valet, and gave us notice just in the nick, and I got ready for their reception. Miss Nugent, I only wish you’d seen the excellent sport we had, letting them follow the scent they got; and when they were sure of their game, what did they find? Ha! ha! ha!—dragged out, after a world of labour, a heavy box of——a load of brickbats; not an item of my friend’s plate, that was all snug in the coalhole, where them dunces never thought of looking for it. Ha! ha! ha!”

“But come, Terry,” cried Lord Clonbrony, “I’ll pull down your pride. How finely, another time, your job of the false ceiling answered in the hall. I’ve heard that story, and have been told how the sheriff’s fellow thrust his bayonet up through your false plaster, and

down came tumbling the family plate. Hey, Terry? That cost your friend, Lord everybody-knows-who, more than your head's worth, Terry."

"I ask your pardon, my lord, it never cost him a farthing."

"When he paid £7,000 for the plate, to redeem it?"

"Well! and did not I make up for that at the races of ——? The creditors learned that my lord's horse, Naboclish, was to run at —— races; and as the sheriff's officer knew he dare not touch him on the race-ground, what does he do, but he comes down, early in the morning, on the mail-coach, and walks straight down to the livery stables. He had an exact description of the stables, and the stall, and the horse's body-clothes.

"I was there, seeing the horse taken care of; and, knowing the cut of the fellow's jib, what does I do, but whips the body-clothes off Naboclish, and claps them upon a garrone, that the priest would not ride——"

"In comes the bailiff; 'Good morrow to you, sir,' says I, leading out of the stable my lord's horse with an ould saddle and bridle on.

"'Tim Neal,' says I to the groom, who was rubbing down the garrone's heels, 'mind your hits to-day, and *we'll* wet the plate to-night.'

"'Not so fast, neither,' says the bailiff; 'here's my writ for seizing the horse.'

"'Och,' says I, 'you wouldn't be so cruel.'

"'That's all my eye,' says he, seizing the garrone, while I mounted Naboclish, and rode him off deliberately.'"

"Ha! ha! ha! That *was* neat, I grant you, Terry," said Lord Clonbrony; "but what a dolt of a born ignoramus must that sheriff's fellow have been not to know Naboclish when he saw him!"

“ But stay, my lord ; stay, Miss Nugent. I have more for you,” following her wherever she moved ; “ I did not let him off so, I bid and bid against them for the pretended Naboclish, till I left him on their hands for 500 guineas. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Was not that famous ?”

“ But,” said Miss Nugent, “ I cannot believe you are in earnest, Sir Terence. Surely this would be——”

“ What ? Out with it, my dear Miss Nugent.”

“ I am afraid of offending you——”

“ You can’t, my dear, I defy you—say the word that came to the tongue’s end, it is always the best.’

“ I was going to say swindling,” said the young lady, colouring deeply.

“ Oh ! you were going to say wrong then ! It’s not called swindling amongst gentlemen, who know the world ; it’s only jockeying—fine sport—and very honourable, to help a friend, at a dead lift. Anything to get a friend out of a present difficulty——”

“ And when the present difficulty is over, do your friends never think of the future ?”

“ The future ! leave the future to posterity,” said Sir Terence ; “ I’m counsel only for the present, and when the evil comes it is time enough to think of it ; I can’t bring the guns of my wits to bear till the enemy’s alongside of me, or within sight of me, at the least. And besides, there never was a good commander yet, by sea or land, that would tell his little expedients beforehand, or before the very day of battle.”

Colambre was pressed by his family to propose to a very rich English girl, Miss Broadhurst, who had no wish to become Lady Colambre, though her mother was anxious to marry her to a future peer. This affair, and the unpleasantness caused by the family’s financial troubles, increased his determination to leave London for a time.

“ IRELAND ! OF ALL PLACES.”

“ Ireland ! of all places,” cried Lady Clonbrony. “ What upon earth puts it into your head to go to Ireland ? You do very well to go out of the way of falling in love ridiculously, since that is the reason of your going ; but what put Ireland into your head, child ? ”

“ I will not presume to ask my mother what put Ireland out of her head,” said Lord Colambre, smiling ; “ but she will recollect that it is my native country.”

“ That was your father’s fault, not mine,” said Lady Clonbrony, “ for I wished to have been confined in England ; but he would have it to say that his son and heir was born at Clonbrony Castle ; and there was a great argument between him and my uncle, and something about the Prince of Wales and Carnarvon Castle was thrown in, and that turned the scale much against my will ; for it was my wish that my son should be an Englishman born—like myself. But, after all, I don’t see that having the misfortune to be born in a country should tie one to it in any sort of way. I should have hoped your English education, Colambre, would have given you too liberal ideas for that. So I reely don’t see why you should go to Ireland merely because it’s your native country.”

“ Not merely because it is my native country, but I wish to go thither. I desire to become acquainted with it, because it is the country in which my father’s property lies, and from which we draw our subsistence.”

“ Subsistence ! Lord bless me ! what a word !—fitter for a pauper than a nobleman. Subsistence ! Then,

if you are going to look after your father's property, I hope you will make the agents do their duty, and send us remittances. And pray, how long do you mean to stay ? ”

“ Till I am of age, madam, if you have no objection. I will spend the ensuing months in travelling in Ireland, and I will return here by the time I am of age, unless you and my father should before that time be in Ireland.”

“ Not the least chance of that, if I can prevent it, I promise you,” said Lady Clonbrony.

Lord Colambre and Miss Nugent sighed.

“ And I am sure I shall take it very unkindly of you, Colambre, if you go and turn out a partisan for Ireland, after all, like Grace Nugent.”

“ A partisan ! No ; I hope not a partisan, but a friend,” said Miss Nugent.

“ Nonsense, child ! I hate to hear people—women especially, and young ladies particularly—talk of being friends to this country or that country. What can they know about countries ? Better think of being friends to themselves, and friends to their friends.”

“ I was wrong,” said Miss Nugent, “ to call myself a friend to Ireland ; I meant to say that Ireland had been a friend to me ; that I found Irish friends when I had no other, an Irish home when I had no other ; that my earliest and happiest years, under your kind care, had been spent there ; and that I can never forget *that*, my dear aunt ; I hope you do not wish that I should.”

“ Heaven forbid, my sweet Grace ! ” said Lady Clonbrony, touched by her voice and manner. “ Heaven forbid ! I don't wish you to do or be anything but what you are ; for I am convinced there's nothing I could ask you would not do for me ; and I can tell you there's

few things you could ask, love, I would not do for you.”

A wish was instantly expressed in the eyes of her niece.

Lady Clonbrony, though not usually quick at interpreting the wishes of others, understood and answered before she ventured to make her request in words.

“ Ask anything but *that*, Grace. Return to Clonbrony while I am able to live in London, that I never can or will do for you or anybody ! ”—looking at her son in all the pride of obstinacy ; “ so there is an end of the matter. Go you where you please, Colambre, and I’ll stay where I please. I suppose, as your mother, I have a right to say as much ? ”

Her son, with the utmost respect, assured her that he had no design to infringe upon her undoubted liberty of judging for herself ; that he had never interfered, except so far as to tell her circumstances of her affairs with which she seemed to be totally unacquainted, and of which it might be dangerous to her to continue in ignorance.

“ Don’t talk to me about affairs,” cried she, drawing her hand away from her son ; “ talk to my lord, or my lord’s agents, since you are going to Ireland, about business. I know nothing about business ; but this I know, I shall stay in England, and be in London every season, as long as I can afford it ; and when I cannot afford to live here, I hope I shall not live anywhere. That’s my notion of life, and that’s my determination, once for all ; for if none of the rest of the Clonbrony family have any, I thank Heaven I have some spirit.” Saying this in her most stately manner, she walked out of the room.

DUBLIN AFTER THE UNION.

The tide did not permit the packet to reach the Pigeon-house, and the impatient Lord Colambre stepped into a boat, and was rowed across the bay of Dublin. It was a fine summer morning. The sun shone bright on the Wicklow mountains. He admired, he even exulted, in the beauty of the prospect ; and all the early associations of his childhood and the patriotic hopes of his riper years swelled his heart as he approached the shores of his native land. But scarcely had he touched his mother earth than the whole course of his ideas was changed ; and if his heart swelled, it swelled no more with pleasurable sensations, for instantly he found himself surrounded and attacked by a swarm of beggars and harpies, with strange figures and stranger tone ; some craving his charity, some snatching away his luggage, and at the same time bidding him “ never trouble himself,” and “ never fear.” A scramble in the boat and on shore for bags and parcels began, and an amphibious fight betwixt men, who had one foot on sea and one on land, was seen ; and long and loud the battle of trunks and portmanteaus raged. The vanquished departed, clinching their empty hands at their opponents, and swearing inextinguishable hatred ; while the smiling victors stood at ease, each grasping his booty—bag, basket, parcel, or portmanteau. “ And, your honour, where will these go ? Where will we carry ’em all to, for your honour ? ”—was now the question. Without waiting for an answer, most of the goods were carried, at the discretion of the porter, to the custom-house, where,

to his lordship's astonishment after this scene of confusion, he found that he had lost nothing but his patience. All his goods were safe, and a few "tinpennies" made his officious porters happy men and boys; blessings were showered upon his honour, and he was left in peace at an excellent hotel in —— Street, Dublin. He rested, refreshed himself, recovered his good humour, and walked into the coffee-house, where he found several officers, English, Irish, and Scotch. One English officer, a very gentlemanlike, sensible-looking man, of middle age, was sitting reading a little pamphlet when Lord Colambre entered. He looked up from time to time, and in a few minutes rose, and joined the conversation; it turned upon the beauties and defects of the city of Dublin. Sir James Brooke—for that was the name of the gentleman—showed one of his brother-officers the book which he had been reading, observing that, in his opinion, it contained one of the best views of Dublin which he had ever seen, evidently drawn by the hands of a master, though in a slightly playful and ironical style. It was "An Intercepted Letter from China." The conversation extended from Dublin to various parts of Ireland, with all of which Sir James Brooke showed that he was well acquainted. Observing that this conversation was particularly interesting to Lord Colambre, and quickly perceiving that he was speaking to one not ignorant of books, Sir James spoke of different representations and misrepresentations of Ireland. In answer to Lord Colambre's inquiries, he named the works which had afforded him most satisfaction; and with discriminative, not superficial, celerity, touched on all ancient and modern authors on this subject, from Spenser and Davies to Young and Beaufort. Lord Colambre became anxious

to cultivate the acquaintance of a gentleman who appeared so able and willing to afford him information. Sir James Brooke, on his part, was flattered by this eagerness of attention, and pleased by our hero's manners and conversation; so that, to their mutual satisfaction, they spent much of their time together whilst they were at this hotel; and meeting frequently in society in Dublin, their acquaintance every day increased and grew into intimacy—an intimacy which was highly advantageous to Lord Colambre's views of obtaining a just idea of the state of manners in Ireland. Sir James Brooke had at different periods been quartered in various parts of the country. He had resided long enough in each to become familiar with the people, and had varied his residence sufficiently to form comparisons between different counties, and the habits and characteristics of their inhabitants. Hence he had it in his power to direct the attention of our young observer at once to the points most worthy of his examination, and to save him from the common error of travellers—the deducing general conclusions from a few particular cases, or arguing from exceptions, as if they were rules. Lord Colambre, from his family connections, had, of course, immediate introduction into the best society in Dublin, or rather into all the good society of Dublin. In Dublin there is positively good company, and positively bad; but not, as in London, many degrees of comparison. There are not innumerable luminaries of the polite world moving in different orbits of fashion, but all the bright planets of note and name move and revolve in the same narrow limits. Lord Colambre did not find that either his father's or his mother's representations of society resembled the reality which he now beheld. Lady

Clonbrony had, in terms of detestation, described Dublin such as it appeared to her soon after the Union. Lord Clonbrony had painted it with convivial enthusiasm, such as he saw it long and long before the Union, when "first" he drank claret at the fashionable clubs. This picture, unchanged in his memory, and unchangeable by his imagination, had remained and ever would remain the same. The hospitality of which the father boasted the son found in all its warmth, but meliorated and refined; less convivial, more social; the fashion of hospitality had improved. To make the stranger eat or drink to excess, to set before him old wine and old plate, was no longer the sum of good breeding. The guest now escaped the pomp of grand entertainments; was allowed to enjoy ease and conversation, and to taste some of that feast of reason and that flow of soul so often talked of and so seldom enjoyed. Lord Colambre found a spirit of improvement, a desire for knowledge, and a taste for science and literature in most companies, particularly among gentlemen belonging to the Irish Bar; nor did he in Dublin society see any of that confusion of ranks or predominance of vulgarity of which his mother had complained. Lady Clonbrony had assured him that the last time she had been at the drawing-room at the Castle, a lady, whom she afterwards found to be a grocer's wife, had turned angrily when her ladyship had accidentally trodden on her train, and exclaimed with a strong brogue, "I'll thank you, ma'am, for the rest of my tail."

Sir James Brooke, to whom Lord Colambre, without "giving up his authority," mentioned the fact, declared that he had no doubt the thing had happened precisely as it was stated; but that this was one of the extraordinary cases which ought not to pass into a general rule;

that it was a slight instance of that influence of temporary causes from which no conclusions as to national manners should be drawn.

“ I happened,” continued Sir James, “ to be quartered in Dublin soon after the Union took place, and I remember the great but transient change that appeared. From the removal of both Houses of Parliament, most of the nobility, and many of the principal families among the Irish commoners, either hurried in high hopes to London, or retired, disgusted and in despair, to their houses in the country. Immediately in Dublin commerce rose into the vacated seats of rank ; wealth rose into the place of birth. New faces and new equipages appeared. People who had never been heard of before started into notice, pushed themselves forward, not scrupling to elbow their way even at the Castle ; and they were presented to my lord lieutenant and to my lady lieutenant ; for their excellencies might have played their viceregal parts to empty benches, had they not admitted such persons for the moment to fill their court. Those of former times—of hereditary pretensions and high-bred minds and manners—were scandalised at all this ; and they complained, with justice, that the whole tone of society was altered ; that the decorum, elegance, polish, and charm of society were gone ; and I among the rest,” said Sir James, “ felt and deplored the change. Now it is all over, we may acknowledge that perhaps even those things which we felt most disagreeable at the time were productive of eventual benefit. Formerly a few families set the fashion. From time immemorial everything had in Dublin been submitted to their hereditary authority ; and conversation, though it had been rendered polite by their example, was at the same time limited

within narrow bounds. Young people, educated upon a more enlarged plan, in time grew up ; and no authority or fashion forbidding it, necessarily rose to their just place, and enjoyed their due influence in society. The want of manners, joined to the want of knowledge in the *nouveaux riches*, created universal disgust. They were compelled, some by ridicule, some by bankruptcies, to fall back into their former places, from which they could never more emerge. In the meantime some of the Irish nobility and gentry, who had been living at an unusual expense in London—an expense beyond their incomes—were glad to return home to refit ; and they brought with them a new stock of ideas, and some taste for science and literature, which within these latter years have become fashionable—indeed, indispensable—in London. That part of the Irish aristocracy which immediately upon the first incursions of the vulgarians had fled in despair to their fastnesses in the country, hearing of the improvements which had gradually taken place in society, and assured of the final expulsion of the barbarians, ventured from their retreats and returned to their posts in town. So that now,” concluded Sir James, “ you find a society in Dublin composed of a most agreeable and salutary mixture of birth and education, gentility and knowledge, manner and matter. You see pervading the whole new life and energy, new talent, new ambition—a desire and a determination to improve and be improved—a perception that higher distinction can now be obtained in almost all company by genius and merit, than by airs and dress. So much for the higher order. Now, among the class of tradesmen and shopkeepers you may amuse yourself, my lord, by marking the difference between them and persons of the same rank in London.”

Lord Colambre had several commissions to execute for his English friends ; and he made it his amusement in every shop to observe the manners and habits of the people. He remarked that there are in Dublin two classes of tradespeople : one who go into business intent upon making it their occupation for life, and as a slow but sure means of providing for themselves and their families ; another class, who take up trade merely as a temporary resource, to which they condescend for a few years, trusting that they shall in that time make a fortune, retire, and commence, or re-commence, gentlemen. The Irish regular men of business are like all other men of business—punctual, frugal, careful, and so forth ; with the addition of more intelligence, invention, and enterprise than are usually found in Englishmen of the same rank. But the Dublin tradesmen *pro tempore* are a class by themselves. They begin without capital, buy stock upon credit, in hopes of making large profits, and, in the same hopes, sell upon credit. Now, if the credit they can obtain is longer than that which they are forced to give, they go on and prosper ; if not, they break, turn bankrupts, and sometimes as bankrupts thrive. By such men, of course, every “short-cut” to fortune is followed ; whilst every habit which requires time to prove its advantage is disregarded ; nor with such views can a character for punctuality have its just value. In the head of a man who intends to be a tradesman to-day and a gentleman to-morrow, ideas of honesty and the duties of a tradesman, and of the honour and the accomplishments of a gentleman, are oddly jumbled together, and the characteristics of both are lost in the compound.

He will oblige you, but he will not obey you ; he will

do you a favour, but he will not do you justice ; he will do anything to serve you, but the particular thing you order he neglects. He asks your pardon, for he would not, for all the goods in his warehouse, disoblige you ; not for the sake of your custom, but he has a particular regard for your family. Economy in the eyes of such a tradesman is, if not a mean vice, at least a shabby virtue, of which he is too polite to suspect his customers, and to which he is proud of proving himself superior. Many London tradesmen, after making their thousands and their tens of thousands, feel a pride in still continuing to live like plain men of business ; but from the moment a Dublin tradesman of this style has made a few hundreds he sets up his gig, and then his head is in his carriage and not in his business ; and when he has made a few thousands, he buys or builds a country-house ; and then and thenceforward his head, heart, and soul are in his country-house, and only his body in the shop with his customers.

Whilst he is making money, his wife, or rather his lady, is spending twice as much out of town as he makes in it. At the word country-house let no one figure to himself a snug little box, like that in which a " warm " London citizen, after many years of toil, indulges himself one day out of seven in repose, enjoying from his gazabo the smell of the dust and the view of passing coaches on the London road. No ; these Hibernian villas are on a much more magnificent scale. Some of them belonged formerly to Irish members of Parliament, who were at a distance from their country-seats. After the Union these were bought by citizens and tradesmen, who spoiled, by the mixture of their own fancies, what had been originally designed by men of good taste.

LADY DASHFORT.

No parties were so crowded as Lady Dashfort's ; no party deemed pleasant or fashionable where Lady Dashfort or Lady Isabel was not. The *bon mots* of the mother were everywhere repeated ; the dress and air of the daughter everywhere imitated. Yet Lord Colambre could not help being surprised at their popularity in Dublin, because, independently of all moral objections, there were causes of a different sort, sufficient, he thought, to prevent Lady Dashfort from being liked by the Irish—indeed by any society. She in general affected to be ill-bred and inattentive to the feelings and opinions of others ; careless whom she offended by her wit or by her decided tone. There are some persons in so high a region of fashion that they imagine themselves above the thunder of vulgar censure. Her rank was so high that none could dare to call her vulgar ; what would have been gross in anyone of meaner note, in her was freedom, or originality, or Lady Dashfort's way. It was Lady Dashfort's pleasure and pride to show her power in perverting the public taste. She often said to those English companions with whom she was intimate, " Now see what follies I can lead these fools into. Hear the nonsense I can make them repeat as wit." Upon some occasion one of her friends ventured to fear that something she had said was too strong. " Too strong, was it ? Well, I like to be strong ; woe to the weak." On another occasion she was told that certain visitors had seen her ladyship yawning. " Yawn, did I ?—glad of it. The yawn sent them away, or I

should have snored. Rude was I? They won't complain. To say I was rude to them would be to say that I did not think it worth my while to be otherwise. Barbarians! are not we the civilized English, come to teach them manners and fashions? Whoever does not conform, and swear allegiance too, we shall keep out of the English pale."

With Lord Colambre she played more artfully; she drew him out in defence of his beloved country, and gave him opportunities of appearing to advantage: this he could not help feeling, especially when Lady Isabel was present. Lady Dashfort had dealt long enough with human nature to know that to make any man pleased with her, she should begin by making him pleased with himself.

After talking over the nothings of the day, and after having given two or three cuts at the society of Dublin, with two or three compliments to individuals who she knew were favourites with his lordship, she suddenly turned to him:

"My lord, I think you told me, or my own sagacity discovered, that you want to see something of Ireland, and that you don't intend, like most travellers, to turn round, see nothing, and go home content."

Lord Colambre assured her ladyship that she had judged him rightly, for that nothing would content him but seeing all that was possible to be seen of his native country. It was for this special purpose he came to Ireland.

"Ah! well; very good purpose; can't be better. But now, how to accomplish it. You know the Portuguese proverb says, 'You go to hell for the good things you intend to do, and to heaven for those you do.' Now

let us see what you will do. Dublin, I suppose, you've seen enough of by this time—through and through—round and round; this makes me first giddy and then sick. Let me show you the country—not the face of it, but the body of it—the people. Not Castle this or Newtown that, but their inhabitants. I know them—I have the key or the picklock to their minds. An Irishman is as different an animal on his guard and off his guard as a miss in school from a miss out of school. A fine country for game I'll show you; and if you are a good marksman, you may have plenty of shots 'at folly as it flies.' ”

Every objection anticipated and removed, and so far a prospect held out of attaining all the information he desired, with more than all the amusement he could have expected, Lord Colambre seemed much tempted to accept the invitation; but he hesitated, because, as he said, her ladyship might be going to pay visits to persons with whom he was not acquainted.

“Bless you! don't let that be a stumbling-block in the way of your tender conscience. I am going to Killpatrickstown, where you'll be as welcome as light. You know them, they know you—at least you shall have a proper letter of invitation from my lord and my lady Killpatrick, and all that. And as to the rest, you know, a young man is always welcome everywhere, a young nobleman kindly welcome—I won't say such a young man and such a young nobleman, for that might put you to your bows or your blushes; but *nobilitas* by itself, nobility is virtue enough in all parties, in all families where there are girls, and, of course, balls, as there are always at Killpatrickstown. Don't be alarmed; you shall not be forced to dance, or asked to marry. I'll

be your security. You shall be at full liberty, and it is a house where you can do just what you will. Indeed, I go to no others. These Killpatricks are the best creatures in the world ; they think nothing good or grand enough for me. If I'd let them, they would lay down cloth of gold over their bogs for me to walk upon. Good-hearted beings," added Lady Dashfort, marking a cloud gathering on Lord Colambre's countenance ; " I laugh at them because I love them. I could not love anything I might not laugh at—your lordship excepted. So you'll come—that's settled."

And so it was settled. Our hero went to Killpatricks-town.

" Everything here sumptuous and unfinished, you see," said Lady Dashfort to Lord Colambre the day after their arrival ; " all begun as if the projectors thought they had the command of the mines of Peru ; and ended as if the possessors had not sixpence. Luxuries enough for an English prince of the blood, but not enough comforts for an English yeoman. And you may be sure that great repairs and alterations have gone on, to fit this house for our reception, and for our English eyes ! Poor people ! English visitors, in this point of view, are horribly expensive to the Irish. Did you ever hear that in the last century, or in the century before the last—to put my story far enough back, so that it shall not touch anybody living—when a certain English nobleman, Lord Blank A——, sent to let his Irish friend, Lord Blank B——, know that he and all his train were coming over to pay him a visit, the Irish nobleman, Blank B——, knowing the deplorable condition of his castle, sat down fairly to calculate whether it would cost him most to put the building in good and sufficient repair fit to receive

these English visitors, or to burn it to the ground. He found the balance to be in favour of burning, which was wisely accomplished next day. Perhaps Killpatrick would have done well to follow this example. Resolve me which is worst—to be burnt out of house and home, or to be eaten out of house and home? In this house, above and below stairs, including first and second table, housekeeper's room, lady's maid's room, butler's room, and gentlemen's, one hundred and four people sit down to dinner every day, as Petito informs me, besides kitchen-boys, and what they call *char*-women, who never sit down, but who do not eat or waste the less for that, and retainers and friends—friends to the fifth and sixth generation, who 'must get their bit and their sup'; for—'Sure, it's only Biddy,' they say," continued Lady Dashfort, imitating their Irish brogue. "And, 'sure, 'tis nothing at all out of all his honour, my lord, has. How could *he* feel it! Long life to him! He's not that way; not a couple in all Ireland, and that's saying a great dale, looks less after their own, nor is more off-handedder or open-heartedder, or greater open-house-keepers, nor my Lord and my Lady Killpatrick.' Now there's encouragement for a lord and a lady to ruin themselves."

Lady Dashfort imitated the Irish brogue in perfection; boasted that "she was mistress of fourteen different brogues, and had brogues for all occasions." By her mixture of mimicry, sarcasm, exaggeration, and truth, she succeeded in making Lord Colambre laugh at everything at which she wished to make him laugh; at every-*thing*, but not at everybody. Whenever she became personal he became serious, or at least endeavoured to become serious; and if he could not instantly resume

the command of his risible muscles, he reproached himself.

“ It is shameful to laugh at these people, indeed, Lady Dashfort, in their own house—these hospitable people who are entertaining us.”

“ Entertaining us ! True ; and if we are entertained, how can we help laughing ? ”

All expostulation was thus turned off by a jest, as it was her pride to make Lord Colambre laugh in spite of his better feelings and principles. This he saw, and this seemed to him to be her sole object ; but there he was mistaken. Off-handed as she pretended to be, none dealt more in the *impromptu fait à loisir* ; and, mentally short-sighted as she affected to be, none had more longanimity for their own interest.

It was her settled purpose to make the Irish and Ireland ridiculous and contemptible to Lord Colambre, to disgust him with his native country, to make him abandon the wish of residing on his own estate. To confirm him an absentee was her object, previously to her ultimate plan of marrying him to her daughter. Her daughter was poor ; she would, therefore, be glad to get an Irish peer for her ; but would be sorry very, she said, to see Isabel banished to Ireland ; and the young widow declared she could never bring herself to be buried alive in Clonbrony Castle.

From this time forward, not a day, scarcely an hour passed, but her ladyship did or said something to depreciate the country, or its inhabitants, in our hero's estimation. With treacherous ability she knew and followed all the arts of misrepresentation ; all those injurious arts which his friend Sir James Brooke had with such honest indignation reprobated. She knew how not only to seize

the ridiculous points to make the most respectable people ridiculous, but she knew how to select the worst instances, the worst exceptions ; and to produce them as examples, as precedents, from which to condemn whole classes and establish general false conclusions respecting a nation.

No one could with more ease and more knowledge of her ground than Lady Dashfort do the dishonours of a country.

COUNT O'HALLORAN.

One morning Lady Dashfort had formed an ingenious scheme for leaving Lady Isabel and Lord Colambre *tête-à-tête*, but the sudden entrance of Heathcock disconcerted her intentions. He came to beg Lady Dashfort's interest with Count O'Halloran for permission to hunt and shoot on his grounds next season. "Not for myself, 'pon honour, but for two officers who are quartered at the next town here, who will indubitably hang or drown themselves if they are debarred from sporting."

"Who is this Count O'Halloran?" said Lord Colambre.

Miss White, Lady Killpatrick's companion, said "he was a great oddity"; Lady Dashfort, "that he was singular"; and the clergyman of the parish, who was at breakfast, declared, "that he was a man of uncommon knowledge, merit, and politeness."

“ All I know of him,” said Heathcock, “ is, that he is a great sportsman, with a long queue, a gold-laced hat, and long skirts to a laced waistcoat.”

Lord Colambre expressed a wish to see this extraordinary personage ; and Lady Dashfort, to cover her former design, and perhaps thinking absence might be as effectual as too much propinquity, immediately offered to call upon the officers in their way and carry them with Heathcock and Lord Colambre to Halloran Castle.

They arrived at Halloran Castle—a fine old building, part of it in ruins, and part repaired with great judgment and taste. When the carriage stopped, a respectable-looking man-servant appeared on the steps, at the open hall door.

Count O'Halloran was out fishing, but his servant said that he would be at home immediately, if Lady Dashfort and the gentlemen would be pleased to walk in.

On one side of the lofty and spacious hall stood the skeleton of an elk ; on the other side, the perfect skeleton of a moose-deer, which, as the servant said, his master had made out with great care from the different bones of many of this curious species of deer found in the lakes in the neighbourhood. The leash of officers witnessed their wonder with sundry strange oaths and exclamations.

“ Eh ! 'pon honour—re'lly now ! ” said Heathcock ; and too genteel to wonder at or admire anything in the creation, dragged out his watch with some difficulty, saying, “ I wonder, now, whether they are likely to think of giving us anything to eat in this place ? ” And turning his back upon the moose-deer, he straight

walked out again upon the steps, called to his groom, and began to make some inquiry about his led horse. Lord Colambre surveyed the prodigious skeletons with rational curiosity, and with that sense of awe and admiration by which a superior mind is always struck on beholding any of the great works of Providence.

“Come, my dear lord!” said Lady Dashfort; “with our sublime sensations, we are keeping my old friend, Mr. Ulick Brady, this venerable person, waiting to show us into the reception-room.”

The servant bowed respectfully—more respectfully than servants of modern date.

“My lady, the reception-room has been lately painted; the smell of paint may be disagreeable; with your leave, I will take the liberty of showing you into my master’s study.”

He opened the door, went in before her, and stood holding up his finger as if making a signal of silence to someone within. Her ladyship entered, and found herself in the midst of an odd assembly—an eagle, a goat, a dog, an otter, several gold and silver fish in a glass globe, and a white mouse in a cage. The eagle, quick of eye but quiet of demeanour, was perched upon his stand; the otter lay under the table, perfectly harmless; the Angora goat, a beautiful and remarkable little creature of its kind, with long, curling, silky hair, was walking about the room with the air of a beauty and a favourite; the dog, a tall Irish greyhound—one of the few of that fine race, which is now almost extinct—had been given to Count O’Halloran by an Irish nobleman, a relation of Lady Dashfort’s. This dog, which had formerly known her ladyship, looked at her with ears erect, recognised her, and went to meet her the moment she entered.

The servant answered for the peaceable behaviour of all the rest of the company of animals, and retired. Lady Dashfort began to feed the eagle from a silver plate on his stand ; Lord Colambre examined the inscription on his collar ; the other men stood in amaze. Heathcock, who came in last, astonished out of his constant " Eh ! re'lly now ! " the moment he put himself in at the door, exclaimed, " Zounds ! what's all this live lumber ? "—and he stumbled over the goat, who was at that moment crossing the way. The colonel's spur caught in the goat's curly beard ; the colonel shook his foot, and entangled the spur worse and worse ; the goat struggled and butted ; the colonel skated forward on the polished oak floor, balancing himself with outstretched arms.

The indignant eagle screamed, and passing by, perched on Heathcock's shoulders. Too well-bred to have recourse to the terrors of his beak, he scrupled not to scream, and flap his wings about the colonel's ears. Lady Dashfort the while threw herself back in her chair, laughing, and begging Heathcock's pardon. " Oh ! take care of the dog, my dear colonel ! " cried she ; " for this kind of dog seizes his enemy by the back, and shakes him to death." The officers, holding their sides, laughed, and begged—no pardon. Lord Colambre, the only person who was not absolutely incapacitated, tried to disentangle the spur, and to liberate the colonel from the goat, and the goat from the colonel—an attempt in which he at last succeeded, at the expense of a considerable portion of the goat's beard. The eagle, however, still kept his place ; and yet mindful of the wrongs of his insulted friend the goat, had stretched his wings to give another buffet. Count O'Halloran entered ; and the bird, quitting his prey, flew down to greet his

master. The count was a fine old military-looking gentleman, fresh from fishing. With his fishing accoutrements hanging carelessly about him, he advanced, unembarrassed, to Lady Dashfort, and received his other guests with a mixture of military ease and gentlemanlike dignity.

Without adverting to the awkward and ridiculous situation in which he had found poor Heathcock, he apologised in general for his troublesome favourites. "For one of them," said he, patting the head of the dog, which lay quiet at Lady Dashfort's feet, "I see I have no need to apologise; he is where he ought to be. Poor fellow! he has never lost his taste for the good company to which he was early accustomed. As to the rest," said he, turning to Lady Dashfort, "a mouse, a bird, and a fish are, you know, tribute from earth, air, and water, to a conqueror."

"But from no barbarous Scythian!" said Lord Colambre, smiling. The count looked at Lord Colambre as at a person worthy his attention; but his first care was to keep the peace between his loving subjects and his foreign visitors. It was difficult to dislodge the old settlers, and to make room for the new comers; but he adjusted these things with admirable facility, and with a master's hand and master's eye compelled each favourite to retreat into the back settlements. With becoming attention he stroked and kept his eagle, old Victory, quiet, who eyed Colonel Heathcock still as if he did not like him, and which the colonel eyed as if he wished his neck fairly wrung off. The little goat had nestled himself close to his liberator, Lord Colambre, and lay perfectly quiet with his eyes closed, going very wisely to sleep, and submitting philosophically to the loss of one-half of his

beard. Conversation now commenced, and was carried on by Count O'Halloran with much ability and spirit, and with such quickness of discrimination and delicacy of taste as quite surprised and delighted our hero. To the lady the count's attention was first directed. He listened to her as she spoke, bending with an air of deference and devotion. She made her request for permission for Major Benson and Captain Williamson to hunt and shoot in his grounds next season, which was instantly granted.

"Her ladyship's requests were to him commands," the count said. "His gamekeeper should be instructed to give the gentlemen, her friends, every liberty and all possible assistance."

Then turning to the officers, he said he had just heard that several regiments of English militia had lately landed in Ireland; that one regiment was at Killpatrickstown. He rejoiced in the advantages Ireland, and he hoped he might be permitted to add England, would probably derive from the exchange of the militia of both countries; habits would be improved, ideas enlarged. The two countries have the same interest; and from the inhabitants discovering more of each other's good qualities, and interchanging little good offices in common life, their esteem and affection for each other would increase, and rest upon the firm basis of mutual utility.

To all this Major Benson answered only, "We are not militia officers."

"The major looks so like a stuffed man of straw," whispered Lady Dashfort to Lord Colambre, "and the captain so like the knave of clubs, putting forth one manly leg."

Count O'Halloran now turned the conversation to

field sports, and then the captain and major opened at once.

But at this instant our hero's attention was distracted by seeing in a black-letter book this title of a chapter : " Burial-place of the Nugents."

The count produced from an Indian cabinet, which he had opened for the lady's inspection, a little basket containing a variety of artificial flies, of curious construction, which, as he spread them on the table, made Williamson and Benson's eyes almost sparkle with delight. There was the dun-fly, for the month of March ; and the stone-fly, much in vogue for April ; and the ruddy-fly, of red wool, black silk, and red capon's feathers.

" And the green-fly, and the moorish-fly !" cried Benson, snatching them up with transport ; " and chief, the sad yellow-fly, in which the fish delight in June ; the sad-yellow-fly, made with the buzzard's wings, bound with black braked hemp ; and the shell-fly, for the middle of July, made of greenish wool, wrapped about with the herle of a peacock's tail, famous for creating excellent sport." All these and more were spread upon the table before the sportsmen's wondering eyes.

" Capital flies ! capital, faith !" cried Williamson.

" Treasures, faith ! real treasures, by G— !" cried Benson.

" Eh, 'pon honour ! re'lly now," were the first words which Heathcock had uttered since his battle with the goat.

" My dear Heathcock, are you alive still ?" said Lady Dashfort ; " I had really forgotten your existence."

So had Count O'Halloran, but he did not say so.

" Your ladyship has the advantage of me there," said

Heathcock, stretching himself ; “ I wish I could forget my existence, for, in my mind, existence is a horrible bore.”

“ I thought you was a sportsman,” said Williamson.

“ Well, sir ? ”

“ And a fisherman ? ”

“ Well, sir ? ”

“ Why, look you there, sir,” pointing to the flies, “ and tell a body life’s a bore.”

“ One can’t always fish or shoot, I apprehend,” said Heathcock.

“ Not always—but sometimes,” said Williamson, laughing ; “ for I suspect shrewdly you’ve forgotten some of your sporting in Bond Street.”

“ Eh ! ’pon honour ! re’lly now ! ” said the colonel, retreating again to his safe entrenchment of affectation, from which he never could venture without imminent danger.

“ ’Pon honour,” cried Lady Dashfort, “ I can swear for Heathcock that I have eaten excellent hares and ducks of his shooting, which, to my knowledge,” added she in a loud whisper, “ he bought in the market.”

“ *Emptum oprum !* ” said Lord Colambre to the count, without danger of being understood by those whom it concerned.

The count smiled a second time ; but politely turning the attention of the company from the unfortunate colonel by addressing himself to the laughing sportsmen, “ Gentlemen, you seem to value these,” said he, sweeping the artificial flies from the table into the little basket from which they had been taken ; “ would you do me the honour of accepting them ? They are all of my own making, and consequently of Irish manufacture.” Then

ringing the bell, he asked Lady Dashfort's permission to have the basket put into her carriage.

Benson and Williamson followed the servant, to prevent them from being tossed into the boot. Heathcock stood still in the middle of the room, taking snuff.

Count O'Halloran turned from him to Lord Colambre, who had just got happily to the burial-place of the Nugents, when Lady Dashfort, coming between them and spying the title of the chapter, exclaimed :

“ What have you there ? Antiquities ! My delight ! But I never look at engravings when I can see realities.”

Lord Colambre was then compelled to follow, as she led the way into the hall, where the count took down golden ornaments, and brass-headed spears, and jointed horns of curious workmanship, that had been found on his estate ; and he told of spermaceti wrapped in carpets, and he showed small urns enclosing ashes ; and from among these urns he selected one which he put into the hands of Lord Colambre, telling him that it had been lately found in an old abbey-ground in his neighbourhood, which had been the burial-place of some of the Nugent family.

“ I was just looking at the account of it in the book which you saw open on my table. As you seem to take an interest in that family, my lord, perhaps,” said the count, “ you may think this urn worth your acceptance.”

Lord Colambre said, “ It would be highly valuable to him, as the Nugents were his near relations.”

Lady Dashfort little expected this blow ; she, however, carried him off to the moose-deer, and from moose-deer to round towers, to various architectural antiquities, and to the real and fabulous history of Ireland ; on all which the count spoke with learning and enthusiasm. But

now, to Colonel Heathcock's great joy and relief, a handsome collation appeared in the dining-room, of which Ulick opened the folding-doors.

"Count, you have made an excellent house of your castle," said Lady Dashfort.

"It will be when it is finished," said the count; "I am afraid," added he smiling, "I live like many other Irish gentlemen, who never are, but always to be, blessed with a good house. I began upon too large a scale, and can never hope to live to finish it."

"'Pon honour! here's a good thing, which I hope we shall live to finish," said Heathcock, sitting down before the collation; and heartily did he eat of grouse-pie and of Irish ortolans, which, as Lady Dashfort observed, "afforded him indemnity for the past and security for the future."

"Eh! re'lly now, your Irish ortolans are famous good eating," said Heathcock.

"Worth being quartered in Ireland, faith, to taste 'em," said Benson.

Whilst "they prolonged the rich repast," Lady Dashfort and Lord Colambre went to the window to admire the prospect. Lady Dashfort asked the count the name of some distant hill.

"Ah," said the count, "that hill was once covered with fine wood; but it was all cut down two years ago."

"Who could have been so cruel?" said her ladyship.

"I forget the present proprietor's name," said the count; "but he is one of those who, according to the clause of distress in their leases, lead, drive, and carry away, but never enter their lands; one of those enemies to Ireland—these cruel absentees!"

Lady Dashfort looked through her glass at the moun-

tain. Lord Colambre sighed, and, endeavouring to pass it off with a smile, said frankly to the count :

“ You are not aware, I am sure, count, that you are speaking to the son of an Irish absentee family. Nay, do not be shocked, my dear sir ; I tell you only because I thought it fair to do so. But let me assure you that nothing you could say on that subject could hurt me personally, because I feel that I am not, that I never can be, an enemy to Ireland. An absentee voluntarily I never yet have been ; and as to the future, I declare——”

“ I declare you know nothing of the future,” interrupted Lady Dashfort, in a half-peremptory, half-playful tone. “ You know nothing ; make no rash vows, and you will break none.”

The undaunted assurance of Lady Dashfort’s genius for intrigue gave her an air of frank imprudence which prevented Lord Colambre from suspecting that more was meant than met the ear. The count and he took leave of one another with mutual regard ; and Lady Dashfort rejoiced to have got our hero out of Halloran Castle.

A GOOD LAND-AGENT.

Some of the principal gentry of this part of the country happened to dine at Oranmore during Lord Colambre’s visit. He was surprised at the discovery that there were so many agreeable, well-informed and well-bred people, of whom, while he was at Killpatrickstown, he had seen nothing. He now discerned how far he had been deceived by Lady Dashfort.

Both the count and Lord and Lady Oranmore, who were warmly attached to their country, exhorted him to make amends for the time he had lost by seeing with his own eyes and judging with his own understanding of the country and its inhabitants during the remainder of the time he was to stay in Ireland. The higher classes in most countries, they observed, were generally similar, but in the lower class he would find many characteristic differences.

When he first came to Ireland he had been very eager to go and see his father's estate, and to judge of the conduct of his agents and the condition of his tenantry ; but this eagerness had subsided, and the design had almost faded from his mind, whilst under the influence of Lady Dashfort's misrepresentations. A mistake relative to some remittance from his banker in Dublin obliged him to delay his journey a few days, and during that time Lord and Lady Oranmore showed him the neat cottages and well-attended schools in their neighbourhood. They showed him not only what could be done, but what had been done, by the influence of great proprietors residing on their own estates, and encouraging the people by judicious kindness.

He saw, he acknowledged, the truth of this ; but it did not come home to his feelings now as it would have done a little while ago. His views and plans were altered. He looked forward to the idea of marrying and settling in Ireland, and then everything in the country was interesting to him ; but since he had forbidden himself to think of a union with Miss Nugent his mind had lost its object ; he was not sufficiently calm to think of the public good, his thoughts were absorbed by his private concern. He knew and admitted that he ought to visit

his own and his father's estates and to see the condition of his tenantry ; he desired to fulfil his duties, but they ceased to appear to him easy and pleasurable, for hope and love no longer brightened his prospects.

That he might see and hear more than he could do as heir-apparent to the estate, he sent his servant to Dublin to wait for him there. He travelled *incognito*, wrapped himself in a shabby greatcoat, and took the name of Evans. He arrived at a village, or, as it was called, a town, which bore the name of Colambre. He was agreeably surprised by the air of neatness and finish in the houses and in the street, which had a nicely-swept paved footway. He slept in a small but excellent inn—excellent perhaps because it was small, and proportioned to the situation and business of the place. Good supper, good bed, good attendance ; nothing out of repair ; no things pressed into services for which they were never intended by nature or art ; none of what are vulgarly called make-shifts. No chambermaid slipshod, or waiter smelling of whiskey ; but everybody doing their own business, and doing it as if it were their every-day occupation, not as if it were done by particular desire for the first or last time this season. The landlord came in at supper to inquire whether anything was wanted. Lord Colambre took this opportunity of entering into conversation with him, and asked him to whom the town belonged, and who were the proprietors of the neighbouring estates.

“ The town belongs to an absentee lord—one Lord Clonbrony, who lives always beyond the seas, in London, and who had never seen the town since it was worthy of the name.”

“ And does the land in the neighbourhood belong to this Lord Clonbrony ? ”

“ It does, sir ; he is a great proprietor, but knows nothing of his property, nor of us. Never set foot among us, to my knowledge, since I was as high as the table. He might as well be a West India planter, and we negroes, for anything he knows to the contrary—has no more care nor thought about us than if we were in Jamaica or the other world. Shame for him ! But there’s too many to keep him in countenance.”

Lord Colambre asked him what wine he could have ; and then inquired who managed the estate for this absentee.

“ Mr. Burke, sir. And I don’t know why God was so kind to give so good an agent to an absentee like Lord Clonbrony, except it was for the sake of us who is under him, and knows the blessing, and is thankful for the same.”

“ Very good cutlets,” said Lord Colambre.

“ I am happy to hear it, sir. They have a right to be good, for Mrs. Burke sent her own cook to teach my wife to dress cutlets.”

“ So the agent is a good agent, is he ? ”

“ He is, thanks be to heaven ! And that’s what few can boast, especially when the landlord’s living over the seas. We have the luck to have got a good agent over us in Mr. Burke, who is a right-bred gentleman. He has a snug little property of his own, honestly made ; with the good will and good wishes and respect of all.”

“ Does he live in the neighbourhood ? ”

“ Just convenient. At the end of the town ; in the house on the hill as you passed, sir ; to the left, with the trees about it, all of his own planting, finely grown too—for there’s a blessing on all he does—and he has done a deal.”

“ There’s salad, sir, if you are partial to it. Very fine lettuce. Mrs. Burke sent us the plants herself.”

“ Excellent salad ! So this Mr Burke has done a great deal, has he ? In what way ? ”

“ In every way, sir. Sure was it not he that had improved and fostered and made the town of Colambre ? No thanks to the proprietor nor to the young man whose name it bears, neither.”

“ Have you any porter, sir ? ”

“ We have, sir, as good, I hope, as you’d drink in London, for it’s the same you get there, I understand, from Cork. And I have some of my own brewing, which, they say, you could not tell the difference between it and Cork quality—if you’d be pleased to try. Harry, the corkscrew.”

The porter of his own brewing was pronounced to be extremely good ; and the landlord observed it was Mr. Burke encouraged him to learn to brew, and lent him his own brewer for a time to teach him.

“ Your Mr. Burke, I find, is apropos to porter, apropos to salad, apropos to cutlets, apropos to everything,” said Lord Colambre, smiling. “ He seems to be a very uncommon agent. I suppose you are a great favourite of his, and you do what you please with him.”

“ Oh no, sir ; I could not say that. Mr. Burke does not have favourites anyway ; but, according to my deserts, I trust I stand well enough with him, for, in truth, he is a right good agent.”

Upon making further inquiries, everything the inn-keeper had said was confirmed by different inhabitants of the village. Lord Colambre conversed with the shop-keepers, with the cottagers ; and without making any alarming inquiries, he obtained all the information he

wanted. He went to the village school—a pretty cheerful house, with a neat garden and a play-green ; met Mrs. Burke ; introduced himself to her as a traveller. The school was shown to him. It was just what it ought to be—neither too much nor too little had been attempted ; there was neither too much interference nor too little attention. Nothing for exhibition ; care to teach well, without any vain attempt to teach in a wonderfully short time. All that experience proves to be useful in both Dr. Bell's and Mr. Lancaster's modes of teaching Mrs. Burke had adopted, leaving it to “ graceless zealots ” to fight about the rest. That no attempts at proselytism had been made, and that no illiberal distinctions had been made in his school, Lord Colambre was convinced, in the best manner possible, by seeing the children of Protestants and Catholics sitting on the same benches, learning from the same books, and speaking to one another with the same cordial familiarity. Mrs. Burke was an unaffected, sensible woman, free from all party prejudices, and, without ostentation, desirous and capable of doing good. Lord Colambre was much pleased with her, and very glad that she invited him to tea.

Mr. Burke did not come in till late, for he had been detained portioning out some meadows which were of great consequence to the inhabitants of the town. He brought home to tea with him the clergyman and the priest of the parish, both of whom he had taken successful pains to accommodate with the land which suited them. The good terms on which they seemed to be with each other, and with him, appeared to Lord Colambre to do honour to Mr. Burke. All the favourable accounts his lordship had received of this gentleman were confirmed by what he saw and heard. After the clergyman and

priest had taken leave, upon Lord Colambre's expressing some surprise, mixed with satisfaction, at seeing the harmony which subsisted between them, Mr. Burke assured him that this was the same in many parts of Ireland. He observed that, "as the suspicion of ill-will never fails to produce it," so he had often found that, taking it for granted that no ill-will exists, has the most conciliating effect. He said, to please opposite parties, he used no arts ; but he tried to make all his neighbours live comfortably together, by making them acquainted with each other's good qualities ; by giving them opportunities of meeting sociably, and from time to time of doing each other little services and good offices. "Fortunately, he had so much to do," he said, "that he had no time for controversy. He was a plain man, made it a rule not to meddle with speculative points, and to avoid all irritating discussions ; he was not to rule the country, but to live in it, and make others live as happily as he could."

Having nothing to conceal in his character, opinions, or circumstances, Mr. Burke was perfectly open and unreserved in his manner and conversation ; freely answered all the traveller's inquiries, and took pains to show him everything he desired to see. Lord Colambre said he had thoughts of settling in Ireland ; and declared, with truth, that he had not seen any part of the country he should like better to live in than this neighbourhood. He went over most of the estate with Mr. Burke, and had ample opportunities of convincing himself that this gentleman was indeed, as the innkeeper had described him, "a right good gentleman, and a right good agent."

He paid Mr. Burke some just compliments on the state

of the tenantry, and the neat and flourishing appearance of the town of Colambre.

“What pleasure it will give the proprietor when he sees all you have done!” said Lord Colambre.

“Oh, sir, don’t speak of it! That breaks my heart. He never has shown the least interest in anything I have done; he is quite dissatisfied with me because I have not ruined his tenantry by forcing them to pay more than the land is worth; because I have not squeezed money from them by fining down rents; and—but all this, as an Englishman, sir, must be unintelligible to you. The end of the matter is, that, attached as I am to this place and the people about me, and, as I hope, the tenantry are to me, I fear I shall be obliged to give up the agency.”

“Give up the agency! How so? You must not,” cried Lord Colambre; and for the moment he forgot himself. But Mr. Burke took this only for an expression of good-will.

“I must, I am afraid,” continued he. “My employer, Lord Clonbrony, is displeased with me—continual calls for money come upon me from England, and complaints of my slow remittances.”

“Perhaps Lord Clonbrony is in embarrassed circumstances,” said Lord Colambre.

“I never speak of my employer’s affairs, sir,” replied Mr. Burke, now for the first time assuming an air of reserve.

“I beg pardon; I seem to have asked an indiscreet question.”

Mr. Burke was silent.

“Lest my reserve should give you a false impression, I will add, sir,” resumed Mr. Burke, “that I really am

not acquainted with the state of his lordship's affairs in general. I know only what belongs to the estate under my own management. The principal part of his lordship's property, the Clonbrony estate, is under another agent, Mr. Garraghty."

"Garraghty!" repeated Lord Colambre. "What sort of a person is he? But I may take it for granted that it cannot fall to the lot of one and the same absentee to have two such agents as Mr. Burke."

Mr. Burke bowed, and seemed pleased with the compliment, which he knew he deserved. But not a word did he say of Mr. Garraghty; and Lord Colambre, afraid of betraying himself by some other indiscreet question, changed the conversation.

LARRY THE POSTILION.

He pursued his way to Clonbrony, his father's other estate, which was at a considerable distance from Colambre. He was resolved to know what kind of agent Mr. Nicholas Garraghty might be, who was to supersede Mr. Burke, and by power of attorney to be immediately entitled to receive and manage the Colambre as well as the Clonbrony estate.

Towards the evening of the second day's journey the driver of Lord Colambre's hackney chaise stopped, and, jumping off the wooden bar on which he had been seated, exclaimed:

"We're come to the bad part now. The bad road's beginning upon us, plase your honour."

“Bad road! That is very uncommon in this country. I never saw such fine roads as you have in Ireland.”

“That’s true, and God bless your honour that’s sensible of that same; for it is not what all the foreign quality I drive have the manners to notice. God bless your honour! I heard you’re a Welshman; but whether or no, I am sure you are a gentleman anyway, Welsh or other.”

Notwithstanding the shabby greatcoat, the shrewd postilion perceived by our hero’s language that he was a gentleman. After much dragging at the horses’ heads, and pushing and lifting, the carriage was got over what the postilion said was the worst part of “the bad step”; but as the road “was not yet to say good,” he continued walking beside the carriage.

“It’s only bad just hereabouts, and that by accident,” said he, “on account of there being no jantleman resident in it, nor near; but only a bit of an under-agent, a great little rogue, who gets his own turn out of the roads and everything else in life. I, Larry Brady, that am telling your honour, have a good right to know; for myself, and my father, and my brother, Pat Brady, the wheelwright, had once a farm under him, but was ruined—horse and foot, all along with him—and cast out; and my brother forced to fly the country, and is now working in some coachmaker’s yard in London, banished he is; and here am I forced to be what I am. And now that I’m reduced to drive a hack, the agent’s a curse to me still, with these bad roads killing my horses and wheels and a shame to the country, which I think more of—bad luck to him!”

“I know your brother; he lives with Mr. Mordicai in Long Acre, in London.”

“ Oh, God bless you for that ! ”

They came at this time within view of a range of about four and twenty men and boys, sitting astride on four and twenty heaps of broken stones on each side of the road ; they were all armed with hammers, with which they began to pound with great diligence and noise as soon as they saw the carriage. The chaise passed between these batteries, the stones flying on all sides.

“ How are you, Jem ? How are you, Phil ? ” said Larry. “ But hold your hand, can’t ye, while I stop and get the stones out of the horses’ feet. So you’re making up the rent, are you, for St. Dennis ? ”

“ Whoosh ! ” said one of the pounders, coming close to the postilion, and pointing his thumb back towards the chaise. “ Who have you in it ? ”

“ Oh, you need not scruple, he’s a very honest man ; he’s only a man from North Wales, one Mr. Evans, an innocent jantleman that’s sent over to travel up and down the country to find is there any copper-mines in it.”

“ How do you know, Larry ? ”

“ Because I know very well from one that was tould, and I seen him tax the man of the ‘ King’s Head ’ with a copper half-crown at first sight, which was only lead to look at, you’d think, to them that was not skilful in copper. So lend me a knife till I cut a linchpin out of the hedge, for this one won’t go far.”

Whilst Larry was making the linchpin, all scruple being removed, his question about St. Dennis and the rent was answered.

“ Ay, it’s the rint, sure enough, we’re pounding out for him ; for he sent the driver round last night was eight days, to warn us Old Nick would be down a’ Monday to take a sweep among us ; and there’s only

six clear days, Saturday night, before the assizes, sure ; so we must see and get it finished anyway to clear the presentment again' the swearing day, for he and Paddy Hart is the overseers themselves, and Paddy is to swear to it."

" St. Dennis, is it ? Then you've one great comfort and security—that he won't be particular about the swearing, for since ever he had his head on his shoulders an oath never stuck in St. Dennis's throat more than in his own brother, Old Nick's."

" His head upon his shoulders ! " repeated Lord Colambre. " Pray, did you ever hear that St. Dennis's head was off his shoulders ? "

" It never was, plase your honour, to my knowledge."

" Did you never, among your saints, hear of St. Dennis carrying his head in his hand ? " said Lord Colambre.

" The rale saint ! " said the postilion, suddenly changing his tone and looking shocked. " Oh, don't be talking that way of the saints, plase your honour."

" Then of what St. Dennis were you talking just now ? Whom do you mean by St. Dennis, and whom do you call Old Nick ? "

" Old Nick," answered the postilion, coming close to the side of the carriage and whispering—" Old Nick, plase your honour, is our nickname for one Nicholas Garraghty, Esq., of College Green, Dublin ; and St. Dennis is his brother Dennis, who is Old Nick's brother in all things, and would fain be a saint, only he's a sinner. He lives just by here in the country, under-agent to Lord Clonbrony, as Old Nick is upper-agent. It's only a joke among the people, that are not fond of them at all. Lord Clonbrony himself is a very good

jantleman, if he was not an absentee, resident in London, leaving us and everything to the likes of them."

Lord Colambre listened with all possible composure and attention ; but the postilion having now made his linchpin of wood and fixed himself, he mounted his bar, and drove on, saying to Lord Colambre as he looked at the roadmakers :

" Poor cratures ! They couldn't keep their cattle out of pound or themselves out of jail but by making this road."

" Is roadmaking then a very profitable business ? Have roadmakers higher wages than other men in this part of the country ? "

" It is, and it is not. They have and they have not, plase your honour."

" I don't understand you ! "

" No, beca-ase you're an Englishman—that is, a Welshman—I beg your honour's pardon. But I'll tell you how that is, and I'll go slow over these broken stones, for I can't go fast. It is where there's no jantleman over these under-agents, as here, they do as they plase ; and when they have set the land, they get rasonable from the head landlords, to poor cratures at a rack-rent, that they can't live and pay the rent, they say——"

" Who says ? "

" Them under-agents that have no conscience at all. Not all, but some, like Dennis, says, says he, ' I'll get you a road to make up the rent ' ; that is, plase your honour, the agent gets them a presentment for so many perches of road from the grand jury at twice the price that would make the road. And tenants are by this means, as they take the road by contract at the price given by the county, able to pay all they get by the job,

over and above potatoes and salt, back again to the agent, for the arrear on the land. Do I make your honour sensible ? ”

“ You make me much more sensible than I ever was before,” said Lord Colambre ; “ but is not this cheating the county ? ”

“ Well, and suppose,” replied Larry, “ is it not all for my good, and yours too, plase your honour ? ” said Larry, looking very shrewdly.

“ My good ! ” said Lord Colambre, startled. “ What have I to do with it ? ”

“ Haven’t you to do with the roads as well as me when you’re travelling upon them, plase your honour ? And sure, they’d never be got made at all if they weren’t made this way ; and it’s the best way in the wide world, and the finest roads we have. And when the rale jantlemen’s resident in the country, there’s no jobbing can be, because they’re then the leading men on the grand jury ; and these journeymen jantlemen are then kept in order, and all’s right.”

Lord Colambre was much surprised at Larry’s knowledge of the manner in which county business is managed, as well as by his shrewd good sense. He did not know that this is not uncommon in his rank of life in Ireland.

Whilst Larry was speaking Lord Colambre was looking from side to side at the desolation of the prospect.

“ So this is Lord Clonbrony’s estate, is it ? ”

“ Ay, all you see, and as far and farther than you can see. My Lord Clonbrony wrote and ordered plantations here some time back, and enough was paid to labourers for ditching and planting. And what next ? Why, what did the under-agent do, but let the goats in through gaps, left o’ purpose, to bark the trees, and then the

trees was all banished. And next the cattle was let in trespassing, and winked at, till the land was all poached ; and then the land was waste, and cried down ; and Saint Dennis wrote up to Dublin to Old Nick, and he over to the landlord, how none would take it, or bid anything at all for it. So then it fell to him a cheap bargain. Oh, the tricks of them ! Who knows 'em if I don't ? ”

Presently Lord Colambre's attention was roused again by seeing a man running as if for his life across a bog, near the roadside. He leaped over the ditch, and was upon the road in an instant. He seemed startled at first at the sight of the carriage ; but looking at the postilion, Larry nodded ; and he smiled and said :

“ All's safe ! ”

“ Pray, my good friend, may I ask what that is you have on your shoulder ? ” said Lord Colambre.

“ Plase your honour, it is only a private still, which I've just caught out yonder in the bog ; and I'm carrying it in with all speed to the gauger, to make a discovery, that the jantleman may benefit by the reward. I expect he'll make me a compliment.”

“ Get up behind, and I'll give you a lift,” said the postilion.

“ Thank you kindly, but better my legs ! ” said the man ; and turning down a lane, off he ran again as fast as possible.

“ Except he'll make me a compliment ! ” repeated Lord Colambre, “ to make a discovery.”

“ Ay, plase your honour ; for the law is,” said Larry, “ that if an unlawful still—that is, a still without licence for whiskey—is found, half the benefit of the fine that's put upon the parish goes to him that made the discovery.

That's what that man is after, for he's an informer."

"I should not have thought, from what I see of you," said Lord Colambre, smiling, "that you, Larry, would have offered an informer a lift."

"Oh, plase your honour," said Larry, smiling archly, "would not I give the laws a lift when in my power?"

Scarcely had he uttered these words, and scarcely was the informer out of sight, when, across the same bog and over the ditch, comes another man—a half kind of gentleman, with a red silk handkerchief about his neck, and a silver-handled whip in his hand.

"Did you see any man pass the road, friend?" said he to the postilion.

"Oh! who would I see, or why would I tell?" replied Larry in sulky tone.

"Come, come, be smart!" said the man with the silver whip, offering to put half-a-crown into the postilion's hand; "point me which way he took."

"I'll have none o' your silver!—don't touch me with it!" said Larry. "But if you'll take my advice, you'll strike across back, and follow the fields, out to Killogenesawee."

The exciseman set out again immediately in an opposite direction to that which the man who carried the still had taken. Lord Colambre now perceived that the pretended informer had been running off to conceal a still of his own.

"The gauger, plase your honour," said Larry, looking back at Lord Colambre, "the gauger is a still-hunting!"

"And you put him on a wrong scent!" said Lord Colambre.

"Sure I told him no lie; I only said, 'If you'll take

my advice.' And why was he such a fool as to take my advice when I wouldn't take his fee ? ”

“ So this is the way, Larry, you give a lift to the laws ! ”

“ If the laws would give a lift to me, please your honour, maybe I'd do as much by them. But it's only these revenue laws I mean ; for I never to my knowledge broke another commandment. It's what no honest poor man among his neighbours would scruple to take—a glass of potsheen.”

“ A glass of what, in the name of heaven ? ” said Lord Colambre.

“ Potsheen, please your honour ; beca-ase it's the little whiskey that's made in the private still or pot ; and *sheen*, because it's a fond word for whatsoever we'd like, and for what we have little of and would make much of. After taking the glass of it, no man could go and inform to ruin the cratures ; for they all shelter on that estate under favour of them that go shares and make rent of 'em ; but I'd never inform again' 'em. And, after all, if the truth was known, and Lord Clonbrony should be informed against, and presented, for it is his neglect is the bottom of the nuisance——”

“ I find all the blame is thrown upon this poor Lord Clonbrony,” said Lord Colambre.

“ Beca-ase he is absent,” said Larry. “ It would not be so was he present. But your honour was talking to me about the laws. Your honour's a stranger in this country, and astray about them things. Sure, why would I mind the laws about whiskey more than the quality or the jidge on the bench ? ”

“ What do you mean ? ”

“ Why, was I not present in the court-house myself, when the jidge was on the bench judging a still, and

across the court came in one with a sly jug of potsheen for the jidge himself, who preferred it, when the right thing, to claret ; and when I seen that, by the laws ! a man might talk himself dumb to me after again' potsheen, or in favour of the revenue or revenue officers. And there they may go on with their gaugers, and their surveyors, and their supervisors, and their watching officers, and their coursing officers, setting 'em one after another, or one over the head of another, or what way they will ; we can baffle and laugh at 'em. Didn't I know, next door to our inn, last year, ten watching officers set upon one distiller, and he was too cunning for them ; and it will always be so while ever the people think it no sin. No ; till then not all their dockets and permits signify a rush or a turf. And the gauging-rod even, who fears it ? They may spare that rod, for it will never mend the child."

How much longer Larry's dissertation on the distillery laws would have continued had not his ideas been interrupted, we cannot guess ; but he saw he was coming to a town, and he gathered up the reins and plied the whip, ambitious to make a figure in the eyes of its inhabitants.

This town consisted of one row of miserable huts, sunk beneath the side of the road, the mud walls crooked in every direction ; some of them opening in wide cracks or zigzag fissures, from top to bottom, as if there had just been an earthquake. All the roofs were sunk in various places ; the thatch was off, or overgrown with grass. There were no chimneys, the smoke making its way through a hole in the roof, or rising in clouds from the top of the open door. Dunghills stood before the doors, and green standing puddles ; and squalid children, with scarcely rags to cover them, gazing at the carriage.

“Nugent’s town,” said the postilion; “once a snug place when my Lady Clonbrony was at home to white-wash it, and the like.”

As they drove by, some men and women put their heads through the smoke out of the cabins; pale women with long black or yellow locks; men with countenances and figures bereft of hope and energy.

“Wretched, wretched people!” said Lord Colambre.

“Then it’s not their fault neither,” said Larry; “for my uncle’s one of them; and as thriving and hard a working man as could be in all Ireland he was afore he was tramped under foot, and his heart broke. I was at his funeral, this time last year; and for it may the agent’s own heart, if he has any, burn——”

Lord Colambre interrupted this denunciation by touching Larry’s shoulder, and asking some question, which, as Larry did not distinctly comprehend, he pulled up the reins, and the vehicle suddenly stopped.

“I did not hear well, plase your honour.”

“What are those people?” said Lord Colambre, pointing to a man and woman, curious figures, who had come out of a cabin, the door of which the woman, who came out last, locked. She then carefully hid the key in the thatch, turned her back upon the man, and they walked away in different directions. The woman was bending under a huge bundle on her back, covered by a yellow petticoat turned over her shoulders; from the top of this bundle the head of an infant appeared; a little boy, almost naked, followed her with a kettle, and two girls one of whom could but just walk, held her hand and clung to her ragged petticoat; forming, all together, a complete group of beggars. The woman stopped and looked after the man.

The man was a Spanish-looking figure, with grey hair ; a wallet hung at the end of a stick over one shoulder, a reaping-hook in the other hand. He walked off stoutly, without ever casting a look behind him.

“ A kind harvest to you, John Dolan,” cried the postilion, “ and success to ye, Winny, with the quality. There’s a luck-penny for the child to begin with,” added he, throwing the child a penny. “ Your honour, they’re only poor cratures going up the country to beg, while the man goes over to reap the harvest in England. Nor this would not be neither if the lord was in it to give ’em employ. That man, now, was a good and a willing slave in his day. I mind him working with myself in the shrubberies at Clonbrony Castle when I was a boy ; but I’ll not be detaining your honour, now the road’s better.”

The postilion drove on at a good rate for some time, till he came to a piece of the road freshly covered with broken stones, over which he was obliged to travel slowly.

They overtook a string of cars on which were piled up high, beds, tables, chairs, trunks, boxes, band-boxes.

With a “ God speed you ” to the carman, Larry was driving off, but the carman called to him, and pointing to a house at the corner of which, on a high pole, was swinging an iron sign of three horse-shoes set in a crooked frame, and at the window hung an empty bottle, proclaiming whiskey within.

“ Well I don’t care if I do,” said Larry ; “ for I’ve no other comfort left me in life now. I beg your honour’s pardon, sir, for a minute,” added he, throwing the reins into the carriage to Lord Colambre, as he leapt down— all remonstrance and power of lungs to reclaim him, vain.

He darted into the whiskey-house with the carman, reappeared before Lord Colambre could accomplish getting out, remounted his seat, and taking the reins.

“ I thank your honour,” said he, “ and I’ll bring you into Clonbrony before its pitch-dark yet, though it’s nightfall, and that’s four good miles ; but ‘ a spur in the head is worth two in the heel.’ ”

Larry, to demonstrate the truth of his favourite axiom, drove off at such a furious rate over great stones left in the middle of the road by carmen, who had been driving in the gudgeons of their axle-trees to hinder them from lacing, that Lord Colambre thought life and limb in imminent danger ; and feeling that at all events the jolting and bumping was past endurance, he had recourse to Larry’s shoulder, and shook and pulled, and called to him to go slower, but in vain. At last the wheel struck full against a heap of stones at a turn of the road, the wooden linch-pin came off, and the chaise turned over. Lord Colambre was a little bruised, but glad to escape without fractured bones.

“ I beg your honour’s pardon,” said Larry, completely sobered. “ I’m as glad as the best pair of boots ever I see, to see your honour nothing the worse for it. It was the linch-pin and them barrows of loose stones, that ought to be fined anyway, if there was any justice in the country.”

“ The pole is broken ; how are we to get on ? ” said Lord Colambre.

“ Murder ! murder !—and no smith nearer than Clonbrony ; nor rope even. It’s a folly to talk ; we can’t get to Clonbrony, nor stir a step backward or forward the night.”

“ What, then ! do you mean to leave me all night in

the middle of the road ? ” cried Lord Colambre, quite exasperated.

“ Is it me ? plase your honour. I would not use any jantleman so ill, barring I could do no other,” replied the postilion, coolly. Then leaping across the ditch, or, as he called it, the gripe of the ditch, he scrambled up, and while he was scrambling, said, “ If your honour will lend me your hand till I pull you up the back of the ditch, the horses will stand while we go. I’ll find you as pretty a lodging for the night, with a widow of a brother of my shister’s husband that was, as ever you slept in your life ; for Old Nick or St. Dennis has not found ’em out yet ; and your honour will be, no compare, snugger than at the inn at Clonbrony, which has no roof, the devil a stick. But where will I get your honour’s hand, for it’s coming on so dark I can’t see rightly. There, you’re up now safe. Yonder candle’s the house.”

“ Go and ask whether they can give us a night’s lodging.”

“ Is it ask ? When I see the light ! Sure they’d be proud to give the traveller all the beds in the house, let alone one. Take care of the potato furrows, that’s all, and follow me straight. I’ll go on to meet the dog, who knows me, and might be strange to your honour.”

THE WIDOW O'NEIL.

“ Kindly welcome,” were the first words Lord Colambre heard when he approached the cottage ; and “ kindly welcome ” was in the sound of the voice and in the countenance of the old woman who came out, shading

her rush-candle from the wind, and holding it so as to light the path. When he entered the cottage, he saw a cheerful fire and a neat pretty young woman making it blaze ; she put her spinning-wheel out of the way, set a stool by the fire for the stranger, and repeating in a very low tone of voice, " Kindly welcome, sir," retired.

" Put down some eggs, dear ; there's plenty in the bowl," said the old woman, calling to her ; " I'll do the bacon. Was not we lucky to be up ? The boy's gone to bed, but waken him," said she, turning to the postilion, " and he'll help you with the chay, and put your horses in the bier for the night."

No ; Larry chose to go on to Clonbrony with the horses, that he might get the chaise mended betimes for his honour, The table was set ; clean trenchers, hot potatoes, milk, eggs, bacon, and " kindly welcome to all."

" Set the salt, dear ; and the butter, love. Where's your head, Grace, dear ? "

" Grace ! " repeated Lord Colambre, looking up ; and, to apologise for his involuntary exclamation, he added, " Is Grace a common name in Ireland ? "

" I can't say, plase your honour, but it was given her by Lady Clonbrony, from a niece of her own, God bless her ; and a very kind lady she was to us and to all when she was living in it ; but those times are gone past," said the old woman with a sigh. The young woman sighed too ; and sitting down by the fire, began to count the notches in a little bit of stick which she held in her hand, and after she had counted them, sighed again.

" But don't be sighing, Grace, now," said the old woman ; " sighs is bad sauce for the traveller's supper ; and we won't be troubling him with more," added she, turning to Lord Colambre, with a smile.

“ Is your egg done to your liking ? ”

“ Perfectly, thank you.”

“ Then I wish it was a chicken, for your sake, which it should have been, and roast too, had we time. I wish I could see you eat another egg.”

“ No more, thank you, my good lady ; I never ate a better supper, nor received a more hospitable welcome.”

“ Oh, the welcome is all we have to offer.”

“ May I ask what that is ? ” said Lord Colambre, looking at the notched stick which the young woman held in her hand, and on which her eyes were still fixed.

“ It's a tally, plase your honour. Oh, you're a foreigner. It's the way the labourers keep the account of the days' work with the overseer, the bailiff ; a notch for every day the bailiff makes on his stick, and the labourer the like on his stick, to tally ; and when we come to make up the account, it's by the notches we go. And there's been a mistake, and is a dispute here between our boy and the overseer ; and she was counting the boy's tally, that's in bed—tired, for in troth he's overworked.”

“ Would you want anything more from me, mother ? ” said the girl, rising and turning her head away.

“ No child ; get away, for your heart's full.”

She went instantly.

“ Is the boy her brother ? ” said Lord Colambre.

“ No ; he's her bachelor,” said the old woman, lowering her voice.

“ Her bachelor ? ”

“ That is, her sweetheart ; for she is not my daughter, though you heard her call me mother. The boy's my son ; but I am afeard they must give it up ; for they're too poor, and the times is hard, and the agents harder than the times. There's two of them, the under and the

upper ; and they grind the substance of one between them, and then blow one away like chaff ; but we'll not be talking of that to spoil your honour's night's rest. The room is ready, and here's the rushlight."

She showed him into a very small but neat room.

"What a comfortable-looking bed!" said Lord Colambre.

"Ah, these red check curtains," said she, letting them down ; "these have lasted well. They were give me by a good friend, now far away over the seas, my Lady Clonbrony ; and made by the prettiest hands ever you see, her niece's, Miss Grace Nugent's, and she a little child that time ; sweet love ! All gone !"

The old woman wiped a tear from her eye, and Lord Colambre did what he could to appear indifferent. She set down the candle and left the room. Lord Colambre went to bed, but he lay awake.

The kettle was on the fire, tea-things set, everything prepared for her guest by the hospitable hostess, who, thinking the gentleman would take tea to his breakfast, had sent off a gassoon by the first light to Clonbrony for an ounce of tea, a quarter of sugar, and a loaf of white bread ; and there was on the little table good cream, milk, butter, eggs—all the promise of an excellent breakfast. It was a fresh morning, and there was a pleasant fire on the neatly swept hearth. The old woman was sitting in her chimney-corner, behind a little screen of white-washed wall, built out into the room for the purpose of keeping those who sat by the fire from the blast of the door. There was a loop-hole in this wall, to let the light in, just at the height of a person's head who was sitting near the chimney. The rays of the morning sun now came through it, shining across the face of the old woman

as she sat knitting. Lord Colambre thought he had seldom seen a more agreeable countenance, intelligent eyes, benevolent smile, a natural expression of cheerfulness subdued by age and misfortune.

“A good-morrow to you kindly, sir, and I hope you got the night well? A fine day for us this holiday morning; my Grace is gone to early prayers, so your honour will be content with an old woman to make your tea. Oh, let me put in plenty of tea, or it will never be good; and if your honour takes stirabout, an old hand will engage to make that to your liking, anyway; for, by great happiness, we have what will just answer for you of the nicest meal the miller made my Grace a compliment of last time she went to the mill.”

Lord Colambre observed that this miller had good taste, and his lordship paid some compliment to Grace's beauty, which the old woman received with a smile, but turned off the conversation.

“Then,” said she, looking out of the window, “is not that there a nice little garden the boy dug for her and me, at his breakfast and dinner hours? Ah! he's a good boy, and a good warrant to work; and the good son deserves the good wife, and it's he that will make the good husband; and with my good-will he, and no other, shall get her, and with her good-will the same; and I bid 'em keep up their heart and hope the best, for there's no use in fearing the worst till it comes.”

Lord Colambre wished very much to know the worst.

“If you would not think a stranger impertinent for asking,” said he, “and if it would not be painful to you to explain?”

“Oh, impertinent, your honour! It's very kind; and sure none's a stranger to one's heart, that feels for

one. And for myself, I can talk of my troubles without thinking of them. So I'll tell you all. If the worst comes to the worst, we must quit and give up this little snug place, and house and farm, and all, to the agent ; which would be hard on us, and me a widow, when my husband did all that is done to the land. And if your honour was a judge, you could see, if you stepped out, there has been a deal done, and built the house, and all ; but it plased Heaven to take him. Well, he was too good for this world, and I'm satisfied. I'm not saying a word again' that. I trust we shall meet in heaven, and be happy, surely. And meantime here's my boy, that will make me as happy as ever widow was on earth—if the agent will let him. And I can't think the agent, though they that know him best call him Old Nick, would be so wicked as to take from us that which he never gave us. The good lord himself granted us the lease ; the life's dropped, and the years is out ; but we had a promise of renewal in writing from the landlord, God bless him ! If he was not away, he'd be a good gentleman and we'd be happy and safe."

" But if you have a promise in writing of a renewal, surely you are safe, whether your landlord is absent or present."

" Ah, no ! that makes a great differ, when there's no eye or hand over the agent. I would not wish to speak or think ill of him or any man ; but was he an angel, he could not know to do the tenantry justice, the way he is living always in Dublin, and coming down to the country only the receiving days, to make a sweep among us, and gather up the rents in a hurry, and he in such haste back to town—can just stay to count over our money and give the receipts. Happy for us if we

get that same ; but can't expect he should have time to see or hear us, or mind our improvements, any more than listen to our complaints. Oh ! there's great excuse for the gentleman, if that was any comfort for us," added she, smiling.

" But if he does nor live amongst you himself, has not he some under-agent who lives in the country ? " said Lord Colambre.

" He has so."

" And he should know your concerns ; does he mind them ? "

" He should know ; he should know better ; but as to minding our concerns, your honour knows," continued she, smiling again, " every one in this world must mind their own concerns ; and it would be a good world if it was even so. There's a great deal in all things that don't appear at first sight. Mr. Dennis wanted Grace for a wife for his bailiff, but she would not have him ; and Mr. Dennis was very sweet to her himself ; but Grace is rather high with him, as proper, and he has a grudge again' us ever since. Yet indeed, there," she added after another pause, " as you say, I think we are safe ; for we have that memorandum in writing with a pencil given under his own hand, on the back of the lase to me, by the same token when my good lord had his foot on the step of the coach, going away ; and I'll never forget the smile of her that got that good turn done for me, Miss Grace. And just when she was going to England and London, and, young as she was, to have the thought to stop and turn to the likes of me ! Oh, then, if you could see her and know her as I did ! *That* was the comforting angel upon earth ; look, and voice, and heart, and all ! Oh, that she was here present, this

minute ! But did you scald yourself ? ” said the widow to Lord Colambre. “ Sure, you must have scalded yourself ; for you poured the kettle straight over your hand, and it boiling ! Oh, dear ! to think of so young a gentleman’s hand shaking so like my own.”

Luckily, to prevent her pursuing her observations from the hand to the face, which might have betrayed more than Lord Colambre wished she should know, her own Grace came in at this instant.

“ There it’s for you safe, mother dear—the lase ! ” said Grace, throwing a packet into her lap. The old woman lifted up her hands to heaven, with the lease between them—“ Thanks be to Heaven ! ” Grace passed on, and sunk down on the first seat she could reach. Her face was flushed, and she looked much fatigued as she loosened the strings of her bonnet and cloak. “ Then, I’m tired ! ” But, recollecting herself, she rose and saluted the gentleman.

“ What tired ye, dear ? ”

“ Why, after prayers we had to go—for the agent was not at prayers, nor at home for us when we called—we had to go all the way up to the castle ; and there, by great good luck, we found Mr. Nick Garraghty himself, come from Dublin, and the lase in his hands ; and he sealed it up that way, and handed it to me very civil. I never saw him so good—though he offered me a glass of spirits, which was not manners to a decent young woman in a morning, as Brian noticed after. Brian would not take any either, nor never does. We met Mr. Dennis and the driver, coming home ; and he says the rent must be paid to-morrow, or, instead of renewing, he’ll seize and sell all. Mother, dear, I would have dropped with the walk but for Brian’s arm.”

“ It’s a wonder, dear, what makes you so weak, that used to be so strong.”

“ But if we can sell the cow for anything at all to Mr. Dennis, since his eye is set upon her, better let him have her, mother dear ; and that and my yarn, which Mrs. Garraghty says she’ll allow me for, will make up the rent ; and Brian need not talk of America. But it must be in golden guineas—the agent will take the rent no other way—and you won’t get a guinea for less than five shillings. Well, even so, it’s easy selling my new gown to one that covets it, and that will give me in exchange the price of the gold ; or, suppose that would not do, add this cloak—it’s handsome, and I know a friend would be glad to take it, and I’d part it as ready as look at it. Anything at all, sure, rather than that he should be forced to talk of emigrating ; or—oh, worse again—’listing for the bounty, to save us from the cant or the jail, by going to the hospital, or his grave, maybe—Oh, mother ! ”

“ Oh, child ! This is what makes you weak—fretting. Don’t be that way. Sure, here’s the lase, and that’s good comfort ; and the soldiers will be gone out of Clonbrony to-morrow, and then that’s off your mind. And as to America, it’s only talk ; I won’t let him, he’s dutiful ; and would sooner sell my dresser, and down to my bed, dear, than see you sell anything of yours, love. Promise me you won’t. Why didn’t Brian come home all the way with you, Grace ? ”

“ He would have seen me home,” said Grace, “ only that he went up a piece of the mountain for some stones or ore for the gentleman, for he had the manners to think of him this morning, though, shame for me, I had not when I come in, or I would not have told you all this and he by. See, there he is, mother.”

Brian came in very hot, out of breath, with his hat full of stones. "Good-morrow to your honour. I was in bed last night, and sorry they did not call me up to be of sarvice. Larry was telling us this morning your honour's from Wales, and looking for mines in Ireland, and I heard talk that there was one on our mountain, maybe, you'd be curious to see, and so I brought the best I could ; but I'm no judge."

"Nor I neither," thought Lord Colambre ; but he thanked the young man, and, determined to avail himself of Larry's misconception of false report, examined the stones very gravely, and said, "This promises well. Lapis caliminaris, schist, plum-pudding stone, rhomboidal, crystal, blend, garrawachy," and all the strange names he could think of, jumbling them together at a venture.

"The lase, is it ?" cried the young man, with joy sparkling in his eyes, as his mother held up the packet. "Then all's safe ! And he's an honest man, and shame on me that could suspect he meant us wrong. Lend me the papers."

He cracked the seals, and taking off the cover—"It's the lase, sure enough. Shame on me ! But stay, where's the memorandum ?"

"It's there, sure," said his mother, "where my lord's pencil writ it. I don't read. Grace, dear, look."

The young man put it into her hands, and stood without power to utter a syllable.

"It's not here ! It's gone ! No sign of it."

"Gracious heaven ! that can't be," said the old woman, putting on her spectacles ; "let me see. I remember the very spot."

"It's taken away ; it's rubbed clean out ! Oh, wasn't

I fool. But who could have thought he'd be the villain?"

The young man seemed neither to see nor hear, but to be absorbed in thought.

Grace, with her eyes fixed upon him, grew as pale as death—"He'll go—he's gone."

"She's gone!" cried Lord Colambre; and the mother just caught her in her arms as she was falling.

"The chaise is ready, please your honour," said Larry, coming into the room. "Death! what's here?"

"Air!—she's coming to," said the young man. "Take a drop of water, my own Grace."

"Young man, I promise you," cried Lord Colambre, speaking in the tone of a master, striking the young man's shoulder, who was kneeling at Grace's feet; but recollecting and restraining himself, he added in a quiet voice—"I promise you I shall never forget the hospitality I have received in this house, and I am sorry to be obliged to leave you in distress."

These words uttered with difficulty, he hurried out of the house and into his carriage. "Go back to them," said he to the postilion; "go back, and ask whether, if I should stay a day or two longer in this country, they would let me return at night and lodge with them. And here, man—stay, take this," putting money into his hands, "for the good woman of the house."

The postilion went in and returned.

"She won't at all; I knew she would not."

"Well, I am obliged to her for the night's lodging she gave me; I have no right to expect more."

"'What is it?'—sure she bid me tell you—'and welcome to the lodging; for,' said she, 'he is a kind-hearted gentleman.' But here's the money. It's that I was telling you she would not have at all."

“ Thank you. Now, my good friend, Larry, drive me to Clonbrony, and do not say another word, for I’m not in a talking humour.”

AT CLONBRONY.

Larry nodded, mounted, and drove to Clonbrony. Clonbrony was now a melancholy scene. The houses, which had been built in a better style of architecture than usual, were in a ruinous condition ; no glass in the windows, and many of the roofs without slates. For the stillness of the place Lord Colambre in some measure accounted by considering that it was holiday ; therefore, of course, all the shops were shut up and all the people at prayers. He alighted at the inn, which completely answered Larry’s representation of it. Nobody was to be seen but a drunken waiter, who, as well as he could articulate, informed Lord Colambre that “ his mistress was in her bed since Thursday was a week ; the ostler at the wash-woman’s, and the cook at second prayers.”

Lord Colambre walked to the church, but the church gate was locked and broken—a calf, two pigs, and an ass in the churchyard ; and several boys (with more of skin apparent than clothes) were playing at pitch-and-toss upon a tombstone, which, upon nearer observation, he saw was the monument of his own family. One of the boys came to the gate and told Lord Colambre “ there was no use in going into the church, becaese there was no church there, nor had not been this twelvemonth, becaese there was no curate, and the parson was away always,

since the lord was at home—that is, was not at home—he nor the family.”

Lord Colambre returned to the inn, where, after waiting a considerable time, he gave up the point. He could not get any dinner, and in the evening he walked out again into the town. He found several alehouses, however, open, which were full of people; all of them as busy and as noisy as possible. He observed that the interest was created by an advertisement of several farms on the Clonbrony estate to be set by Nicholas Garraghty, Esq. He could not help smiling at his being witness *incognito* to various schemes for outwitting the agents and defrauding the landlord; but on a sudden the scene was changed. A boy ran in, crying out that “St. Dennis was riding down the hill into the town; and if you wouldn’t have the licence,” said the boy, “take care of yourself, Brannagan.” “If you wouldn’t have the licence,” Lord Colambre perceived by what followed meant “If you have not a licence.” Brannagan immediately snatched an untasted glass of whisky from a customer’s lips (who cried, “Murder!”), gave it and the bottle he held in his hand to his wife, who swallowed the spirits, and ran away with the bottle and glass into some back hole, whilst the bystanders laughed, saying, “Well thought of, Peggy!”

“Clear out, all of you, at the back-door, for the love of heaven, if you wouldn’t be the ruin of me,” said the man of the house, setting a ladder to the corner of the shop. “Phil, hoist me up the keg to the loft,” added he, running up the ladder; “and one of yees step up street, and give Rose M’Givney notice, for she’s selling too.”

The keg was hoisted up, the ladder removed, the shop

cleared of all the customers, the shutters shut, the door barred, and the counter cleaned.

“Lift your stones, sir, if you please,” said the wife as she rubbed the counter, “and say nothing of what you seen at all; but that you’re a stranger and a traveller seeking a lodging, if you’re questioned, or waiting to see Mr. Dennis. There’s no smell of whiskey in it now, is there, sir?”

Lord Colambre could not flatter her so far as to say this; he could only hope no one would perceive it.

“Oh, and if he would, the smell of whiskey was nothing,” as the wife affirmed, “for it was everywhere in nature, and no proof again’ anyone, good or bad.”

“Now, St. Dennis may come when he will, or Old Nick himself!” So she tied up a blue handkerchief over her head, and had the toothache, “very bad.”

Lord Colambre turned to look for the man of the house.

“He’s safe in bed,” said the wife.

“In bed! When?”

“Whilst you turned your head, while I was tying the handkerchief over my face. Within the room—look, he is snug.”

And there he was in bed, certainly, and his clothes on the chest.

A knock, a loud knock, at the door.

“St. Dennis himself! Stay till I unbar the door,” said the woman; and making a great difficulty, she let him in, groaning, and saying—

“We was all done up for the night, please your honour; and myself with the toothache, very bad; and the lodger, that’s going to take an egg only before he’d go into his bed. My man’s in it, and asleep long ago.”

With a magisterial air, though with a look of blank

disappointment, Mr. Dennis Garraghy walked on, looked into the room, saw the good man of the house asleep, heard him snore, and then returning, asked Lord Colambre "who he was, and what brought him there?"

Our hero said he was from England, and a traveller; and now, bolder grown as a geologist, he talked of his specimens, and his hopes of finding a mine in the neighbouring mountains; then adopting as well as he could the servile tone and abject manner in which he found Mr. Dennis was to be addressed, "he hoped he might get encouragement from the gentleman at the head of the estate."

"To bore, is it? Well, don't bore me about it. I can't give you any answer now, my good friend; I'm engaged."

Out he strutted. "Stick to him up the town, if you have a mind to get your answer," whispered the woman. Lord Colambre followed, for he wished to see the end of this scene.

"Well, sir, what are you following and sticking to me like my shadow for?" said Mr. Dennis, turning suddenly upon Lord Colambre.

His lordship bowed low. "Waiting for my answer, sir, when you are at leisure. Or may I call upon you to-morrow?"

"You seem to be a civil kind of fellow; but as to boring, I don't know; if you will undertake it at your own expense. I daresay there may be minerals in the ground. Well, you may call at the castle to-morrow; and when my brother has done with the tenantry, I'll speak to him for you, and we'll consult together, and see what we think. It's too late to-night. In Ireland nobody speaks to a gentleman about business

after dinner. Your servant, sir. Anybody can show you the way to the castle in the morning." And pushing by his lordship, he called to a man on the other side of the street, who had obviously been waiting for him. He went under a gateway with this man, and gave him a bag of guineas. He then called for his horse, which was brought to him by a man whom Lord Colambre had heard declaring that he would bid for the land that was advertised; whilst another, who had the same intentions, most respectfully held St. Dennis's stirrup, whilst he mounted without thanking either of these men. St. Dennis clapped spurs to his steed, and rode away. No thanks, indeed, were deserved, for the moment he was out of hearing both cursed him after the manner of their country.

"Bad luck go with you, then! And may you break your neck before you get home, if it was not for the *lase* I'm to get, and that's paid for!"

Lord Colambre followed the crowd into a public-house, where a new scene presented itself to his view.

The man to whom St. Dennis gave the bag of gold was now selling this very gold to the tenants who were to pay their rent next day at the castle.

The agent would take nothing but gold. The same guineas were bought and sold several times over, to the great profit of the agent and loss of the poor tenants; for as the rents were paid the guineas were resold to another set; and the remittances made through bankers to the landlord, who, as the poor man that explained the transaction to Lord Colambre expressed it, "gained nothing by the business, bad or good, but the ill-will of the tenantry."

The higgling for the price of the gold; the time lost

in disputing about the goodness of the notes among some poor tenants who could not read or write, and who were at the mercy of the man with the bag in his hand ; the vexation, the useless harassing of all, who were obliged to submit ultimately, Lord Colambre saw ; and all this time he endured the smell of tobacco and whiskey, and the sound of various brogues, the din of men wrangling, brawling, threatening, whining, drawling, cajoling, cursing, and every variety of wretchedness.

“ And is this my father’s town of Clonbrony ? ” thought Lord Colambre. “ Is this Ireland ? No, it is not Ireland. Let me not, like most of those who forsake their native country, traduce it. Let me not, even to my own mind, commit the injustice of taking a speck for the whole. What I have just seen is the picture only of that to which an Irish estate and Irish tenantry may be degraded in the absence of those whose duty and interest it is to reside in Ireland—to uphold justice by example and authority ; but who, neglecting this duty, commit power to bad hands and bad hearts—abandon their tenantry to oppression and their property to ruin.”

AN EVICTION.

Early in the morning Brian went to the priest, to ask his reverence when it would be convenient to marry him ; and whilst he was gone Mr. Dennis Garraghty came to the cottage to receive the rent and possession. The rent was ready in gold, and counted into his hand.

“ No occasion for a receipt ; for a new lease is a receipt in full for everything.”

“ Very well, sir,” said the widow ; “ I know nothing of law. You know best—whatever you direct—for you are acting as a friend to us now. My son got the attorney to draw the pair of new lases yesterday, and here they are ready, all to signing.”

Mr. Dennis said his brother must settle that part of the business, and that they must carry them up to the castle ; “ but first give me the possession.”

Then, as he instructed her, she gave up the key of the door to him, and a bit of the thatch of the house ; and he raked out the fire, and said every living creature must go out. “ It’s only form of law,” said he.

“ And must my lodger get up, and turn out, sir ? ” said she.

“ He must turn out, to be sure ; not a living soul must be left in it, or it’s no legal possession, properly. Who is your lodger ? ”

On Lord Colambre’s appearing, Mr. Dennis showed some surprise, and said, “ I thought you were lodging at Brannagan’s ; are not you the man who spoke to me at his house about the gold-mines ? ”

“ No, sir ; he never lodged at Brannagan’s,” said the widow.

“ Yes, sir, I am the person who spoke to you about the gold-mines at Brannagan’s ; but I did not like to lodge
_____.”

“ Well, no matter where you liked to lodge ; you must walk out of this lodging now, if you please, my good friend.”

So Mr. Dennis pushed his lordship out by the shoulders, repeating, as the widow turned back, and looked with some surprise and alarm, “ Only for form’s sake, only for form’s sake ! ” Then locking the door,

took the key and put it into his pocket. The widow held out her hand for it: "The form's gone through now, sir; is not it? Be pleased to let us in again."

"When the new lease is signed I'll give you possession again, but not till then, for that's the law. So make away with you to the castle; and mind," added he, winking slyly, "mind you take sealing-money with you and something to buy gloves."

"Oh, where will I find all that?" said the widow.

"I have it, mother; don't fret," said Grace. "I have it—the price of—what I can want.* So let us go off to the castle without delay. Brian will meet us on the road, you know."

They set off for Clonbrony Castle, Lord Colambre accompanying them. Brian met them on the road. "Father Tom is ready, dear mother; bring her in and he'll marry us. I'm not my own man till she's mine. Who knows what may happen?"

"Who knows? That's true," said the widow.

"Better go to the castle first," said Grace.

"And keep the priest waiting! You can't use his reverence so," said Brian.

So she let him lead her into the priest's house, and she did not make any of the awkward draggings back or ridiculous scenes of grimace sometimes exhibited on these occasions, but blushing rosy red, yet with more self-possession than could have been expected from her timid nature, she gave her hand to the man she loved, and listened with attentive devotion to the holy ceremony.

"Ah!" thought Lord Colambre, whilst he congratulated the bride; "shall I ever be as happy as those poor people are at this moment?" He longed to make

* What I can do without.

them some little present, but all he could venture at this moment was to pay the priest's dues.

The priest positively refused to take anything.

"They are the best couple in my parish," said he; "and I'll take nothing, sir, from you, a stranger and my guest."

"Now, come what will, I'm a match for it. No trouble can touch me," said Brian.

"Oh, don't be bragging," said the widow.

"Whatever trouble God sends he has given one now will help to bear it, and sure I may be thankful," said Grace.

"Such good hearts must be happy—shall be happy," said Lord Colambre.

"Oh, you're very kind," said the widow, smiling; "and I wouldn't doubt you, if you had the power. I hope, then, the agent will give you encouragement about them mines, that we may keep you among us."

"I am determined to settle among you, warm-hearted, generous people," cried Lord Colambre; "whether the agent gives me encouragement or not," added he.

It was a long walk to Clonbrony Castle; the old woman, as she said herself, would not have been able to accomplish it, but for a lift given to her by a friendly carman whom they met on the road with an empty car.

CLONBRONY CASTLE.

Lord Colambre's attention was now engaged by the view of the castle and park of Clonbrony. He had not seen it since he was six years old. Some faint reminiscence of his childhood made him feel or fancy that he knew the place. It was a fine castle with a spacious park ; but all about it, from the broken piers at the great entrance to the mossy gravel and loose steps at the hall door, had an air of desertion and melancholy. Walks overgrown, shubberies wild, plantations run up into bare poles, fine trees cut down and lying on the ground in lots to be sold. A hill that had been covered with an oak wood, where in his childhood our hero used to play, and which he called the black forest, was gone. Nothing was to be seen but the white stumps of the trees, for it had been freshly cut down to make up the last remittances. " And how it went when sold ! but no matter," said Finnucan. " It's all alike. It's the back way into the yard I'll take you, I suppose."

" And such a yard ! But it's no matter," repeated Lord Colambre to himself. " It's all alike."

In the kitchen a great dinner was being prepared for Mr. Garraghty's friends, who were to make merry with him when the business of the day was over.

" Where's the keys of the cellar, till I get out the claret for after dinner," says one. " And the wine for the cook. Sure there's vension," cries another. " Venison ! That's the way my lord's deer goes," says a third, laughing. " Ay, sure ; and very proper when he's not here to eat 'em." " Keep your nose out of the

kitchen, young man, if you please," said the agent's cook, shutting the door in Lord Colambre's face. "There's the way to the office, if you've money to pay—up the back stairs."

"No; up the grand staircase," said the footman, "because the office is damp for Mr. Garraghty, and it's not there he'll see anybody to-day, but in my lady's dressing-room."

So up the grand staircase they went, and through the magnificent apartments, hung with pictures of great value, spoiling with damp.

"Then, isn't it a pity to see them! There's my lady, and all spoiling," said the widow.

Lord Colambre stopped before a portrait of Miss Nugent.

"Shamefully damaged!" cried he.

"Pass on, or let me pass, if you please," said one of the tenants, "and don't be stopping the doorway."

"I have business more nor you with the agent," said the surveyor; "where is he?"

"In the presence-chamber," replied another. "Where should the viceroy be but in the presence-chamber?"

There was a full levee, and fine smell of greatcoats. "Oh! would you put your hats on the silk cushions?" said the widow, to some men in the doorway, who were throwing off their greasy hats on a damask sofa.

"Why not? Where else should we put them?"

"If the lady was in it, you wouldn't," said she, sighing.

"No, to be sure, I wouldn't. Great news! would I make no differ in the presence of Old Nick and my lady?" said he, in Irish. "Have I no sense or manners, good woman, think ye?" added he, as he shook the ink

out of the pen on the Wilton carpet, when he had finished signing his name to a paper on his knee.

“ You may wait long before you get to the speech of the great man,” said another, who was working his way through numbers.

They continued pushing forward till they came within sight of Mr. Nicholas Garraghty, seated in state. A worse countenance, or a more perfect picture of an insolent, petty tyrant in office, Lord Colambre had never beheld.

We will not weary the reader with details of this levee. “ It’s all the same,” as Lord Colambre repeated to himself on every fresh instance of roguery or oppression to which he was witness ; and having completely made up his mind on the subject, he sat quietly down in the background, waiting till the widow’s turn should come, for he was now interested only to see how she would be treated. The room gradually thinned. Mr. Dennis Garraghty came in, and sat down at the table to help his brother count the heaps of gold.

“ Oh, Mr. Dennis, I’m glad to see you as kind as your promise—meeting me here,” said the Widow O’Neil, walking up to him. “ I’m sure you’ll speak a good word for me. Here’s the lases. Who will I offer this to ? ” said she, holding the glove-money and sealing-money, “ for I’m strange and ashamed.”

“ Oh, don’t be ashamed ; there’s no strangeness in bringing money or taking it,” said Mr. Nicholas Garraghty, holding out his hand. “ Is this the proper compliment ? ”

“ I hope so, sir ; your honour knows best.”

“ Very well,” slipping it into his private purse. “ Now what’s your business ? ”

“ The lases to sign—the rent’s all paid up.”

“ Leases ! Why, woman, is the possession given up ? ”

“ It was, plase your honour ; and Mr. Dennis has the key of our little place in his pocket.”

“ Then I hope he’ll keep it there. Your little place ! It’s no longer yours ; I’ve promised it to the surveyor. You don’t think I’m such a fool as to renew to you at this rent.”

“ Mr. Dennis named the rent. But anything your honour plases ; anything at all that we can pay.”

“ Oh, it’s out of the question ; put it out of your head. No rent you can offer would do, for I have promised it to the surveyor.”

“ Sir, Mr. Dennis knows my lord gave us his promise in writing of a renewal on the back of the ould lase.”

“ Produce it.”

“ Here’s the lase, but the promise is rubbed out.”

“ Nonsense ! Coming to me with a promise that’s rubbed out. Who’ll listen to that in a court of justice, do you think ? ”

“ I don’t know, plase your honour ; but this I’m sure of, my lord and Miss Nugent, though but a child at the time, God bless her ! who was by when my lord wrote it with his pencil, will remember it.”

“ Miss Nugent ? What can she know of business ? What has she to do with the management of Lord Clonbrony’s estate, pray ? ”

“ Management ! No, sir.”

“ Do you wish to get Miss Nugent turned out of the house ? ”

“ Oh, God forbid ! How could that be ? ”

“ Very easily ; if you set about to make her meddle and witness in what my lord does not choose.”

“ Well, then, I never mention Miss Nugent’s name in it at all, if it was ever so with me. But be plased, sir, to write over to my lord, and ask him ; I’m sure he’ll remember it.”

“ Write to my lord about such a trifle ! Trouble him about such nonsense ! ”

“ I’d be sorry to trouble him. Then take it on my word, and believe me, sir ; for I would not tell a lie, nor cheat rich or poor, if in my power, for the whole estate, nor the whole world ; for there’s an eye above.”

“ Cant ! Nonsense ! Take those leases off the table ; I will never sign them. Walk off, ye canting hag ! it’s an imposition. I will never sign them.”

“ You *will*, then, sir,” cried Brian, growing red with indignation ; “ for the law shall make you, so it shall—and you’d as good have been civil to my mother, whatever you did, for I’ll stand by her while I’ve life ; and I know she has right, and shall have law. I saw the memorandum written before ever it went into your hands, sir, whatever became of it after—and will swear to it, too.”

“ Swear away, my good friend ; much your swearing will avail in your own case in a court of justice,” continued Old Nick.

“ And against a gentleman of my brother’s established character and property,” said St. Dennis. “ What’s your mother’s character against a gentleman’s like his ! ”

“ Character ! Take care how you go to that, anyway, sir,” said Brian.

Grace put her hand before his mouth to stop him.

“ Grace, dear ! I must speak, if I die for it ; sure it’s for my mother,” said the young man, struggling forward, while his mother held him back. “ I must speak.”

“ Oh, he’s ruined ; I see it,” cried Grace, putting her hand before her eyes, “ and he won’t mind me.”

“ Go on ; let him go on, pray, young woman,” said Mr. Garraghty, pale with anger and fear, his lips quivering. “ I shall be happy to take down his words.”

“ Write them ; and may all the world read it, and welcome ! ”

His mother and wife stopped his mouth by force.

“ Write you, Dennis,” said Mr. Garraghty, giving the pen to his brother ; for his hand shook so he could not form a letter. “ Write the very words, and at the top ”— (pointing)—“ after ‘ warning,’ ‘ with malice *prepense.*’ ”

“ Write, then. Mother—Grace—let me,” cried Brian, speaking in a smothered voice, as their hands were over his mouth. ‘ Write, then, that if you’d either of you a character like my mother, you might defy the world, and your word would be as good as your oath.’ ”

“ Oath ! Mind that, Dennis,” said Mr. Garraghty.

“ Oh, sir, sir ! won’t you stop him ! ” cried Grace, turning suddenly to Lord Colambre.

“ Oh, dear, dear ! if you haven’t lost your feeling for us,” cried the widow.

“ Let him speak,” said Lord Colambre, in a tone of authority ; “ let the voice of truth be heard.”

“ Truth ! ” cried St. Dennis, and dropped the pen.

“ And who the devil are you, sir ? ” said Old Nick.

“ Lord Colambre, I protest ! ” exclaimed a female voice ; and Mrs. Raffarty at this instant appeared at the open door.

“ Lord Colambre ! ” repeated all present in different tones.

“ My lord, I beg pardon,” continued Mrs. Raffarty,

advancing as if her legs were tied ; “ had I known you were down here, I would not have presumed. I’d better retire, for I see you’re busy.”

“ You’d best ; for you’re mad, sister,” said St. Dennis, pushing her back ; “ and we *are* busy. Go to your room, and keep quiet, if you can.”

“ First, madam,” said Lord Colambre, going between her and the door ; “ let me beg that you will consider yourself at home in this house. The hospitality you showed me, you cannot think that I now forget.”

“ Oh, my lord, you’re too good—kinder than my own.” And bursting into tears, she escaped out of the room.

Lord Colambre returned to the party round the table, who were in various attitudes of astonishment, and with faces of fear, horror, hope, joy, doubt.

“ Distress,” continued his lordship, “ however incurred, if not by vice, will always find a refuge in this house. I speak in my father’s name, for I know I speak his sentiments. But never more shall vice,” said he—darting such a look at the brother agents as they felt to the backbone—“ never more shall vice, shall fraud enter here.”

He paused, and there was a momentary silence.

“ There spoke the true thing and the rare gentleman ; my own heart’s satisfied,” said Brian, folding his arms and standing erect.

“ Then so is mine,” said Grace, taking breath with a deep sigh.

The widow, advancing, put on her spectacles, and looking up close at Lord Colambre’s face—“ Then it’s a wonder I didn’t know the family likeness.”

Lord Colambre now recollecting that he still wore the old greatcoat, threw it off.

“ Oh, bless him ! Then now I'd know him anywhere. I'm willing to die now, for we'll all be happy.”

“ My lord, since it is so—my lord, may I ask you,” said Mr. Garraghty, now sufficiently recovered to be able to articulate, but scarcely to express his ideas ; “ if what your lordship hinted just now——”

“ I hinted nothing, sir. I spoke plainly.”

“ I beg pardon, my lord,” said Old Nick ; “ respecting ‘ vice ’ was levelled at me ? Because if it was, my lord ” —trying to stand erect—“ let me tell your lordship, if I could think it was——”

“ If it did not hit you, sir, no matter at whom it was levelled.”

“ And let me ask, my lord, if I may presume, whether in what you suggested by the word ‘ fraud,’ your lordship had any particular meaning ? ” said St. Dennis.

“ A very particular meaning, sir. Feel in your pocket for the key of this widow's house, and deliver it to her.”

“ Oh, if that's all the meaning, with all the pleasure in life. I never meant to detain it longer than till the leases were signed,” added St. Dennis.

“ And I'm ready to sign the leases this minute,” said the brother.

“ Do it, sir, this minute. I have read them ; I will be answerable to my father.”

“ Oh, as to that, my lord, I have power to sign for your father.”

He signed the leases. They were duly witnessed by Lord Colambre.

“ I deliver this as my act and deed,” said Mr. Garraghty. “ My lord,” continued he, “ you see, at the first word from you ; and had I known sooner the interest you took in the family, there would have

been no difficulty ; for I'd make it a principle to oblige you, my lord."

"Oblige me !" said Lord Colambre with disdain.

"But when gentlemen and noblemen travel incognito, and lodge in cabins," added St. Dennis with a satanic smile, glancing his eyes on Grace, "they have good reasons, no doubt."

"Do not judge my heart by your own, sir," said Lord Colambre, coolly. "No two things in nature can, I trust, be more different. My purpose in travelling incognito has been fully answered. I was determined to see and judge how my father's estates were managed ; and I have seen, compared, and judged. I have seen the difference between the Clonbrony and the Colambre property, and I shall represent what I have seen to my father."

"As to that, my lord, if we are to come to that—but I trust your lordship will suffer me to explain these matters. Go about your business, my good friends—you have all you want ; and, my lord, after dinner, when you are cool, I hope I shall be able to make you sensible that things have been represented to your lordship in a mistaken light, and I flatter myself I shall convince you that I have not only always acted the part of a friend to the family, but am particularly willing to conciliate your lordship's goodwill," said he, sweeping the rouleaus of gold into a bag ; "any accommodation in my power at any time."

"I want no accommodation, sir ; were I starving, I would accept of none from you. Never can you gain my goodwill, for you can never deserve it."

"If that be the case, my lord, I must conduct myself accordingly ; but it's fair to warn you before you make

any representation to my Lord Clonbrony, that, if he should think of changing his agent, there are accounts to be settled between us. That may be a consideration."

"No, sir, no consideration; my father never shall be the slave of such a paltry consideration."

"Oh, very well, my lord; you know best. If you choose to make an assumpsit, I'm sure I shall not object to the security. Your lordship will be of age soon, I know—I'm sure, I'm satisfied. But," added he, with a malicious smile, "I rather apprehend you don't know what you undertake; I only premise that the balance of accounts between us is not what can properly be called a paltry consideration."

"On that point perhaps, sir, you and I may differ."

"Very well, my lord, you will follow your own principles, if it suits your convenience."

"Whether it does or not, sir, I shall abide by my principles."

"Dennis, the letters to the post. When do you go to England, my lord?"

"Immediately, sir," said Lord Colambre. His lordship saw new leases from his father to Mr. Dennis Garraghty lying on the table unsigned.

"Immediately!" repeated Messrs. Nicholas and Dennis with an air of dismay. Nicholas got up, looked out of the window, and whispered something to his brother, who instantly left the room.

Lord Colambre saw the postchaise at the door which had brought Mrs. Raffarty to the castle, and Larry standing beside it. His lordship instantly threw up the sash, and holding between his finger and thumb a six-shilling piece, cried: "Larry, my friend, let me have the horses!"

“ You shall have ’em, your honour,” said Larry.

Mr. Dennis Garraghty appeared below, speaking in a magisterial tone : “ Larry, my brother must have the horses.”

“ He can’t, plase your honour—they’re engaged.”

“ Half-a-crown !—a crown !—half-a-guinea ! ” said Mr. Dennis Garraghty, raising his voice as he increased his proffered bribe.

To each offer Larry replied, “ You can’t, plase your honour—they’re engaged.” And looking up to the window at Lord Colambre, he said, “ As soon as they have ate their oats you shall have ’em.”

No other horses were to be had. The agent was in consternation. Lord Colambre ordered that Larry should have some dinner, and whilst the postilion was eating, and the horses finishing their oats, his lordship wrote the following letter to his father, which, to prevent all possibility of accident, he determined to put with his own hand into the post-office at Clonbrony as he passed through the town :—

“ MY DEAR FATHER,—I hope to be with you in a few days. Lest anything should detain me on the road, I write this to make an earnest request that you will not sign any papers or transact any further business with Messrs. Nicholas or Dennis Garraghty before you see

“ Your affectionate son,

“ COLAMBRE.”

Larry drove off at full gallop, and kept on at a good rate till he got out of the great gate and beyond the sight of the crowd. Then pulling up, he turned to Lord Colambre.

“ Plase your honour, I did not know nor guess ye was

my lord when I let you have the horses ; did not know who you was from Adam, I'll take my affidavit."

"There's no occasion," said Lord Colambre ; "I hope you don't repent letting me have the horses, now you do know who I am ?"

"Oh ! not at all, sure. I'm as glad as the best horse ever I crossed that your honour is my lord ; but I was only telling your honour that you might not be looking upon me as a time-sarver."

"I do not look upon you as a 'time-sarver,' Larry ; but keep on, that time may serve me."

In two words he explained his cause of haste, and it was no sooner explained than understood. Larry thundered away through the town of Clonbrony, bending over his horses, plying the whip, and lending his very soul at every lash. With much difficulty Lord Colambre stopped him at the end of the town, at the post-office. The post had gone.

"Maybe we'll overtake the mail," said Larry ; and as he spoke he slid down from his seat, and darted into the public-house, reappearing in a few moments with a copper of ale and a horn in his hand. He and another man held open the horses' mouths, and poured the ale through the horn down their throats.

"Now, they'll go with spirit !"

And with the hope of overtaking the mail, Larry made them go "for life or death," as he said ; but in vain. At the next stage, at his own inn-door, Larry roared for fresh horses till he got them, harnessed them with his own hands, holding the six-shilling piece which Lord Colambre had given him in his mouth all the while, for he could not take time to put it into his pocket.

"Speed ye ! I wish I was driving you all the way,

then," said he. The other postilion was not yet ready. "Then your honour sees," said he, putting his head into the carriage, "consarning of them Garraghties—old Nick and St. Dennis—the best part, that is, the worst part, of what I told you, proved true ; and I'm glad of it—that is, I'm sorry for it, but glad your honour knows it in time. So Heaven prosper you ! And may all the saints (barring St. Dennis) have charge of you, and all belonging to you, till we see you here again ! And when will it be ? "

"I cannot say when I shall return to you myself, but I will do my best to send your landlord to you soon. In the meantime, my good fellow, keep away from the sign of the Horseshoe. A man of your sense, to drink and make an idiot and a brute of yourself ! "

"True ! And it was only when I had lost hope I took to it ; but now——Bring me the book, one of yees, out of the landlady's parlour. By the virtue of this book, and by all the books that ever was shut and opened, I won't touch a drop of spirits, good or bad, till I see your honour again, or some of the family, this time twelve-month—that long I live on hope. But mind, if you disappoint me, I don't swear but I'll take to the whiskey for comfort all the rest of my days. But don't be staying here, wasting your time advising me. Bartley, take the reins, can't ye ? " cried he, giving them to the fresh postilion ; "and keep on for your life, for there's thousands of pounds depending on the race. So off, Bartley, with the speed of light ! "

Bartley did his best ; and such was the excellence of the roads that, notwithstanding the rate at which our hero travelled, he arrived safely in Dublin just in time to put his letter into the post-office, and to sail in that night's

packet. The wind was fair when Lord Colambre went on board, but before they got out of the bay it changed ; they made no way all night. In the course of the next day they had the mortification of seeing another packet from Dublin sail past them, and when they landed at Holyhead were told the packet which had left Ireland twelve hours after them had arrived an hour before them. The passengers had taken their places in the coach, and engaged what horses could be had. Lord Colambre was afraid that Mr. Garraghty was one of them, as a person exactly answering his description had taken four horses, and set out half-an-hour before in great haste for London. Luckily, just as those who had taken their places in the mail were getting into the coach, Lord Colambre saw among them a gentleman with whom he had been acquainted in Dublin, a barrister, who was come over during the long vacation to make a tour of pleasure in England. When Lord Colambre explained the reason he had for being in haste to reach London, he had the good nature to give up to him his place in the coach. Lord Colambre travelled all night, and delayed not one moment till he reached his father's house in London.

“ My father at home ? ”

“ Yes, my lord, in his own room—the agent from Ireland with him, on particular business—desired not to be interrupted ; but I'll go and tell him, my lord, you are come.”

Lord Colambre ran past the servant as he spoke—made his way into the room—found his father, Sir Terence O'Fay, and Mr. Garraghty—leaves open on the table before them ; a candle lighted ; Sir Terence sealing ; Garraghty emptying a bag of guineas on the

table, and Lord Clonbrony actually with a pen in his hand, ready to sign.

As the door opened Garraghty started back, so that half the contents of his bag rolled upon the floor.

“Stop, my dear father, I conjure you,” cried Lord Colambre, springing forward, and snatching the pen from his hand.

Colambre exposed Garraghty’s villainies, but the Clonbrony estate was so involved that it was difficult to get rid of the agent. Finally, Colambre joined in clearing the property, on condition that Garraghty was replaced by Mr. Burke as agent, and that the family went back to live in Ireland.

THE YELLOW DAMASK FURNITURE.

“Oh, I see now what you are about,” cried Lady Clonbrony ; “you are coming round with your persuasions and prefaces to ask me to give up Lon’on and go back with you to Ireland, my lord. You may save yourselves the trouble, all of you, for no earthly persuasions shall make me do it. I will never give up my taste on that pint. My happiness has a right to be as much considered as your father’s, Colambre, or anybody’s. And, in one word, I won’t do it,” cried she, rising angrily from the breakfast-table.

“There ! did I not tell you how it would be ?” cried Lord Clonbrony.

“My mother has not heard me yet,” said Lord Colambre, laying his hand upon his mother’s arm as she

attempted to pass ; “ hear me, madam, for your own sake. You do not know what will happen this very day—this very hour, perhaps—if you do not listen to me.”

“ And what will happen ? ” said Lady Clonbrony, stopping short.

“ Ay, indeed ; she little knows,” said Lord Clonbrony, “ what’s hanging over her head.”

“ Hanging over my head ! ” said Lady Clonbrony, looking up. “ Nonsense ! What ? ”

“ An execution, madam ! ” said Lord Colambre.

“ Gracious me ! an execution ! ” said Lady Clonbrony, sitting down again ; “ but I heard you talk of an execution months ago, my lord, before my son went to Ireland, and it blew over ; I heard no more of it.”

“ It won’t blow over now,” said Lord Clonbrony ; “ you’ll hear more of it now. Sir Terence O’Fay it was, you may remember, that settled it then.”

“ Well, and can’t he settle it now ? Send for him, since he understands these cases ; and I will ask him to dinner myself, for your sake, and be very civil to him, my lord.”

“ All your civility, either for my sake or your own, will not signify a straw, my dear, in this case ; anything that poor Terry could do, he’d do, and welcome, without it ; but he can do nothing.”

“ Nothing ! That’s very extraordinary. But I’m clear no one dare to bring a real execution against us, in earnest ; and you are only trying to frighten me to your purpose, like a child ; but it shan’t do.”

“ Very well, my dear ; you’ll see—too late.”

A knock at the house-door.

“ Who is it ? What is it ? ” cried Lord Clonbrony, growing very pale.

Lord Colambre changed colour too, and ran downstairs.

“Don't let 'em let anybody in, for your life, Colambre, under any pretence,” cried Lord Clonbrony, calling from the head of the stairs. Then running to the window; “By all that's good, it's Mordicai himself, and the people with him!”

“Lean your head on me, my dear aunt,” said Miss Nugent. Lady Clonbrony leant back, trembling, and ready to faint.

“But he's walking off now; the rascal could not get in. Safe for the present!” cried Lord Clonbrony, rubbing his hands, and repeating, “Safe for the present!”

“Safe for the present!” repeated Lord Colambre, re-entering the room. “Safe for the present hour.”

“He could not get in, I suppose; oh, I warned all the servants well,” said Lord Clonbrony, “and so did Terry. Ay, there's the rascal Mordicai walking off, at the end of the street; I know his walk a mile off. Gad! I can breathe again. I am glad he's gone. But he will come back, and always lie in wait, and some time or other, when we're off our guard, unawares he'll slide in.”

“Slide in! Oh, horrid!” cried Lady Clonbrony, sitting up, and wiping away the water which Miss Nugent had sprinkled on her face.

“Were you much alarmed?” said Lord Colambre, with a voice of tenderness, looking at his mother first, and then, more softly still, upon Miss Nugent.

“Shockingly!” said Lady Clonbrony; “I never thought it would reelly come to this!”

“It will really come to much more, my dear,” said

Lord Clonbrony, "that you may depend upon, unless you prevent it."

"Lord! what can I do? I know nothing of business. How should I, Lord Clonbrony? But I know there's Colambre—I was always told that when he was of age everything should be settled; and why can't he settle it when he's upon the spot?"

"And upon one condition I will," cried Lord Colambre, "at what loss to myself, my dear mother, I need not mention."

"Then I will mention it," cried Lord Clonbrony; "at the loss it will be of nearly half the estate he would have had if we had not spent it——"

"Loss! Oh, I am excessively sorry my son's to be at such a loss. It must not be."

"It cannot be otherwise," said Lord Clonbrony; "nor it can't be this way either, Lady Clonbrony, unless you comply with his condition, and consent to return to Ireland."

"I cannot—I will not," replied Lady Clonbrony. "Is this your condition, Colambre? I take it exceedingly ill of you. I think it very unkind, and unhandsome, and ungenerous, and undutiful of you, Colambre; you, my son!" She poured forth a torrent of reproaches; then came to entreaties and tears. But our hero, prepared for this, had steeled his mind, and he stood resolved not to indulge his own feelings, or to yield to caprice or persuasion; but to do that which he knew was best for the happiness of hundreds of tenants, who depended upon them; best for both his father and his mother's ultimate happiness and respectability.

"It's all in vain," cried Lord Clonbrony; "I have no resource but one; and I must condescend now to go

to him this minute, for Mordicai will be back and seize all. I must sign and leave all to Garraghty.”

“ Well, sign, sign, my lord, and settle with Garraghty. Colambre, I’ve heard all the complaints you brought over against that man. My lord spent half the night telling them to me ; but all agents are bad, I suppose ; at any rate, I can’t help it. Sign, sign, my lord ; he has money. Yes, do ; go and settle with him, my lord.”

Lord Colambre and Miss Nugent, at one and the same moment, stopped Lord Clonbrony as he was quitting the room, and then approached Lady Clonbrony with supplicating looks. She turned her head to the other side, and, as if putting away their entreaties, made a repelling motion with both her hands, and exclaimed : “ No, Grace Nugent ; no, Colambre ; no, no, Colambre ! I’ll never hear of leaving Lon’on. There’s no living out of Lon’on ; I can’t, I won’t, live out of Lon’on, I say.”

Her son saw that the Londonomania was now stronger than ever upon her, but he resolved to make one desperate appeal to her natural feelings, which, though smothered, he could not believe were wholly extinguished. He caught her repelling hands, and, pressing them with respectful tenderness to his lips : “ Oh, my dear mother, you once loved your son,” said he, “ loved him better than anything in this world ; if one spark of affection for him remains, hear him now, and forgive him if he pass the bounds—bounds he never passed before—of filial duty. Mother, in compliance with your wishes, my father left Ireland—left his home, his duties, his friends, his natural connections, and for many years he has lived in England, and you have spent many seasons in London.”

“ Yes, in the very best company—in the very best

circles," said Lady Clonbrony ; " cold as the high-bred English are said to be in general to strangers."

" Yes," replied Lord Colambre, " the very best company (if you mean the most fashionable) have accepted of our entertainments. We have forced our way into their frozen circles ; we have been permitted to breathe in these elevated regions of fashion ; we can say that the Duke of This and my Lady That are our acquaintances. We may say more ; we may boast that we have vied with those whom we could never equal. And at what expense have we done all this ? For a single season, the last winter (I will go no farther), at the expense of a great part of your timber, the growth of a century, swallowed in the entertainments of one winter in London ! Our hills are to be bare for another half-century to come ! But let the trees go ; I think more of your tenants—of those left under the tyranny of a bad agent, at the expense of every comfort, every hope they enjoyed—tenants who were thriving and prosperous, who used to smile upon you and to bless you both ! In one cottage I have seen——"

Here Lord Clonbrony, unable to restrain his emotion, hurried out of the room.

" Then I am sure it is not my fault," said Lady Clonbrony ; " for I brought my lord a large fortune, and I am confident I have not, after all, spent more any season, in the best company, than he has among a set of low people, in his muddling, discreditable way."

" And how has he been reduced to this ?" said Lord Colambre. " Did he not formerly live with gentlemen, his equals, in his own country ? His contemporaries, men of the first station and character, whom I met in Dublin, spoke of him in a manner that gratified the heart

of his son. He was respectable and respected in his own home ; but when he was forced away from that home, deprived of his objects, his occupations, constrained to live in London or at watering-places, where he could find no employments that were suitable to him ; set down late in life in the midst of strangers, to him cold and reserved ; himself too proud to bend to those who disdained him as an Irishman ;—is he not more to be pitied than blamed for—yes, I, his son, must say the word—the degradation which has ensued ? And do not the feelings which have this moment forced him to leave the room show that he is capable—— O mother ! ” cried Lord Colambre, throwing himself at Lady Clonbrony’s feet, “ restore my father to himself ! Should such feelings be wasted ? No ! Permit them again to expand in benevolent, in kind, useful actions. Restore him to his tenantry, his duties, his country, his home. Return to that home yourself, dear mother ; leave all the nonsense of high life ; scorn the impertinence of these dictators of fashion, who, in return for all the pains we take to imitate, to court them—in return for the sacrifice of health, fortune, peace of mind—bestow sarcasm, contempt, ridicule, and mimicry.”

“ O Colambre ! Colambre ! Mimicry ? I’ll never believe it.”

“ Believe me, believe me, mother ; for I speak of what I know. Scorn them, quit them ; return to an unsophisticated people—to poor but grateful hearts, still warm with the remembrance of your kindness, still blessing you for favours long since conferred, ever praying to see you once more. Believe me, for I speak of what I know ; your son has heard these prayers, has felt these blessings—here, at my heart, felt and still feel

them, when I was not known to be your son, in the cottage of the widow O'Neil."

"Oh, did you see the widow O'Neil? And does she remember me?" said Lady Clonbrony.

"Remember you—and you, Miss Nugent! I have slept in the bed—— I would tell you more, but I cannot."

"Well! I never should have thought they would have remembered me so long, poor people!" said Lady Clonbrony. "I thought all in Ireland must have forgotten me, it is now so long since I was at home."

"You are not forgotten in Ireland by any rank, I can answer for that. Return home, my dearest mother; let me see you once more among your natural friends, beloved, respected, happy."

"Oh, return, let us return home!" cried Miss Nugent, with a voice of great emotion. "Return, let us return home! My beloved aunt, speak to us; say that you grant our request."

She knelt beside Lord Colambre as she spoke.

"Is it possible to resist that voice—that look?" thought Lord Colambre.

"If anybody knew," said Lady Clonbrony, "if anybody could conceive how I detest the sight, the thoughts of that old yellow damask furniture in the drawing-room at Clonbrony Castle——"

"Good heavens!" cried Lord Colambre, starting up and looking at his mother in stupefied astonishment; "is that what you are thinking of, mother?"

"The yellow damask furniture," said her niece, smiling; "oh, if that's all, that shall never offend your eyes again. Aunt, my painted velvet chairs are finished; and trust the furnishing of that room to me. The legacy

lately left me cannot be better applied. You shall see how beautifully it will be furnished."

"Oh, if I had the money I should like to do it myself ; but it would take an immensity to furnish Clonbrony Castle properly."

"The furniture in this house——" said Miss Nugent, looking round.

"Would do a great deal towards it, I declare," cried Lady Clonbrony ; "that never struck me before, Grace, I protest ; and what would not suit, one might sell or exchange here. It would be great amusement to me, and I should like to set the fashion of something better in that country. And I declare now, I should like to see those poor people, and the Widow O'Neil. I do assure you, I think I was happier at home ; only that one gets—I don't know how—a notion that one's nobody out of Lon'on. But, after all, there's many drawbacks in Lon'on, and many people are very impertinent, I'll allow ; and if there's a woman in the world I hate, it is Mrs. Dareville ; and if I was leaving Lon'on, I should not regret Lady Langdale neither ; and Lady St. James is as cold as a stone. Colambre may well say *frozen circles* ! these sort of people are really very cold, and have, I do believe, no hearts. I don't verily think there is one of them would regret me more—— Eh—let me see ; Dublin—the winter, Merrion Square—new furnished ; and the summer, Clonbrony Castle——"

Lord Colambre and Miss Nugent waited in silence till her mind should have worked itself clear. One great obstacle had been removed, and now that the yellow damask had been taken out of her imagination they no longer despaired.

Lord Clonbrony put his head into the room.

“What hopes—any? If not, let me go.”

He saw the doubting expression of Lady Clonbrony’s countenance, and hope in the face of his son and niece.

“My dear, dear Lady Clonbrony, make us all happy by one word,” said he, kissing her.

“You never kissed me so since we left Ireland,” said Lady Clonbrony. “Well, since it must be so, let us go,” she said.

“Did I ever see such joy!” said Lord Clonbrony, clasping his hands; “I never expected such joy in my life! I must go and tell poor Terry!” And off he ran.

LIFE IN THE ARMY.

“First give me your advice, Count O’Halloran; you are well acquainted with the military profession, with military life. Would you advise me—I won’t speak of myself, because we judge better by general views than by particular cases—would you advise a young man at present to go into the army?”

The count was silent for a few minutes, and then replied: “Since you seriously ask my opinion, my lord, I must lay aside my own prepossessions, and endeavour to speak with impartiality. To go into the army in these days, my lord, is, in my sober opinion, the most absurd and base, or the wisest and noblest, thing a young man can do. To enter into the army with the hope of escaping from the application necessary to acquire knowledge, letters and science—I run no risk, my lord, in saying

this to you—to go into the army with the hope of escaping from knowledge, letters, science, and morality ; to wear a red coat and an epaulette ; to be called captain ; to figure at a ball ; to lounge away time in country sports, at country quarters, was never, even in times of peace, creditable ; but it is now absurd and base. Submitting to a certain portion of *ennui* and contempt, this mode of life for an officer was formerly practicable, but now cannot be submitted to without utter, irremediable disgrace. Officers are now, in general, men of education and information ; want of knowledge, sense, manners, must consequently be immediately detected, ridiculed and despised in a military man. Of this we have not long since seen lamentable examples in the raw officers who have lately disgraced themselves in my neighbourhood in Ireland—that Major Benson and Captain Williamson. But I will not advert to such insignificant individuals, such are rare exceptions—I leave them out of the question—I reason on general principles. The life of an officer is not now a life of parade, of coxcombical or of profligate idleness ; but of active service, of continual hardship and danger. All the descriptions which we see in ancient history of a soldier's life, descriptions which in times of peace appeared like romance, are now realized ; military exploits fill every day's newspapers, every day's conversation. A martial spirit is now essential to the liberty and the existence of our own country. In the present state of things the military must be the most honourable profession, because the most useful. Every movement of an army is followed, wherever it goes, by the public hopes and fears. Every officer must now feel, besides this sense of collective importance, a belief that his only dependence must be on his own merit ;

and thus his ambition, his enthusiasm, are raised ; and when once this noble ardour is kindled in the breast, it excites exertion and supports under endurance. But I forget myself," said the count, checking his enthusiasm ; " I promised to speak soberly. If I have said too much, your own good sense, my lord, will correct me, and your good nature will forgive the prolixity of an old man touching upon his favourite subject, the passion of his youth."

Count O'Halloran was able to clear up a mystery as to the birth of Grace Nugent, really Grace Reynolds, that had caused great unhappiness to Colambre, who " had the greatest dread of marrying any woman whose mother had conducted herself ill." The discovery of a rich grandfather of Grace removed Lady Clonbrony's objections to the match.

" COME BACK TO ERIN."

Happy as a lover, a friend, a son ; happy in the consciousness of having restored a father to respectability and persuaded a mother to quit the feverish joys of fashion for the pleasures of domestic life ; happy in the hope of winning the whole heart of the woman he loved, and whose esteem he knew he possessed and deserved ; happy in developing every day, every hour, fresh charms in his destined bride—we leave our hero, returning to his native country.

And we leave him with the reasonable expectation that he will support through life the promise of his early character ; that his patriotic views will extend with his

power to carry wishes into action ; that his attachment to his warm-hearted countrymen will still increase upon further acquaintance ; and that he will long diffuse happiness through the wide circle which is peculiarly subject to the influence and example of a great resident Irish proprietor.

LETTER FROM LARRY TO HIS BROTHER, PAT BRADY,

AT MR. MORDICAI'S, COACHMAKER, LONDON.

“ MY DEAR BROTHER,—Yours of the 16th, inclosing the five-pound note for my father, came safe to hand Monday last ; and with his thanks and blessing to you, he commends it to you herewith inclosed back again, on account of his being in no immediate necessity, nor likelihood to want in future, as you shall hear forthwith, but wants you over with all speed ; and the note will answer for travelling charges ; for we can't enjoy the luck it has pleased God to give us without yees. Put the rest in your pocket, and read it when you have time.

“ Old Nick's gone, and St. Dennis along with him, to the place he come from—praise be to God ! The ould lord has found him out in his tricks ; and I helped him to that, through the young lord that I driv, as I informed you in my last, when he was a Welshman, which was the best turn ever I did, though I did not know it no more than Adam that time. So ould Nick's turned out of the agency clean and clear ; and the day after it was known, there was surprising great joy through the whole country—not surprising either, but just what you might, knowing him, rasonably expect. He

(that is, Old Nick and St. Dennis) would have been burnt that night—I mane in effigy—through the town of Clonbrony but that the new man, Mr. Burke, come down that day too soon to stop it, and said ‘it was not becoming to trample on the fallen,’ or something that way, that put an end to it; and though it was a great disappointment to many, and to me in particular, I could not but like the jantleman the better for it anyhow. They say he is a very good jantleman, and as unlike Old Nick or the Saint as can be, and takes no duty-fowl, nor glove, nor sealing money; nor asks duty-work nor duty-turf. Well, when I was disappointed of the effigy, I comforted myself by making a bonfire of Old Nick’s big rick of duty-turf, which, by great luck, was out in the road, away from all dwellinghouse, or thatch, or yards, to take fire; so no danger in life or objection. And such another blaze! I wished you’d seed it; and all the men, women, and children in the town and country, far and near, gathered round it, shouting and dancing like mad! and it was light as day quite across the bog, as far as Bartley Finnigan’s house. And I heard after, they seen it from all parts of the three counties; and they thought it was St. John’s Eve in a mistake or couldn’t make out what it was; but all took it in good part for a good sign, and were in great joy. As for St. Dennis and Ould Nick, an attorney had his foot upon ’em, with an havere, a latitat, and three executions hanging over ’em; and there’s the end of rogues; and a great example in the country. And—no more about it; for I can’t be wasting more ink upon them that don’t deserve it at my hands, when I want it for them that do, you shall see. So some weeks past, and there was great cleaning at Clonbrony Castle and in the town of Clon-

brony ; and the new agent's smart and clever ; and he had the glaziers and the painters and the slaters up and down in the town wherever wanted ; and you wouldn't know it again. Thinks I, this is no bad sign. Now, cock up your ears, Pat ! for the great news is coming, and the good. The master's come home—long life to him !—and family come home yesterday, all entirely ! The ould lord and the young lord (ay, there's the man, Paddy !) and my lady and Miss Nugent. And I driv Miss Nugent's maid and another ; so I had the luck to be in along wid 'em and see all, from first to last. And first I must tell you my young Lord Colambre remembered and noticed me the minute he lit at our inn, and condescended to beckon me out of the yard to him, and axed me—‘ Friend, Larry,’ says he, ‘ did you keep your promise ? ’ ‘ My oath again’ the whiskey, is it ? ’ says I. ‘ My lord, I surely did,’ said I, which was true, as all the country knows I never tasted a drop since. ‘ And I'm proud to see your honour, my lord, as good as your word, too, and back again among us.’ So then there was a call for the horses ; and no more at that time passed betwix' my young lord and me. but that he pointed me out to the ould one as I went off. I noticed and thanked him for it in my heart, though I did not know all the good was to come of it. Well, no more of myself for the present.

“ Ogh, it's I driv 'em well ; and we all got to the great gate of the park before sunset, and as fine an evening as ever you see ; with the sun shining on the tops of the trees, as the ladies noticed ; the leaves changed, but not dropped, though so late in the season. I believe the leaves knew what they were about, and kept on, on purpose to welcome them ; and the birds were

singing, and I stopped whistling that they might hear them ; but sorrow bit could they hear when they got to the park gate, for there was such a crowd, and such a shout, as you never see ; and they had the horses off every carriage entirely, and drew 'em home, with blessings, through the park. And, God bless 'em ! when they got out they didn't go shut themselves up in the great drawing-room, but went straight out to the tarrass, to satisfy the eyes and hearts that followed them ; my lady laning on my young lord, and Miss Grace Nugent that was, the beautifullest angel that ever you set eyes on, with the finest complexion and sweetest of smiles, laning upon the ould lord's arm, who had his hat off, bowing to all and noticing the old tenants as he passed by name. Oh, there was great gladness and tears in the midst ; for joy I could scarce keep from myself.

“ After a turn or two upon the tarrass, my Lord Colambre quit his mother's arm for a minute, and he come to the edge of the slope, and looked down and through all the crowd for some one.

“ ‘ Is it the widow O'Neil, my lord ? ’ says I ; ‘ she's yonder, with the white kerchief, betwixt her son and daughter, as usual.’

“ Then my lord beckoned, and they did not know which of the tree would stir ; and then he gave tree beckons with his own finger, and they all tree came fast enough to the bottom of the slope forenent my lord ; and he went down and helped the widow up—(oh, he's the true jantleman !)—and brought 'em all tree up on the tarrass to my lady and Miss Nugent ; and I was up close after, that I might hear—which wasn't manners, but I couldn't help it. So what he said I don't well know, for I could not get near enough, after all. But I

saw my lady smile very kind, and take the widow O’Neil by the hand, and then Lord Colambre ’troduced Grace to Miss Nugent, and there was the word namesake, and something about a check curtains ; but whatever it was, they was all greatly pleased ; then my Lord Colambre turned and looked for Brian, who had fallen back, and took him with some commendation to my lord his father. And my lord the master said, which I didn’t know till after, that they should have their house and farm at the ould rent ; and at the surprise the widow dropped down dead ; and there was a cry as for ten berrings. ‘ Be qui’t,’ says I ; ‘ she’s only kilt for joy ’ ; and I went and lift her up, for her son had no more strength that minute than the child new born ; and Grace trembled like a leaf, as white as the sheet, but not long ; for the mother came to, and was as well as ever when I brought some water, which Miss Nugent handed to her with her own hand.

“ ‘ That was always pretty and good,’ said the widow, laying her hand upon Miss Nugent, ‘ and kind and good to me and mine.’

“ That minute there was music from below ; the blind harper, O’Neil, with his harp, that struck up ‘ Gracey Nugent.’

“ And that finished, and my Lord Colambre smiling, with the tears standing in his eyes too, and the ould lord quite wiping his, I ran to the tirrorass brink to bid O’Neil play it again ; but as I run I thought I heard a voice call ‘ Larry ? ’

“ ‘ Who calls Larry ? ’ says I.

“ ‘ My Lord Colambre calls you, Larry,’ says all at once ; and four takes me by the shoulders and spins me round.

“ ‘ There’s my young lord calling you, Larry—run for your life.’

“ So I run back for my life, and walked respectful, with my hat in my hand, when I got near.

“ ‘ Put on your hat ; my father desires it,’ says Lord Colambre. The ould lord made a sign to that purpose, but was too full to speak. ‘ Where’s your father ? ’ continues my young lord.—‘ He’s very ould, my lord,’ says I.—‘ I didn’t ax you how ould he was,’ says he ; ‘ but where is he ? ’—‘ He’s behind the crowd below, on account of his infirmities ; he couldn’t walk so fast as the rest, my lord,’ says I ; ‘ but his heart is with you, if not his body.’—‘ I must have his body too ; so bring him bodily before us ; and this shall be your warrant for so doing,’ said my lord, joking. For he knows the natur’ of us, Paddy, and how we love a joke in our hearts, as well as if he had lived all his life in Ireland ; and by the same token will, for that rason, do what he pleases with us, and more maybe than a man twice as good, that never would smile on us.

“ But I’m telling you of my father. ‘ I’ve a warrant for you, father,’ says I ; ‘ and must have you bodily before the justice, and my lord chief justice.’ So he changed colour a bit at first ; but he saw me smile. ‘ And I’ve done no sin,’ said he ; ‘ and, Larry, you may lead me now, as you led me all my life.’

“ And up the slope he went with me as light as fifteen ; and when we got up, my Lord Clonbrony said, ‘ I am sorry an old tenant, and a good old tenant, as I hear you were, should have been turned out of your farm.’

“ ‘ Don’t fret—it’s no great matter, my lord,’ said my father. ‘ I shall soon be out of the way ; but if you would be so kind to speak a word for my boy here, and

that I could afford, while the life is in me, to bring my other boy back out of banishment.’

“ ‘ Then,’ says my Lord Clonbrony, ‘ I’ll give you and your sons three lives, or thirty-one years, from this day, of your former farm. Return to it when you please.’ ‘ And,’ added my Lord Colambre, ‘ the flaggers, I hope, will be soon banished.’ Oh, how I could thank him—not a word could I proffer—but I know I clasped my two hands, and prayed for him inwardly. And my father was dropping down on his knees, but the master would not let him; and observed that posture should only be for his God. And, sure enough, in that posture, when he was out of sight, we did pray for him that night, and will all our days.

“ But before we quit his presence he called me back, and bid me write to my brother, and bring you back, if you’ve no objections, to your own country.

“ ‘ So come, my dear Pat, and make no delay, for joy’s not joy complete till you’re in it. My father sends his blessing and Peggy her love. The family entirely is to settle for good in Ireland, and there was in the castle-yard last night a bonfire, made by my lord’s orders, of the ould yellow damask furniture, to please my lady, my lord says. And the drawing-room, the butler was telling me, is new hung, and the chairs, with velvet as white as snow, and shaded over with natural flowers, by Miss Nugent. Oh! how I hope what I guess will come true, and I’ve reason to believe it will, for I dreamt in my bed last night it did—but keep yourself to yourself—that Miss Nugent (who is no more Miss Nugent, they say, but Miss Reynolds, and has a new-found grandfather, and is a big heiress, which she did not want in my eyes, nor in my young lord’s), I’ve a

notion, will be some time, and maybe sooner than is expected, my Lady Viscountess Colambre ; so haste to the wedding. And there's another thing ; they say the rich ould grandfather's coming over ; and another thing, Pat—you would not be out of the fashion, and you see it's growing the fashion not to be an ABSENTEE.

“ Your loving Brother,

“ LARRY BRADY.”



ORMOND.

HENRY ORMOND, an orphan, who is just under nineteen when the story opens, had been adopted by Sir Ulick O'Shane, his father's friend, but, while Sir Ulick sent his own son Marcus to school and college, Harry had been let to run wild at home ; the gamekeeper, the huntsman, and a cousin of Sir Ulick, who called himself the King of the Black Islands, had had the principal share in his education. The two boys were not on good terms, Marcus being jealous and overbearing. Sir Ulick wished to marry his son to an heiress, Miss Annaly, and Harry Ormond's growing friendship with the Annaly family, which stood in the way of this plan, forms to a great extent the plot of the novel. The story opens at Castle Hermitage, Sir Ulick's seat. Marcus and Harry, returning from a dinner at " King Corny's," where they had drunk too deeply, had a brawl with a party of countrymen on the road, in which Harry accidentally shot one Moriarty O'Carroll. Lady O'Shane resented the wounded man's being brought into her house, and, as a result of the complications that followed, Sir Ulick arranged that Harry and Moriarty should go to the Black Islands for a time.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

Full of sudden zeal for his own improvement, Ormond sat down at the foot of a tree, determined to make a list of all his faults, and of all his good resolutions for the future. He took out his pencil, and began on the back of a letter the following resolutions, in a sad scrawling hand and incorrect style.

HARRY ORMOND'S GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved 1st.—That I will never drink more than (*blank number of*) glasses.

Resolved 2ndly.—That I will cure myself of being passionate.

Resolved 3rdly.—That I will never keep low company.

Resolved.—That I am too fond of flattery—women’s, especially, I like most. To cure myself of that.

Here he was interrupted by the sight of a little gossoon, with a short stick tucked under his arm, who came pattering on barefoot in a kind of pace indescribable to those who have never seen it—it was something as like walking or running as chanting is to speaking or singing.

“The answer I am from the Black Islands, Master Harry ; and would have been back wid you afore night-fall yesterday, only *he*—King Corny—was at the fair of Frisky—could not write till this morning anyway—but nas his service to ye, Master Harry, will be in it for ye by half after two with a bed and blanket for Moriarty, he bid me say on account he forgot to put it in the note. In the Sally Cove the boat will be there *abow* in the big lough, forenent the spot where the fir dale was cut last seraph by them rogues.”

The despatch from the King of the Black Islands was then produced from the messenger’s bosom, and it ran as follows :

“Dear Harry,—What the mischief has come over Cousin Ulick to be banishing you from Castle Hermitage ? But since he *conformed*, he was never the same man, especially since his last mis-marriage. But no use moralizing—he was always too much of a courtier for me. Come you to me, my dear boy, who is no courtier, and you’ll be received and embraced with open arms—was I Briareus, the same way ; bring Moriarty Carroll (if that’s his name), the boy you shot, which has given you so much concern—for which I like you the better—and

honour that boy, who, living or dying, forbade to prosecute. Don't be surprised to see the roof the way it is—since Tuesday I wedged it up bodily without stirring a stick—you'll see it from the boat, standing three foot high above the walls, waiting while I'm building up to it—to get attics—which I shall for next to nothing—by my own contrivance. Meantime, good, dry lodging, as usual, for all friends at the palace. *He* shall be well tended for you by Sheelah Dunshaughlin, the mother of Betty, worth a hundred of her ! and we'll soon set him up again with the help of such a nurse, as well as ever, I'll engage ; for I'm a bit of a doctor, you know, as well as everything else. But don't let any other doctor, surgeon, or apothecary, be coming after him for your life—for none ever gets a permit to land, to my knowledge, on the Black Islands—to which I attribute, under Providence, to say nothing of my own skill in practice, the wonderful preservation of my people in health—that and woodsorrell, and another secret or two not to be committed to paper in a hurry—all which I would not have written to you, but am in the gout since four this morning held by the foot fast—else I'd not be writing, but would have gone every inch of the way for you myself in style, in lieu of sending, which is all I can now do, my six-oared boat, streamers flying, and piper playing like mad—for I would not have you be coming like a banished man, but in all glory, to Cornelius O'Shane, commonly called King *Corny*—but no *king* to you, only your hearty old friend.”

“Heaven bless Cornelius O'Shane !” said Harry Ormond to himself, as he finished this letter. “King or no king, the most warm-hearted man on earth, let the other be who he will.”

Then pressing this letter to his heart, he put it up carefully, and rising in haste, he dropped the list of his faults. That train of associations was completely broken, and for the present completely forgotten; nor was it likely to be soon renewed at the Black Islands, especially in the palace, where he was now going to take up his residence. Moriarty was laid on a bed; and was transported with Ormond, in the six-oared boat, streamers flying, and piper playing, across the lake to the islands. Moriarty's head ached terribly, but he, nevertheless, enjoyed the playing of the pipes in his ear, because of the air of triumph it gave Master Harry, to go away in this grandeur, in the face of the country. King Corny ordered the discharge of twelve guns on his landing, which popped one after another gloriously—the *hospitable echoes*, as Moriarty called them, repeating the sound. A horse, decked with ribands, waited on the shore, with King Corny's compliments for *Prince Harry*, as the boy who held the stirrup for Ormond to mount said he was instructed to call him, and to proclaim him "*Prince Harry*" throughout the island, which he did by sound of horn, the whole way they proceeded to the palace—very much to the annoyance of the horse, but all for the greater glory of the prince, who managed his steed to the admiration of the shouting ragged multitude, and of his majesty, who sat in state in his gouty chair at the palace door. He had had himself rolled out to welcome the coming guest.

"By all that's princely," cried he, "then, that young Harry Ormond was intended for a prince, he sits a horse so like myself; and that horse requires a master hand to manage him."

Ormond alighted.

The gracious, cordial, fatherly welcome with which he was received delighted his heart.

“ Welcome, prince, my adopted son, welcome to Corny *castle—palace* I would have said only for the constituted authorities of the post-office, that might take exceptions, and not be sending me my letters right. As I am neither bishop nor arch, I have, in their blind eyes or conceptions, no right—Lord help them!—to a temporal palace. Be that as it may, come you in with me, here into the big room—and see! there’s the bed in the corner for your first object my boy—your wounded chap; and I’ll visit his wound, and fix it and him the first thing for ye, the minute he comes up.”

His majesty pointed to a bed in the corner of a large apartment, whose beautiful painted ceiling and cornice, and fine chimney-piece with caryatides of white marble, ill accorded with the heaps of oats and corn, the thrashing cloth and flail, which lay on the floor.

“ It is intended for a drawing-room, understand,” said King Corny; “ but till it is finished, I use it for a granary or a barn, when it would not be a barrack-room or hospital, which last is most useful at present.”

To this hospital Moriarty was carefully conveyed. Here, notwithstanding his gout, which affected only his feet, King Corny dressed Moriarty’s wound with exquisite tenderness and skill; for he had actually acquired knowledge and address in many arts, with which none could have suspected him to have been in the least acquainted.

Dinner was soon announced, which was served up with such a strange mixture of profusion and carelessness, as showed that the attendants, who were numerous and ill-caparisoned, were not much used to gala-days.

The crowd, who had accompanied Moriarty into the house, were admitted into the dining-room, where they stood round the king, prince, and Father Jos, the priest, as the courtiers, during the king's supper at Versailles, surrounded the King of France. But these poor people were treated with more hospitality than were the courtiers of the French king; for as soon as the dishes were removed, their contents were generously distributed among the attendant multitude. The people blest both king and prince, "wishing them health and happiness long to *reign* over them"; and bowing suitably to his majesty the king, and to his reverence the priest, without standing upon the order of their going, departed.

"And now, Father Jos," said the king to the priest, "say grace, and draw close, and let me see you do justice to my claret, or the whiskey punch if you prefer; and you, Prince Harry, we will set to it regally as long as you please."

"Till tea-time," thought young Harry. "Till supper-time," thought Father Jos. "Till bed-time," thought King Corny.

At tea-time young Harry, in pursuance of his *resolution the first*, rose, but he was seized instantly, and held down to his chair. The royal command was laid upon him "to sit still and be a good fellow." Moreover, the door was locked—so that there was no escape or retreat.

The next morning when he wakened with an aching head, he recollected with disgust the figure of Father Jos, and all the noisy mirth of the preceding night. Not without some self-contempt, he asked himself what had become of his resolution.

"The wounded boy was axing for you, Master Harry," said the girl, who came in to open the shutters.

“How is he?” cried Harry, starting up.

“He is *but soberly*, he got the night but middling; he conceits he could not sleep because he did not get a sight of your honour afore he’d settle—I tell him ’tis the change of beds, which always hinders a body to sleep the first night.”

The sense of having totally forgotten the poor fellow—the contrast between this forgetfulness and the anxiety and contrition of the two preceding nights, actually surprised Ormond; he could hardly believe that he was one and the same person. Then came excuses to himself: “Gratitude—common civility—the peremptoriness of King Corny—his passionate temper, when opposed on this *tender* point—the locked door—and two to one; in short, there was an impossibility in the circumstances of doing otherwise than what he had done. But then the same impossibility—the same circumstances—might recur the next night, and the next, and so on; the peremptory temper of King Corny was not likely to alter, and the moral obligation of gratitude would continue the same; so that at nineteen was he to become, from complaisance, what his soul and body abhorred—an habitual drunkard? And what would become of Lady Annaly’s interest in his fate or his improvement?”

The two questions were not of equal importance, but our hero was at this time far from having any just proportion in his reasoning; it was well he reasoned at all. The argument as to the obligation of gratitude—the view he had taken of the never-ending nature of the evil, which must be the consequence of beginning with weak complaisance—above all, the *feeling* that he had so lost his reason as not only to forget Moriarty, but to have been again incapable of commanding his passions, if any-

thing had occurred to cross his temper, determined Ormond to make a firm resistance on the next occasion that should occur ; it did occur the very next night. After a dinner given to his chief tenants and the *genteel* people of the islands—a dinner in honour and in introduction of his *adopted son*—King Corny gave a toast “ to the Prince presumptive,” as he now styled him—a bumper toast. Soon afterwards he detected *daylight* in Harry’s glass, and cursing it properly, he insisted on flowing bowls and full glasses. “ What ! are you Prince *presumptuous* ? ” cried he, with a half angry and astonished look. “ Would you resist and contradict your father and king at his own table after dinner ? Down with the glass ! ”

Farther and steady resistance changed the jesting tone and half angry look of King Corny into sullen silence, and a black portentous brow of serious displeasure. After a decent time of sitting, the bottle passing him without farther importunity, Ormond rose—it was a hard struggle ; for in the face of his benefactor he saw reproach and rage bursting from every feature ; still he moved on towards the door. He heard the words “ sneaking off sober !—let him sneak ! ”

Ormond had his hand on the lock of the door—it was a bad lock, and opened with difficulty.

“ There’s gratitude for you ! No heart, after all—I mistook him.”

Ormond turned back, and firmly standing and firmly speaking, he said, “ You did not mistake me formerly, sir ; but you mistake me now !—Sneaking !—Is there any man here, sober or drunk,” continued he, impetuously approaching the table and looking round full in every face—“ is there any man here dares to say so but your-

self?—You, *you*, my benefactor, my friend; you have said it—think it you did not—you could not, but say it you may—*You* may say what you will to Harry Ormond, bound to you as he is—bound hand and foot and heart!—Trample on him as you will—*you* may. *No heart!* Oblige me, gentlemen, some of you,” cried he, his anger rising and his eyes kindling as he spoke, “some of you gentlemen, if any of you think so, oblige me by saying so. No gratitude, sir!” turning from them, and addressing himself to the old man, who held an untasted glass of claret as he listened—“No gratitude! Have not I?—Try me, try me to the death—you have tried me to the quick of the heart, and I have borne it.”

He could bear it no longer; he threw himself into the vacant chair, flung out his arms on the table, and laying his face down upon them, wept aloud. Cornelius O’Shane pushed the wine away. “I’ve wronged the boy grievously,” said he; and forgetting the gout, he rose from his chair, hobbled to him, and leaning over him, “Harry, ’tis I—look up, my own boy, and say you forgive me, or I’ll never forgive myself. That’s well,” continued he, as Harry looked up and gave him his hand; “that’s well!—you’ve taken the twinge out of my heart worse than the gout; not a drop of gall or malice in your nature, nor ever was, more than in the child unborn. But see, I’ll tell you what you’ll do now, Harry, to settle all things—and lest the fit should take me ever to be mad with you on this score again. You don’t choose to drink more than’s becoming?—Well, you’re right, and I’m wrong. ’Twould be a burning shame of me to make of you what I have made of myself. We must do only as well as we can. But I will ensure you against the future; and before we take another glass—there’s the

priest—and you, Tom Ferrally there, step you for my swearing book. Harry Ormond, you shall take an oath against drinking more glasses than you please evermore, and then you're safe from me. But stay—you are a heretic. Phoo! what am I saying?—'twas seeing the priest put that word *heretic* in my head—you're not a catholic, I mean. But an oath's an oath, taken before priest or parson—an oath, taken how you will, will operate. But stay, to make all easy, 'tis I'll take it."

"Against drinking, you! King Corny!" said Father Jos, stopping his hand, "and in case of the gout in your stomach?"

"Against drinking! do you think I'd perjure myself? No! But against pressing *him* to it—I'll take my oath I'll never ask him to drink another glass more than he likes."

The oath was taken, and King Corny concluded the ceremony by observing that, after all, there was no character he despised more than that of a sot. But every gentleman knew that there was a wide and material difference betwixt a gentleman who was fond of his bottle and that unfortunate being, an habitual drunkard. For his own part, it was his established rule never to go to bed without a proper quantity of liquor under his belt; but he defied the universe to say he was ever known to be drunk.

At a court where such ingenious casuistry prevailed, it was happy for our hero that an unqualifying oath now protected his resolution.

KING CORNY.

In the middle of the night our hero was wakened by a loud bellowing. It was only King Corny in a paroxysm of the gout. His majesty was naturally of a very impatient temper, and his maxims of philosophy encouraged him to the most unrestrained expression of his feelings—the maxims of his philosophy—for he had read, though in most desultory manner, and he had thought often deeply and not seldom justly. The turns of his mind, and the questions he asked, were sometimes utterly unexpected. “Pray, now,” said he to Harry, who stood beside his bed, “now that I’ve a moment’s ease—did you ever hear of the Stoics that the bookmen talk of? and can you tell me what good any one of them ever got by making it a point to make no noise, when they’d be *punished* and racked with pains of body or mind? Why, I will tell you all they got—all they got was no pity; who would give them pity that did not require it? I could bleed to death in a bath, as well as the best of them, if I chose it; or chew a bullet if I set my teeth to it, with any man in a regiment—but where’s the use? Nature knows best, and she says *roar!*” And he roared—for another twinge seized him.

Nature said *sleep!* several times this night to Harry, and to everybody in the palace; but they did not sleep, they could not, while the roaring continued; so all had reason to rejoice, and Moriarty in particular, when his majesty’s paroxysm was past. Harry was in a sound sleep at twelve o’clock the next day, when he was summoned into the royal presence. He found King Corny

sitting at ease in his bed, and that bed strewed over with a variety of roots and leaves, weeds and plants. An old woman was hovering over the fire, stirring something in a black kettle. "Simples these—of wonderful unknown power," said King Corny to Harry, as he approached the bed; "and I'll engage you don't know the name even of the half of them."

Harry confessed his ignorance.

"No shame for you—was you as wise as King Solomon himself, you might not know them, for he did not, nor couldn't, he that had never set his foot a grousing on an Irish bog. Sheelah, come you over, and say what's this?"

The old woman now came to assist at this bed of botany, and with spectacles slipping off, and pushed on her nose continually, peered over each green thing, and named in Irish "every herb that sips the dew."

Sheelah was deeper in Irish lore than King Corny could pretend to be; but then he humbled her with the "black hellebore of the ancients," and he had, in an unaccountable manner, affected her imagination by talking of "that famous bowl of narcotic poisons which that great man Socrates drank off." Sheelah would interrupt herself in the middle of a sentence, and curtsy if she heard him pronounce the name of Socrates—and at the mention of the bowl, she would regularly sigh, and exclaim, "Lord, save us!—But that was a wicked bowl."

Then after a cast of her eyes up to heaven, and crossing herself on the forehead, she would take up her discourse at the word where she had left off.

King Corny set to work compounding plasters and embrocations, preparing all sorts of decoctions of roots and leaves, famous *through the country*. And while he directed and gesticulated from his bed, the old woman

worked over the fire in obedience to his commands ; sometimes, however, not with that " prompt and mute obedience " which the great require.

It was fortunate for Moriarty that King Corny, not having the use of his nether limbs, could not attend even in his gouty chair to administer the medicines he had made, and to see them fairly swallowed. Sheelah, whose conscience was easy on this point, contented herself with giving him a strict charge to " take every bottle to the last drop." All she insisted upon for her own part was, that she must tie the charm round his neck and arm. She would fain have removed the dressings of the wound to substitute plasters of her own, over which she had pronounced certain prayers or incantations ; but Moriarty, who had seized and held fast one good principle of surgery, that the air must never be let into the wound, held mainly to this maxim, and all Sheelah could obtain was permission to clap on her charmed plaster over the dressing.

In due time, or, as King Corny triumphantly observed, in " a wonderful short period," Moriarty got quite well, long before the king's gout was cured, even with the assistance of the black hellebore of the ancients. King Corny was so well pleased with his patient for doing such credit to his medical skill, that he gave him and his family a cabin, and spot of land, in the islands—a cabin near the palace ; and at Harry's request made him his wood-ranger and his gamekeeper—the one a lucrative place, the other a sinecure.

Master Harry—Prince Harry—was now looked up to as a person all-powerful with the *master* ; and petitions and requests to speak for them, to speak just one word, came pouring from all sides ; but, however enviable

his situation as favourite and prince presumptive might appear to others, it was not in all respects comfortable to himself.

Formerly, when a boy, in his visits to the Black Islands, he used to have a little companion of whom he was fond—Dora—King Corny's daughter. Missing her much, he inquired from her father where she was gone, and when she was likely to return.

“ She is gone off to the *continent*—to the continent of Ireland, that is ; but not banished for any misdemeanour. You know,” said King Corny, “ ’tis generally considered as a punishment in the Black Islands to be banished to Ireland. A threat of that kind I find sufficient to bring the most refractory and ill-disposed of my subjects, if I had any of that description, to reason in the last resort ; but to that ultimate law I have not recourse, except in extreme cases ; I understand my business of king too well to wear out either shame or fear ; but you are no legislator yet, Prince Harry. So what was you asking me about Dora ? She is only gone a trip to the continent, to her aunt's, by the mother's side, Miss O'Faley, that you never saw, to get the advantage of a dancing-master, which myself don't think she wants—a natural carriage, with native graces, being, in my unsophisticated opinion, worth all the dancing-master's positions, contortions, or drillings ; but her aunt's of a contrary opinion, and the women say it is essential. So let 'em put Dora in the stocks, and punish her as they will, she'll be the gladder to get free, and fly back from their continent to her own Black Islands, and to you and me—that is, to me—I ax your pardon, Harry Ormond ; for you know, or I should tell you in time, she is engaged already to White Connal, of Glynn—from her birth. That engage-

ment I made with the father over a bowl of punch—I promised—I'm afraid it was a foolish business—I promised if ever he, Old Connal, should have a son, and I should have a daughter, his son should marry my daughter. I promised, I say—I took my oath ; and then Mrs. Connal that was, had, shortly after, not one son, but two—and twins they were ; and I had—unluckily—ten years after, the daughter, which is Dora—and then as she could not marry both, the one twin was to be fixed on for her, and that was him they call White Connal—so there it was. Well, it was altogether a rash act ! So you'll consider her as a married woman, though she is but a child—it was a rash act, between you and I—for Connal's not grown up a likely lad for the girl to fancy ; but that's neither here nor there ; no, my word is passed—when half drunk, maybe—but no matter—it must be kept sober—drunk or sober, a gentleman must keep his word—*à fortiori* a king—*à fortiori* King Corny. See ! was there this minute no such thing as parchment, deed, stamp, signature, or seal in the wide world, when once Corny has squeezed a friend's hand on a bargain, or a promise, 'tis fast, was it ever so much against me—'tis as strong to me as if I had squeezed all the lawyer's wax in the creation upon it."

Ormond admired the honourable sentiment ; but was sorry there was any occasion for it—and he sighed ; but it was a sigh of pity for Dora ; not that he had ever seen White Connal or known anything of him—but *White Connal* did not sound well ; and her father's avowal, that it had been a rash engagement, did not seem to promise happiness to Dora in this marriage.

From the time he had been a boy, Harry Ormond had been in the habit of ferrying over to the Black Islands

whenever Sir Ulick could spare him. The hunting and shooting, and the life of lawless freedom he led on the islands, had been delightful. King Corny, who had the command not only of boats, and of guns, and of fishing-tackle, and of men, but of carpenters' tools, and of smiths' tools, and of a lathe, and of brass and ivory, and of all the things that the heart of boy could desire, had appeared to Harry, when he was a boy, the richest, the greatest, the happiest of men—the cleverest, too—the most ingenious; for King Corny had with his own hands made a violin and a rat-trap; and had made the best coat, and the best pair of shoes, and the best pair of boots, and the best hat; and had knit the best pair of stockings, and had made the best dunghill in his dominions; and had made a quarter of a yard of fine lace, and had painted a panorama. No wonder that King Corny had been looked up to, by the imagination of childhood, as “a personage high as human veneration could look.”

But now, although our hero was still but a boy in many respects, yet in consequence of his slight commerce with the world, he had formed some comparisons, and made some reflections. He had heard, accidentally, the conversation of a few people of common sense, besides the sly, witty, and satirical remarks of Sir Ulick, upon *cousin Cornelius*; and it had occurred to Harry to question the utility and real grandeur of some of those things which had struck his childish imagination. For example, he began to doubt whether it were worthy of a king or a gentleman to be his own shoemaker, hatter, and tailor; whether it were not better managed in society, where these things are performed by different tradesmen; still the things were wonderful, considering who made them, and under what disadvantages they were made; but

Harry having now seen and compared Corny's violin with other violins, and having discovered that so much better could be had for money, with so much less trouble, his admiration had a little decreased. There were other points relative to external appearance on which his eyes had been opened. In his boyish days, King Corny, going out to hunt with hounds and horn, followed with shouts by all who could ride, and all who could run, King Corny hallooing the dogs, and cheering the crowd, appeared to him the greatest, the happiest of mankind.

But he had since seen hunts in a very different style, and he could no longer admire the rabble rout.

Human creatures, especially young human creatures, are apt to swing suddenly from one extreme to the other, and utterly to despise that which they had extravagantly admired. From this propensity, Ormond was in the present instance guarded by affection and gratitude. Through all the folly of his kingship, he saw that Cornelius O'Shane was not a person to be despised. He was indeed a man of great natural powers, both of body and mind—of inventive genius, energy, and perseverance, which might have attained the greatest objects; though from insufficient knowledge, and self-sufficient perversity, they had wasted themselves on absurd or trivial purposes.

There was a strong contrast between the characters of Sir Ulick and his cousin Cornelius O'Shane. They disliked and despised each other; differing as far in natural disposition as the subtle and the bold, their whole course through life, and the habits contracted during their progress, had widened the original difference.

The one living in the world, and mixing continually with men of all ranks and character, had, by bending easily, and being all things to all men, won his courtier-

way onwards and upwards to the possession of a seat in parliament, and the prospect of a peerage.

The other, inhabiting a remote island, secluded from all men but those over whom he *reigned*, caring for no earthly consideration, and for no human opinion but his own, had, *for* himself and *by* himself, hewed out his way to his own objects, and then rested, satisfied—

“ Lord of himself, and all his (*little*) world his own.”

SIR ULICK AT THE BLACK ISLANDS.

One morning, when Harry Ormond was out shooting, and King Corny, who had recovered tolerably from the gout, was reinstated in his arm-chair in the parlour, listening to Father Jos reading “ The Dublin Evening Post,” a gossoon, one of the runners of the castle, opened the door, and putting in his curly red head and bare feet, announced, *in all haste*, that he “ *just seen* Sir Ulick O’Shane in the boat, crossing the lake for the Black Islands.”

“ Well, breathless blockhead! and what of that? ” said King Corny—“ did you never see a man in a boat before? ”

“ I did, plase your honour.”

“ Then what is there extraordinary? ”

“ Nothing at all, plase your honour, only—thought your honour might like to know.”

“ Then you thought wrong, for I neither like it, nor dislike it. I don’t care a rush about the matter—so take yourself down stairs.”

" 'Tis a long time," said the priest, as the gossoon closed the door after him, "'tis a longer time than he ought, since Sir Ulick O'Shane paid his respects here, even in the shape of a morning visit."

" Morning visit ! " repeated Mrs. Betty Dunshaughlin, the housekeeper, who entered the room, for she was a privileged person, and had *les grandes et les petites entrées* in this palace—" Morning visit !—are you sure, Father Jos—are you clear he isn't come intending to stay for dinner ? "

" What in the devil's name, Betty, does it signify ? " said the king.

" About the dinner ! "

" What about it ? " said Corny, proudly ; " whether he comes, stays, or goes, I'll not have a scrap, or an iota of it changed," added he in a despotic tone.

" *Wheugh !* " said Betty, " one would not like to have a dinner of scraps—for there's nothing else to-day for him."

" Then if there *is* nothing else, there *can* be nothing else," said the priest, very philosophically.

" But when strangers come to dine, one would make a bit of an exertion, if one could," said Betty.

" It's his own fault to be a stranger," said Father Jos, watching his majesty's clouding countenance ; then whispering to Betty, " that was a faulty string you touched upon, Mrs. Betty ; and can't you make out your dinner without saying anything ? "

" A person may speak in this house, I suppose, besides the clergy, Father Jos," said Mrs. Betty, under her breath.

Then looking out of the window, she added, " He's half-way over the lake, and he'll make his own apologies

good, I'll engage, when he comes in ; for he knows how to speak for himself as well as any gentleman—and I don't doubt but he'll get my Mickey made an exciseman as he promised to ; and sure he has a good right. Isn't he a cousin of King Corny's ? wherefore, I'd wish to have all things proper. So I'll step out and kill a couple of chickens—won't I ? ”

“ Kill what you please,” said King Corny ; “ but, without my warrant, nothing killed or unkilld shall come up to table this day—and that's enough. No more reasoning—quit the subject and the room, Betty.”

Betty quitted the room ; but every stair, as she descended to the kitchen, could bear witness that she did not quit the subject ; and for an hour afterwards she reasoned against the obstinacy and folly of man, and the chorus in the kitchen moralized, in conformity and commiseration—in vain.

Meantime Father Jos, though he regretted the exertions which Mrs. Betty might discreetly have made in favour of a good dinner, was by no means, as he declared, a friend or *fauterer* of Sir Ulick O'Shane—how could he, when Sir Ulick had recanted ?—The priest looked with horror upon the apostasy—the King with contempt upon the desertion of his party. “ Was he sincere anyway, I'd honour him,” said Cornelius, “ or forgive him ; but, not to be ripping up old grievances when there's no occasion, I can't forgive the way he is at this present double-dealing with poor Harry Ormond—cajoling the grateful heart, and shirking the orphan boy that he took upon him to patronise. Why there I thought nobly of him, and forgave him all his sins, for the generous protection he afforded the son of his friend.”

“ Had Captain Ormond, the father, no fortune ? ” asked the priest.

“ Only a trifle of three hundred a year, and no provision for the education or maintenance of the boy. Ulick's fondness for him, more than all, showed him capable of the disinterested *touch!* but then to belie his own heart—to abandon him he bred a favourite, just when the boy wants him most—Oh! how could he? And all for what? To please the wife he hates; that can't be—that's only the ostensible—but what the raal rason is I can't guess. No matter—he'll soon tell us.”

“ Tell us! Oh! no,” said the priest, “ he'll keep his own secret.”

“ He'll let out, I'll engage, trying to hide it,” said Corny; “ like all cunning people, he *woodcocks*—hides his head, and forgets his body can be seen. But hark! he is coming up. Tommy!” said he, turning to a little boy of five years old, Sheelah's grandchild, who was playing about in the room, “ hand me that whistle you're whistling with, till I see what's the matter with it for you.”

King Corny seemed lost in examination of the whistle when Sir Ulick entered the room; and after receiving and seating him with proud courtesy, he again returned to the charge, blowing through the whistle, earnestly dividing his observation between Sir Ulick and little Tommy, and asking questions, by turns, about the whistle, and about all at Castle Hermitage.

“ Where's my boy? Where's Harry Ormond?” was the first leading question Sir Ulick asked.

“ Harry Ormond's out shooting, I believe, somewhere or somehow, taking his pleasure, as I hope he will long, and always as long as he likes it, at the Black Islands; at least as long as I live.”

Sir Ulick branched off into hopes of his cousin Cornelius's living long, very long; and in general terms, that were intended to avoid committing himself, or pinning himself to anything, he protested that he must not be robbed of his boy, that he had always, with good reason, been jealous of Harry's affection for King Corny, and that he could not consent to let his term of stay at the Black Islands be either as long as Harry himself should like, or during what he hoped would be the life of his cousin, Cornelius O'Shane.

"There's something wrong, still, in this whistle. Why, if you loved him so, did you let him go when you had him?" said Corny.

"He thought it necessary, for domestic reasons," replied Sir Ulick.

"*Continental* policy, that is; what I never understood, nor never shall," said Corny. "But I don't inquire any farther. If you are satisfied with yourself, we are all satisfied, I believe."

"Pardon me, I cannot be satisfied without seeing Harry this morning, for I've a little business with him—will you have the goodness to send for him?"

Father Jos, who, from the window, saw Harry's dog snuffing along the path to the wood, thought he could not be far from the house, and went to make inquiries; and now when Sir Ulick and King Corny were left alone together, a dialogue—a sort of single combat, without any object but to try each other's powers and temper—ensued between them; in which the one on the offensive came on with a tomahawk, and the other stood on the defensive parrying with a polished blade of Damascus; and sometimes, when the adversary was off his guard, making a sly cut at an exposed part.

"What are you so busy about?" said Sir Ulick.

"Mending the child's toy," said Cornelius. "A man must be doing something in this world."

"But a man of your ingenuity! 'tis a pity it should be wasted, as I have often said, upon mere toys."

"Toys of one sort or other we are all taken up with through life, from the cradle to the grave. By-the-bye, I give you joy of your baronetage. I hope they did not make you pay, now, too much in conscience for that poor tag of nobility."

"These things are not always matters of bargain and sale—mine was quite an unsolicited honour, a mark of approbation and acceptance of my poor services, and as such, gratifying;—as to the rest, believe me, it was not, if I must use so coarse an expression, *paid* for."

"Not paid for—what, then, it's owing for? To be paid for, still? Well, that's too hard, after all you've done for them. But some men have no manner of conscience. At least, I hope you paid the fees."

"The fees, of course—but we shall never understand one another," said Sir Ulick.

"Now, what will be the next title or string you look forward to, Ulysses, may I ask? Is it to be Baron Castle Hermitage, or to get a riband, or a garter, or a thistle, or what?—A thistle! What asses some men are!"

What savages some men are, thought Sir Ulick; he walked to the window, and, looking out, hoped that Harry Ormond would soon make his appearance. "You are doing, or undoing, a great deal here, cousin Cornelius, I see, as usual."

"Yes, but what I am doing, stand or fall, will never be my undoing—I am no speculator. How do your

silver mines go on, Sir Ulick? I hear all the silver mines in Ireland turn out to be lead."

"I wish they did," said Sir Ulick, "for then we could turn all our lead to gold. Those silver mines certainly did not pay—I've a notion you found the same with your reclaimed bog here, cousin Cornelius—I understand that after a short time it relapses, and is worse than ever, like most things pretending to be reclaimed."

"Speak for yourself, there, Sir Ulick," said Cornelius; "you ought to know certainly, for, some thirty years ago, I think you pretended to be a reclaimed rake."

"I don't remember it," said Sir Ulick.

"I do, and so would poor Emmy Annaly, if she was alive, which it's fortunate for her she is not (broken-hearted angel, if ever there was one, by wedlock! and the only one of the Annalys I ever liked)," said Cornelius to himself, in a low leisurely voice of soliloquy. Then resuming his conversation tone, and continuing his speech to Sir Ulick, "I say you pretended thirty years ago, I remember, to be a reformed rake, and looked mighty smooth and plausible—and promised fair that the improvement was solid, and was to last for ever and a day. But six months after marriage comes a relapse, and the reclaimed rake's worse than ever. Well, to be sure, that's in favour of your opinion against all things pretending to be reclaimed. But see, my poor bog, without promising so well, performs better; for it's six years, instead of six months, that I've seen no tendency to relapse. See, the *cattle* upon it speak for themselves; honest calf won't lie for any man."

"I give you joy of the success of your improvements. I admire, too, your ploughing team and ploughing tackle," said Sir Ulick, with an ironical smile. "You

don't go into any indiscreet expense for farming implements or prize cattle."

"No," said Cornelius, "I don't prize the prize cattle; the best prize a man can get, and the only one worth having, is that which he must give himself, or not get, and of which he is the best judge at all seasons."

"What prize, may I ask?"

"You may ask, and I'll answer—the prize of *success*; and, success to myself, I have it."

"And succeeding in all your ends by such noble means must be doubly gratifying—and is doubly commendable and surprising," said Sir Ulick.

"May I ask—for it's my turn now to play ignoramus—may I ask, what noble means excites this gratuitous commendation and surprise?"

"I commend, in the first place, the economy of your ploughing tackle—hay ropes, hay traces, and hay halters—doubly useful and convenient for harness and food."

Corny replied, "Some people I know, think the most expensive harness and tackle, and the most expensive ways of doing everything, the best; but I don't know if that is the way for the poor to grow rich—it may be the way for the rich to grow poor; we are all poor people in the Black Islands, and I can't afford, or think it good policy, to give the example of extravagant new ways of doing old things."

"'Tis a pity you don't continue the old Irish style of ploughing by the tail," said Sir Ulick.

"That is against humanity to brute *bastes*, which, without any sickening palaver of sentiment, I practise. Also, it's against an Act of Parliament, which I regard sometimes—that is, when I understand them; which, the way you parliament gentlemen draw them up, is

not always particularly intelligible to plain common sense ; and I have no lawyers here, thank Heaven ! to consult ; I am forced to be legislator, and lawyer, and ploughman, and all, you see, the best I can for myself."

He opened the window, and called to give some orders to the man, or, as he called him, the boy—a boy of sixty—who was ploughing.

"Your team, I see, is worthy of your tackle," pursued Sir Ulick—"a mule, a bull, and two lean horses. I pity the foremost poor devil of a horse, who must starve in the midst of plenty, while the horse, bull, and even mule, in a string behind him, are all plucking and *munging* away at their hay ropes."

Cornelius joined in Sir Ulick's laugh, which shortened its duration.

"'Tis comical ploughing, I grant," said he, "but still, to my fancy, anything's better and more profitable *nor* the tragi-comic ploughing you practise every season in Dublin."

"I ?" said Sir Ulick.

"Ay, you and all your courtiers, *ploughing the half acre** continually, pacing up and down that Castle-yard, while you're waiting in attendance there. Everyone to his taste, but—

' If there's a man on earth I hate,
Attendance and dependence be his fate.' "

"After all, I have very good prospects in life," said Sir Ulick.

"Ay, you've been always living on prospects ; for

* *Ploughing the half acre.* The English reader will please to inquire the meaning of this phrase from any Irish courtier.

my part, I'd rather have a mole-hill in possession than a mountain in prospect."

"Cornelius, what are you doing here to the roof of your house?" said Sir Ulick, striking off to another subject. "What a vast deal of work you do contrive to cut out for yourself."

"I'd rather cut it out for myself than have anybody to cut it out for me," said Cornelius.

"Upon my word, this will require all your extraordinary ingenuity, cousin."

"Oh, I'll engage I'll make a good job of it, in my sense of the word, though not in yours; for I know, in your vocabulary, that's only a good job where you pocket money and do nothing; now, my good jobs never bring me in a farthing, and give me a great deal to do into the bargain."

"I don't envy you such jobs, indeed," said Sir Ulick; "and are you sure that at last you make them good jobs in any acceptation of the term?"

"Sure! a man's never sure of anything in this world, but of being abused. But one comfort, my own conscience, for which I've a trifling respect, can't reproach me; since my jobs, good or bad, have cost my poor country nothing."

On this point Sir Ulick was particularly sore, for he had the character of being one of the greatest *jobbers* in Ireland. With a face of much political prudery, which he well knew how to assume, he began to exculpate himself. He confessed that much public money had passed through his hands; but he protested that none of it had stayed with him. No man, who had done so much for different administrations, had been so ill paid.

“Why the deuce do you work for them, then? You won't tell me it's for love. Have you got any character by it?—if you haven't profit, what have you? I would not let them make me a dupe, or maybe something worse, if I was you,” said Cornelius, looking him full in the face.

“Savage!” said Ulick again to himself. The tomahawk was too much for him—Sir Ulick felt that it was fearful odds to stand fencing according to rule with one who would not scruple to gouge or scalp, if provoked. Sir Ulick now stood silent, smiling forced smiles, and looking on while Cornelius played quite at his ease with little Tommy, blew shrill blasts through the whistle, and boasted that he had made a good job of that whistle anyway.

Harry Ormond, to Sir Ulick's great relief, now appeared. Sir Ulick advanced to meet him with an air of cordial friendship which brought the honest flush of pleasure and gratitude into the young man's face, who darted a quick look at Cornelius, as much as to say, “You see you were wrong—he is glad to see me—he is *come* to see me.”

Harry, who had been reading “Tom Jones,” had plunged into a flirtation with Peggy Sheridan, the pretty and innocent daughter of Corny's gardener, until he found, before any harm was done, that Moriarty O'Carroll was deeply in love with her. He apologised for his conduct, and used his influence to bring about their wedding.

MADEMOISELLE O'FALEY AND DORA.

Dora's aunt, an aunt by the mother's side, a maiden aunt, who had never before been at the Black Islands, and whom Ormond had never seen, was to accompany Dora on her return to Corny Castle ; our young hero had settled it in his head that this aunt must be something like Aunt Ellenor in Sir Charles Grandison ; a stiff-backed, prim, precise, old-fashioned looking aunt. Never was man's astonishment more visible in his countenance than was that of Harry Ormond on the first sight of Dora's aunt. His surprise was so great as to preclude the sight of Dora herself.

There was nothing surprising in the lady, but there was, indeed, an extraordinary difference between our hero's preconceived notion and the real person whom he now beheld. *Mademoiselle*—as Miss O'Faley was called, in honour of her French parentage and education, and in commemoration of her having at different periods spent above half her life in France, looking for an estate that could never be found—*Mademoiselle* was dressed in all the peculiarities of the French dress of that day ; she was of that indefinable age which the French describe by the happy phrase of “ *une femme d'un certain age,*” and which Miss O'Faley happily translated, “ a woman of *no particular age.*” Yet, though of no particular age in the eye of politeness, to the vulgar eye she looked like what people, who knew no better, might call an elderly woman ; but she was as alert and lively as a girl of fifteen ; a little wrinkled, but withal in fine preservation. She wore abundance of rouge, obviously—still

more obviously took superabundance of snuff—and, without any obvious motive, continued to play unremittingly a pair of large black French eyes, in a manner impracticable to a mere Englishwoman, and which almost tempted the spectator to beg she would let them rest. Mademoiselle or Miss O’Faley was, in fact, half French and half Irish—born in France, she was the daughter of an officer of the Irish brigade and of a French lady of good family. In her gestures, tones and language, there was a striking mixture or rapid succession of French and Irish. When she spoke French, which she spoke well, and with a true Parisian accent, her voice, gestures, air, and ideas were all French ; and she looked and moved a well-born, well-bred woman ; the moment she attempted to speak English, which she spoke with an inveterate brogue, her ideas, manner, air, voice, and gestures were Irish ; she looked and moved a vulgar Irishwoman.

“ What do you see so wonderful in Aunt O’Faley ? ” said Dora.

“ Nothing—only——”

The sentence was never finished, and the young lady was satisfied ; for she perceived that the course of his thoughts was interrupted, and all idea of her aunt effaced, the moment he turned his eyes upon herself. Dora, no longer a child and his playfellow, but grown and formed, was, and looked as if she expected to be treated as, a woman. She was exceedingly pretty, not regularly handsome, but with most brilliant eyes—there was besides a childishness in her face, and in her slight figure, which disarmed all criticism on her beauty, and which contrasted strikingly, yet as our hero thought agreeably, with her womanish airs and manner. Nothing

but her external appearance could be seen this first evening—she was tired and went to bed early.

Ormond longed to see more of her, on whom so much of his happiness was to depend.

This was the first time Mdlle. O'Faley had ever been at Corny Castle. Hospitality, as well as gratitude, determined the King of the Black Islands to pay her honour due.

“ Now, Harry Ormond,” said he, “ I have made one capital good resolution. Here is my sister-in-law, Mdlle. O'Faley, coming to reside with me here, and has conquered her antipathy to solitude and the Black Islands, and all from natural love and affection for my daughter Dora ; for which I have a respect for her, notwithstanding all her eternal jabbering about *politesse*, and all her manifold absurdities, and infinite female vanities, of which she has a double proportion, being half French. But so was my wife, that I loved to distraction—for a wise man may do a foolish thing. Well, on all those accounts, I shall never contradict or gainsay this Mademoiselle—in all things I shall make it my principle to give her her swing and her fling. But now observe me, Harry, I have no eye to her money—let her leave that to Dora or the cats, whichever pleases her—I am not looking to, nor squinting at, her succession. I am a great hunter, but not legacy-hunter—that is a kind of hunting I despise—and I wish every hunter of that kind may be thrown out, or thrown off, and may never be in at the death ! ”

Corny's tirade against legacy-hunters was highly approved of by Ormond, but, as to the rest, he knew nothing about Miss O'Faley's fortune. He was now to learn that a rich relation of hers, a merchant in Dublin

whom living she had despised, because he was “neither noble nor *comme il faut*,” dying, had lately left her a considerable sum of money; so that after having been many years in straitened circumstances, she was now quite at her ease. She had a carriage, and horses, and servants; she could indulge her taste for dress, and make a figure in a country place.

The Black Islands were, to be sure, of all places, the most unpromising for her purpose, and the first sight of Corny Castle was enough to throw her into despair.

As soon as breakfast was over, she begged her brother-in-law would show her the whole of the chateau from the top to the bottom.

With all the pleasure in life, he said, he would attend her from the attics to the cellar, and show her all the additions, improvements, and contrivances he had made, and all he intended to make, if Heaven should lend him life to complete everything, or anything—there was nothing *finished*.

“Nor ever will be,” said Dora, looking from her father to her aunt with a sort of ironical smile.

“Why, what has he been doing all this life?” said Mademoiselle.

“Making a *shift*,” said Dora; “I will show you dozens of them as we go over this house. *He* calls them substitutes—I call them make-shifts.”

Ormond followed as they went over the house; and though he was sometimes amused by the smart remarks which Dora made behind backs as they went on, yet he thought she laughed too scornfully at her father’s *oddities*, and he was often in pain for his good friend Corny.

His majesty was both proud and ashamed of his palace; proud of the various instances it exhibited of his taste,

originality, and *daring* ; ashamed of the deficiencies and want of comfort and finish.

His ready wit had excuses, reasons, or remedies for all Mademoiselle's objections. Every alteration she proposed he promised to get executed, and he promised impossibilities with the best faith imaginable.

"As the Frenchman answered to the Queen of France," said Corny, "if it is possible, it *shall* be done ; and if it is impossible, it *must* be done."

Mademoiselle, who had expected to find her brother-in-law, as she owned, a little more difficult to manage, a little savage, and a little restive, was quite delighted with his politeness ; but presuming on his complaisance, she went too far. In the course of a week she made so many innovations, that Corny, seeing the labour and ingenuity of his life in danger of being at once destroyed, made a sudden stand.

"This is Corny Castle, Mademoiselle," said he, "and you are making it Castle Topsy-Turvy, which must not be. Stop this work ; for I'll have no more architectural innovations done here—but by my own orders. Paper and paint, and furnish and finish, you may, if you will—I give you a *carte-blanche* ; but I won't have another wall touched, or chimney pulled down ; so far shalt thou go, but no farther, Mdlle. O'Faley." Mademoiselle was forced to submit, and to confine her brilliant imagination to papering, painting, and glazing.

Even in the course of these operations, King Corny became so impatient that she was forced to get them finished surreptitiously while he was out of the way in the mornings.

She made out who resided at every place within

possible reach of morning or dinner visit ; every house on the opposite banks of the lake was soon known to her, and she was current in every house. The boat was constantly rowing backwards and forwards over the lake ; cars waiting or driving on the banks ; in short, this summer all was gaiety at the Black Islands. Miss O'Faley was said to be a great acquisition in the neighbourhood ; she was so gay, so sociable, so communicative ; and she certainly, above all, knew so much of the world ; she was continually receiving letters, and news, and patterns, from Dublin, and the Black Rock, and Paris. Each of which places, and all standing nearly upon the same level, made a great figure in her conversation, and in the imagination of the half or quarter gentry, with whom she consorted in this remote place. Everything is great or small by comparison, and she was a great person in this little world. It had been the report of the country that her niece was promised to the eldest son of Mr Connal, of Glynn ; but the aunt seemed so averse to the match, and expressed this so openly, that some people began to think it would be broken off ; others, who knew Cornelius O'Shane's steadiness to his *word of honour*, were convinced that Miss O'Faley would never shake King Corny, and that Dora would assuredly be Mrs. Connal. All agreed that it was a foolish promise—that he might do better for his daughter. Miss O'Shane, with her father's fortune and her aunt's, would be a great prize ; besides, she was thought quite a beauty, and *remarkable elegant*.

Dora was just the thing to be the belle and coquette of the Black Islands ; the alternate scorn and familiarity with which she treated her admirers, and the interest and curiosity she excited, by sometimes taking delightful

pains to attract, and then capriciously repelling, *succeeded*, as Miss O'Faley observed, admirably. Harry Ormond accompanied her and her aunt on all their parties of pleasure ; Miss O'Faley would never venture in the boat or across the lake without him. He was absolutely essential to their parties ; he was useful in the boat ; he was useful to drive the car—Miss O'Faley would not trust anybody else to drive her ; he was an ornament to the ball—Miss O'Faley dubbed him her beau ; she undertook to polish him, and to teach him to speak French—she was astonished by the quickness with which he acquired the language, and caught the true Parisian pronunciation. She often reiterated to her niece and to others, who repeated it to Ormond, “ that it was the greatest of pities he had but three hundred a year upon earth ; but that, even with that pittance she would prefer him for a nephew to another with his thousands. Mr. Ormond was well-born, and he had some *politesse* ; and a winter at Paris would make him quite another person, quite a charming young man. He would have great *success*, she could answer for it, in certain *circles* and *salons* that she could name, only it might turn his head too much.” So far she said, and more she thought.

It was a million of pities that such a woman as herself, and such a girl as Dora, and such a young man as Mr. Ormond might be made, should be buried all their days in the Black Islands. Middle. O'Faley's heart still turned to Paris ; in Paris she was determined to live—there was no *living*, what you call *living*, anywhere else—elsewhere people only vegetate, as somebody said. Miss O'Faley, nevertheless, was excessively fond of her niece ; and how to make the love for her niece and the love for Paris coincide was the question. She long had formed a

scheme of carrying her dear niece to Paris, and marrying her there to some M. le Baron or M. le Marquis ; but Dora's father would not hear of her living anywhere but in Ireland, or marrying anyone but an Irishman. Miss O'Faley had lived long enough in Ireland to know that the usual method, in all disputes, is to split the difference ; therefore, she decided that her niece should marry some Irishman who would take her to Paris, and reside with her there, at least a great part of his time—the latter part of the bargain to be kept a secret from the father till the marriage should be accomplished. Harry Ormond appeared to be the very man for this purpose ; he seemed to hang loosely upon the world—no family connexions seemed to have any rights over him ; he had no profession—but a very small fortune. Miss O'Faley's fortune might be very convenient and Dora's person very agreeable to him ; and it was scarcely to be doubted that he would easily be persuaded to quit the Black Islands, and the British Islands, for Dora's sake.

The petit menage was already quite arranged in Mdlle. O'Faley's head—even the wedding-dresses had floated in her fancy.

“ As to the promise given to White Connal,” as she said to herself, “ it would be a mercy to save her niece from such a man ; for she had seen him lately, when he had called upon her in Dublin, and he was a vulgar person ; his hair looked as if it had not been cut these hundred years, and he wore—anything but what he should wear ; therefore, it would be a favour to her brother-in-law, for whom she had in reality a serious regard—it would be doing him the greatest imaginable benefit to save him from the shame of either keeping or breaking his ridiculous and savage promise.”

Her plan was, therefore, to prevent the possibility of his keeping it, by marrying her niece privately to Ormond before White Connal should return in October. When the thing was done, and could not be undone, Cornelius O'Shane, she was persuaded, would be very glad of it, for Harry Ormond was his particular favourite; he had called him his son—son-in-law was almost the same thing. Thus arguing with happy female casuistry, Mademoiselle went on with the prosecution of her plan. To the French spirit of intrigue and gallantry she joined Irish acuteness, and Irish varieties of odd resource, with the art of laying suspicion asleep by the appearance of an imprudent, blundering good nature; add to all this a degree of *confidence* that could not have been acquired by any means but one. Thus accomplished, "rarely did she manage matters."

By the very boldness and openness of her railing against the intended bridegroom, she convinced her brother-in-law that she meant nothing more than *talk*. Besides, through all her changing varieties of objections, there was one point on which she never varied—she never objected to going to Dublin, in September, to buy the wedding-clothes for Dora. This seemed to Cornelius O'Shane perfect proof that she had no serious intention to break off or defer the match. As to the rest, he was glad to see his own Harry such a favourite; he deserved to be a favourite with everybody, Cornelius thought. The young people were continually together. "So much the better," he would say; "all was above-board, and there could be no harm going forward, and no danger in life." All was above-board on Harry Ormond's part; he knew nothing of Miss O'Faley's designs, nor did he as yet feel that there was for him much *danger*. He was not

thinking as a lover of Dora in particular, but he felt a new and extraordinary desire to please in general. On every fair occasion he liked to show how well he could ride ; how well he could dance ; how gallant and agreeable he could be ; his whole attention was now turned to the cultivation of his personal accomplishments. He succeeded ; he danced, he rode to admiration—his glories of horsemanship, and sportsmanship, the birds that he shot, and the fish that he caught, and the leaps that he took, are to this hour recorded in the tradition of the inhabitants of the Black Islands. At the time, his feats of personal activity and address made him the theme of every tongue, the delight of every eye, the admiration of every woman, and the envy of every man ; not only with the damsels of Peggy Sheridan's class was he *the* favourite, but with all the young ladies, the belles of the half gentry, who filled the ball-rooms ; and who made the most distinguished figure in the riding, boating, walking, tea-drinking parties. To all, or any of these belles, he devoted his attention rather than to Dora, for he was upon honour ; and very honourable he was, and very prudent, moreover, he thought himself. He was, at present, quite content with general admiration ; there was, or there seemed, at this time, more danger for his head than his heart—more danger that his head should be turned with the foolish attentions paid him by many silly girls, than that he should be a dupe to a passion for any one of them ; there was imminent danger of his becoming a mere dancing, driving, country coxcomb.

WHITE CONNAL.

One day when Harry Ormond was out shooting with Moriarty Carroll, Moriarty abruptly began with, "Why then, 'tis what I am thinking, Master Harry, that King Corny don't know as much of that White Connal as I do."

"What do *you* know of Mr. Connal?" said Harry, loading his piece. "I didn't know you had ever seen him."

"Oh! but I did, and no great sight to see. Unlike the father, old Connal, of Glynn, who is a gentleman to the last, every inch, even with the coat dropping off his back; and the son, with the best coat in Christendom, has not the look of a gentleman at-all-at-all—nor hasn't it in him, inside no more than outside."

"You may be mistaken there, as you have never been within-side of him, Moriarty," said Ormond.

"Oh! faith, and if I have not been within-side of him, I have heard enough from them that seen him turned inside out, hot and cold. Sure I went down there last summer, to his country, to see a shister of my own that's married in it; and lives just by Connal's Town, as the man calls that sheep farm of his."

"Well, let the gentleman call his own place what he will——"

"Oh! he may call it what he plases for me—I know what the country calls him; and lest your honour should not ax me, I'll tell you: they call him White Connal, the negre!—Think of him that would stand browbating the butcher an hour, to bate down the farthing a pound in the price of ~~the~~ the worst bits of the mate, which he'd

bespake always for the servants ; or stand, he would—I've seen him with my own eyes—higgling with the poor child with the apron round the neck, that was sent to sell him the eggs——”

“ Hush ! Moriarty,” said Ormond, who did not wish to hear any farther particulars of Mr. Connal's domestic economy ; and he silenced Moriarty, by pointing to a bird. But the bird flew away, and Moriarty returned to his point.

“ I wouldn't be telling the like of any jantleman, but to show the nature of him. The minute after he had screwed the half-penny out of the child, he'd throw down, maybe, fifty guineas in gould for the horse he'd fancy for his own riding ; not that he rides better than the sack going to the mill, nor so well ; but that he might have it to show, and say he was better mounted than any man at the fair ; and the same he'd throw away more guineas than I could tell at the head of a short-horned bull, or a long-horned bull, or some kind of a bull from England, maybe, just becaese he'd think nobody else had one of the breed in all Ireland but himself.”

“ A very good thing, at least, for the country, to improve the breed of cattle.”

“ The country !—”Tis little the man thinks of the country that never thought of anything but himself, since his mother sucked him.”

“ Suckled him, you mean,” said Harry.

“ No matter—I'm no spaker—but I know that man's character nevertheless ; he is rich ; but a very bad character—the poor gives him up and down.”

“ Perhaps, because he is rich.”

“ Not at all ; the poor loves the rich that helps with the kind heart. Don't we all love King Corny to the blacking

of his shoes?—Oh! there's the difference!—who could like the man that's always talking of the *craturs*, and yet, to save the life of the poorest cratur that's forced to live under him, wouldn't forbear to drive, and pound, and process, for the little *con* acre, the potato ridge, the cow's grass, or the trifle for the woman's peck of flax, was she dying, and sell the woman's last blanket?—White Connal is a hard man, and takes all to the uttermost farthing the law allows."

"Well, even so, I suppose the law does not allow him more than his due," said Ormond.

"Oh! begging your pardon, Master Harry," said Moriarty, "that's becaase you are not a lawyer."

"And are you," said Harry.

"Only as we all are through the country. And now I'll only just tell you, Master Harry, how this White Connal sarved my shister's husband, who was an under-tenant to him:—see, the case was this——"

"Oh! don't tell me a long case, for pity's sake. I am no lawyer—I shall not understand a word of it."

"But then, sir, through the whole consarning White Connal, what I'm thinking of, Master Harry," said Moriarty, "is, I'm grieving that a daughter of our dear King Corny, and such a pretty likely girl as Miss Dora _____,"

"Say no more, Moriarty, for there's a partridge."

"Oh! is it so with you?" thought Moriarty—"that's just what I wanted to know—and I'll keep your secret; I don't forget Peggy Sheridan—and his goodness."

Moriarty said not a word more about White Connal or Miss Dora; and he and Harry shot a great many birds this day.

It is astonishing how quickly, and how justly, the lower

class of people in Ireland discover and appreciate the characters of their superiors, especially of the class just above them in rank.

Ormond hoped that Moriarty had been prejudiced in his account of White Connal, and that private feelings had induced him to exaggerate. Harry was persuaded of this, because Cornelius O'Shane had spoken to him of Connal, and had never represented him to be a *hard* man. In fact, O'Shane did not know him. White Connal had a property in a distant county, where he resided, and only came from time to time to see his father. O'Shane had then wondered to see the son grown so unlike the father; and he attributed the difference to White Connal's having turned grazier. The having derogated from the dignity of an idle gentleman, and having turned grazier, was his chief fault in King Corny's eyes; so that the only point in Connal's character and conduct, for which he deserved esteem, was that for which his intended father-in-law despised him. Connal had early been taught by his father's example, who was an idle, decayed, good gentleman, of the old Irish stock, that genealogies and old maps of estates in other people's possessions do not gain quite so much respect in this world as solid wealth. The son was determined, therefore, to get money; but in his horror of his father's indolence and poverty, he ran into a contrary extreme—he became not only industrious, but rapacious.

In going lately to Dublin to settle with a sales master, he had called on Dora at her aunt's in Dublin, and he had been "greatly struck," as he said, "with Miss O'Shane; she was as fine a girl as any in Ireland—turn out who they could against her; all her *points* good. But, better than beauty, she would be no contemptible

fortune ; with her aunt's assistance, she would cut up well ; she was certain of all her father's Black Islands—fine improvable land, if well managed."

These considerations had their full effect. Connal, knowing that the young lady was his destined bride, had begun by taking the matter coolly, and resolving to wait for the properest time to wed ; yet the sight of Dora's charms had so wrought upon him, that he was now impatient to conclude the marriage immediately. Directly after seeing Dora in Dublin, he had gone home and " put things in order and in train to bear his absence," while he should pay a visit to the Black Islands. Business, which must always be considered before pleasure, had detained him at home longer than he had foreseen ; but now certain rumours he heard of gay doings in the Black Islands, and a letter from his father, advising him not to delay longer paying his respects at Corny Castle, determined him to set out.

White Connal, having failed to please Dora, tried to poison Corny's mind against Ormond. But he was killed by a fall from a horse, and Corny was prepared to give Dora to Harry, when he remembered that there was a twin-brother, nicknamed " Black Connal," who might still claim Dora's hand. The new suitor, an officer in the French service, soon visited the Black Islands.

BLACK CONNAL.

Dora and her aunt walked out, and accidentally met the gentlemen in their walk. As M. de Connal approached, he gave them full leisure to form their opinions as to his personal appearance. He had the air of a foreign officer—easy, fashionable, and upon uncommonly good terms with himself—conscious, but with no vulgar consciousness, of possessing a fine figure and a good face : his was the air of a French coxcomb, who in unconstrained delight was rather proud to display, than anxious to conceal, his perfect self-satisfaction. Interrupting his conversation only when he came within a few paces of the ladies, he advanced with an air of happy confidence and Parisian gallantry, begging that Mr. O'Shane would do him the honour and pleasure to present him. After a bow, that said nothing, to Dora, he addressed his conversation entirely to her aunt, walking beside Mademoiselle, and neither approaching nor attempting to speak to Dora ; he did not advert to her in the least, and seemed scarcely to know she was present. This quite disconcerted the young lady's whole plan of proceedings—no opportunity was afforded her of showing disdain. She withdrew her arm from her aunt's, though Mademoiselle held it as fast as she could—but Dora withdrew it resolutely, and falling back a step or two, took Harry Ormond's arm, and walked with him, talking with as much unconcern, and as loudly as she could, to mark her indifference. But whether she talked or was silent, walked on with Harry Ormond, or stayed behind, whispered or laughed aloud, it seemed to make no

impression, no alteration whatever in Monsieur de Connal ; he went on conversing with Mademoiselle, and with her father, alternately in French and English. In English he spoke with a native Irish accent, which seemed to have been preserved from childhood ; but though the brogue was strong, yet there were no vulgar expressions ; he spoke good English, but generally with somewhat of French idiom. Whether this was from habit or affectation it was not easy to decide. It seemed as if the person who was speaking thought in French and translated it into English as he went on. The peculiarity of manner and accent—for there was French mixed with the Irish—fixed attention ; and besides Dora was really curious to hear what he was saying, for he was very entertaining. Mademoiselle was in raptures while he talked of Paris and Versailles, and various people of consequence and fashion at the court. The Dauphiness !—she was then but just married—M. de Connal had seen all the fêtes and the fireworks—but the beautiful Dauphiness !—In answering a question of Mademoiselle's about the colour of her hair, he for the first time showed that he had taken notice of Dora. “ Nearly the colour, I think, of that young lady's hair, as well as one can judge ; but powder prevents the possibility of judging accurately.”

Dora was vexed to see that she was considered merely as a *young lady* ; she exerted herself to take a part in the conversation, but Mr. Connal never joined in conversation with her—with the most scrupulous deference he stopped short in the middle of his sentence, if she began to speak. He stood aside, shrinking into himself with the utmost care, if she was to pass ; he held the boughs of the shrubs out of her way, but continued his conversation with

Mademoiselle all the time. When they came in from their walk, the same sort of thing went on. "It really is very extraordinary," thought she; "he seems as if he was spell-bound—obliged by his notions of politeness to let me pass incognita."

Mademoiselle was so fully engaged, chattering away, that she did not perceive Dora's mortification. The less notice Connal took of her, the more Dora wished to attract his attention; not that she desired to please him—no, she only longed to have the pleasure of refusing him. For this purpose the offer must be made—and it was not at all clear that any offer would be made.

When the ladies went to dress before dinner, Mademoiselle, while she was presiding at Dora's toilette, expressed how much she was delighted with M. de Connal, and asked what her niece thought of him? Dora replied that indeed she did not trouble herself to think of him at all—that she thought him a monstrous coxcomb—and that she wondered what could bring so prodigiously fine a gentleman to the Black Islands.

"Ask your own sense what brought him here! or ask your own looking-glass what shall keep him here!" said Miss O'Faley. "I can tell you he thinks you very handsome already; and when he sees you dress!"

"Really! he does me honour; he did not seem as if he had even seen me, more than any of the trees in the wood, or the chairs in the room."

"Chairs!—Oh, now you fish for *complimens!* But I shall not tell you how like he thinks you if you were mise à la Française, to la belle Comtesse de Barnac."

"But is not it very extraordinary, he absolutely never spoke to me," said Dora; "a very strange manner of paying his court!"

Mademoiselle assured Dora "that this was owing to M. de Connal's French habits. The young ladies in Paris passing for nothing, scarcely ever appearing in society till they are married, the gentlemen have no intercourse with them, and it would be considered as a breach of respect due to a young lady or her mother, to address much conversation to her. And you know, my dear Dore, their marriages are all made up by the father, the mother, the friends—the young people themselves never speak, never know nothing at all about each one another till the contract is sign; in fact, the young lady is the little round what you call cipher, but has no value in société at all till the figure of de husband come to give it value."

"I have no notion of being a cipher," said Dora; "I am not a French young lady, Monsieur de Connal."

"Ah, but my dear Dore, consider what is de French wife! Ah! then come her great glory; then she reign over all hearts, and is in full liberté to dress, to go, to come, to do what she like with her own carriage, her own box at de opera, and——You listen well, and I shall draw all that out for you from M. de Connal."

Dora languidly, sullenly begged her aunt would not give herself the trouble—she had no curiosity. But, nevertheless, she asked several questions about la Comtesse de Barnac; and all the time saying she did not in the least care what he thought or said of her, she drew from her aunt every syllable that M. de Connal had uttered, and was secretly mortified and surprised to find he had said so little. She could not dress herself to her mind to-day, and protesting she did not care how she looked, she resigned herself into her aunt's hands. Whatever he might think, she should take care

to show him at dinner that young ladies in this country were not ciphers.

At dinner, however, as before, all Dora's preconcerted airs of disdain and determination to show that she was somebody gave way, she did not know how, before M. de Connal's easy assurance and polite indifference. His knowledge of the world, and his talents for conversation, with the variety of subjects he had flowing in from all parts of the world, gave him advantages with which there was no possibility of contending.

He talked, and carved—all life, and gaiety, and fashion ; he spoke of battles, of princes, plays, operas, wine, women, cardinals, religion, politics, poetry, and turkeys stuffed with truffles—and Paris for ever!—Dash on ! at everything !—hit or miss—sure of the applause of Mademoiselle—and, as he thought, secure of the admiration of the whole company of natives, from *le beau-père* at the foot of the table to the boy who waited, or who did not wait, opposite to him, but who stood entranced with wonder at all that M. de Connal said, and all that he did—even to the fashion in which he stowed trusses of salad into his mouth with a fork, and talked—through it all.

And Dora, what did she think ?—she thought she was very much mortified that there was room for her to say so little. The question now was not what she thought of M. de Connal, but what he thought of her. After beginning with various little mock defences, avertings of the head, and twists of the neck, of the shoulders and hips, compound motions resolvable into *mauvaise honte* and pride, as dinner proceeded, and Monsieur de Connal's *success* was undoubted, she silently gave up her resolution “not to admire.”

Before the first course was over, Connal perceived that he had her eye. "Before the second is over," thought he, "I shall have her ear; and by the time we come to the dessert, I shall be in a fair way for the heart."

Though he seemed to have talked without any design, except to amuse himself and the company in general, yet in all he had said there had been a prospective view to his object. He chose his means well, and in Mademoiselle he found, at once, a happy dupe and a confederate. Without previous concert, they raised visions of Parisian glory which were to prepare the young lady's imagination for a French lover or a French husband. M. de Connal was well aware that no matter who touched her heart, if he could pique her vanity.

After dinner, when the ladies retired, old Mr. Connal began to enter upon the question of the intended union between the families—Ormond left the room, and Corny suppressed a deep sigh. M. de Connal took an early opportunity of declaring that there was no truth in the report of his going to be married in England; he confessed that such a thing had been in question—he must speak with delicacy—but the family and connexions did not suit him; he had a strong prejudice, he owned, in favour of ancient family—Irish family; he had always wished to marry an Irishwoman—for that reason he had avoided opportunities that might have occurred of connecting himself, perhaps advantageously, in France; he was really ambitious of the honour of an alliance with the O'Shanes. Nothing could be more fortunate for him than the friendship which had subsisted between his father and Mr. O'Shane.—And the promise?—Relinquish it!—Oh! that, he assured Mr. O'Shane, was quite impossible, provided the young lady herself

should not make a decided objection—he should abide by her decision—he could not possibly think of pressing his suit, if there should appear any repugnance ; in that case, he should be infinitely mortified—he should be absolutely in despair ; but he should know how to submit—cost him what it would ; he should think, as a man of honour, it was his part to sacrifice his wishes to what the young lady might conceive to be for her happiness.

He added a profusion of compliments on the young lady's charms, with a declaration of the effect they had already produced on his heart.

This was all said with a sort of nonchalance, which Corny did not at all like. But Mademoiselle, who was summoned to Corny's private council, gave it as her opinion that M. de Connal was already quite in love—quite as much as a French husband ever was. She was glad that her brother-in-law was bound by his promise to a gentleman who would really be a proper husband for her niece. Mademoiselle, in short, saw everything *couleur de rose* ; and she urged that, since M. de Connal had come to Ireland for the express purpose of forwarding his present suit, he ought to be invited to stay at Corny Castle, that he might endeavour to make himself acceptable to Dora.

To this Corny acceded. He left Mademoiselle to make the invitation ; for, he said, she understood French politeness, and *all that*, better than he did. The invitation was made and accepted, with all due expressions of infinite delight.

“ Well, my dear Harry Ormond,” said Corny, the first moment he had an opportunity of speaking to Harry in private, “ what do you think of this man ? ”

“ What Miss O’Shane thinks of him is the question,” said Harry, with some embarrassment.

“ That’s true—it was too hard to ask you. But I’ll tell you what I think ; between ourselves, Black Connal is better than White, inasmuch as a puppy is better than a brute. We shall see what Dora will say or think soon—the aunt is over head and ears already ; women are mighty apt to be taken, one way or other, with a bit of a coxcomb. Vanity—vanity ! but still I know—I suspect—Dora has a heart ; from me, I hope, she has a right to a heart. But I will say no more till I see which way the heart turns and *settles*, after all the little tremblings and variations ; when it points steady, I shall know how to steer my course. I have a scheme in my head, but I won’t mention it to you, Harry, because it might end in disappointment ; so go off to bed and to sleep, if you can ; you have had a hard day to go through, my poor honourable Harry.”

And poor honourable Harry had many hard days to go through. He had now to see how Dora’s mind was gradually worked upon, not by a new passion, for Mr. Connal never inspired or endeavoured to inspire passion, but by her own and her aunt’s vanity.

THE END OF KING CORNY.

Thus they continued their sport till late ; and returning, loaded with game, had nearly reached the palace, when Corny, who had marked a covey, quitted Harry, and sent his dog to spring it, at a distance much greater than the usual reach of a common fowling-piece. Harry

heard a shot, and a moment afterwards a violent shout of despair ;—he knew the voice to be that of Moriarty, and running to the spot from whence it came, he found his friend, his benefactor, weltering in his blood. The fowling-piece, overloaded, had burst, and a large splinter of the barrel had fractured the skull, and had sunk into the brain. As Moriarty was trying to raise his head, O'Shane uttered some words, of which all that was intelligible was the name of Harry Ormond. His eye was fixed on Harry, but the meaning of the eye was gone. He squeezed Harry's hand, and an instant afterwards O'Shane's hand was powerless. The dearest, the only real friend Harry Ormond had upon earth was gone for ever !

A boy passing by saw what had happened, and ran to the house, calling as he went to some workmen, who hastened to the place, where they heard the howling of the dogs. Ormond neither heard nor saw—till Moriarty said, "He must be carried home" ; and someone approaching to lift the body, Ormond started up, pushed the man back, without uttering a syllable—made a sign to Moriarty, and between them they carried the body home. Sheelah and the women came out to meet them, wringing their hands and uttering loud lamentations. Ormond, bearing his burden as if insensible of what he bore, walked onward, looking at no one, answering none, but forcing his way straight into the house, and on—till they came to O'Shane's bedchamber, which was upon the ground-floor—there laid him on his bed. The women had followed, and all those who had gathered on the way rushed in to see and to bewail. Ormond looked up, and saw the people about the bed, and made a sign to Moriarty to keep them away, which he did as

well as he could. But they would not be kept back—Sheelah, especially, pressed forward, crying loudly, till Moriarty, with whom she was struggling, pointed to Harry. Struck with his fixed look, she submitted at once. “*Best leave him!*” said she. She put everybody out of the room before her, and turning to Ormond, said, they would leave him “a little space of time till the priest should come, who was at a clergy dinner, but was sent for.”

When Ormond was left alone he locked the door, and kneeling beside the dead, offered up prayers for the friend he had lost, and there remained some time in stillness and silence, till Sheelah knocked at the door, to let him know that the priest was come. Then retiring, he went to the other end of the house, to be out of the way. The room to which he went was that in which they had been reading the letters just before they went out that morning. There was the pen which Harry had taken from his hand, and the answer just begun.

“Dear General, I hope my young friend, Harry Ormond——”

That hand could write no more!—that warm heart was cold! The certainty was so astonishing, so stupefying, that Ormond, having never yet shed a tear, stood with his eyes fixed on the paper, he knew not how long, till he felt someone touch his hand. It was the child, little Tommy, of whom O’Shane was so fond, and who was so fond of him. The child, with his whistle in his hand, stood looking up at Harry, without speaking. Ormond gazed on him for a few instants, then snatched him in his arms, and burst into an agony of tears. Sheelah, who had let the child in, now came and carried him away. “God be thanked for them tears,” said she, “they will bring

relief"; and so they did. The necessity for manly exertion—the sense of duty—pressed upon Ormond's recovered reason. He began directly, and wrote all the letters that were necessary to his guardian and to Miss O'Faley, to communicate the dreadful intelligence to Dora. The letters were not finished till late in the evening. Sheelah came for them, and leaving the door and the outer door to the hall open, as she came in, Ormond saw the candles lighted, and smelt the smell of tobacco and whiskey, and heard the sound of many voices.

"The wake, dear, which is beginning," said she, hastening back to shut the doors, as she saw him shudder. "Bear with it, Master Harry," said she; "hard for you!—but bear with us, dear; 'tis the custom of the country; and what else can we do but what the forefathers did?—how else for us to show respect, only as it would be expected, and has always been?—and great comfort to think we done our best for *him that is gone*, and comfort to know his wake will be talked of long hereafter, over the fires at night, of all the people that is there without—and that's all we have for it now; so bear with it, dear."

This night, and for two succeeding nights, the doors of Corny Castle remained open for all who chose to come.

Crowds, as many, and more, than the castle could hold, flocked to King Corny's wake, for he was greatly beloved.

There was, as Sheelah said, "plenty of cake and wine, and tea, and tobacco, and snuff—everything handsome as possible, and honourable to the deceased, who was always open-handed and open-hearted, and with open house too."

His praises, from time to time, were heard, and then the common business of the country was talked of—and

jesting and laughter went on—and all night there were tea-drinkings for the women and punch for the men. Sheelah, who inwardly grieved most, went about incessantly among the crowd, serving all, seeing that none, especially them who came from a distance, should be neglected—and that none should have to complain afterwards, “or to say that anything at all was wanting or niggardly.” Mrs. Betty, Sheelah’s daughter, sat presiding at the tea-table, giving the keys to her mother when wanted, but never forgetting to ask for them again. Little Tommy took his cake and hid himself under the table, close by his mother, Mrs. Betty, and could not be tempted out but by Sheelah, whom he followed, watching for her to go in to Mr. Harry ; when the door opened he held by her gown, and squeezed in under her arm—and when she brought Mr. Harry his meals, she would set the child up at the table with him *for company*—and to tempt him to take something.

Ormond had once promised his deceased friend that if he was in the country when he died, he would put him into his coffin. He kept his promise. The child hearing a noise, and knowing that Mr. Harry had gone into the room, could not be kept out ; the crowd had left that room, and the child looked at the bed with the curtains looped up with black—and at the table at the foot of the bed, with the white cloth spread over it, and the seven candlesticks placed upon it. But the coffin fixed his attention, and he threw himself upon it, clinging to it, and crying bitterly upon King Corny, his dear King Corny, to come back to him.

It was all Sheelah could do to drag him away ; Ormond, who had always liked this boy, felt now more fond of him than ever, and resolved that he should never want a friend.

“ You are in the mind to attend the funeral, sir, I think you told me ? ” said Sheelah.

“ Certainly,” replied Ormond.

“ Excuse me, then,” said Sheelah, “ if I mention—for you can’t know what to do without. There will be High Mass, maybe you know, in the chapel. And as it’s a great funeral, thirteen priests will be there attending. And when the Mass will be finished, it will be expected of you, as first of kin considered, to walk up first with your offering—whatsoever you think fit, for the priests—and to lay it down on the altar ; and then each and all will follow, laying down their offerings, according as they can. I hope I’m not too bold or troublesome, sir.”

Ormond thanked her for her kindness—and felt it was real kindness. He consequently did all that was expected from him *handsomely*. After the Masses were over, the priests, who could not eat anything before they said Mass, had breakfast and dinner joined. Sheelah took care “ the clergy was well served.” Then the priests—though it was not essential that *all* should go, did *all*, to Sheelah’s satisfaction, accompany the funeral the *whole way*, three long miles, to the burying-place of the O’Shanes—a remote old abbey-ground, marked only by some scattered trees and a few sloping grave-stones. King Corny’s funeral was followed by an immense concourse of people, on horseback and on foot ; men, women, and children ; when they passed by the doors of cabins, a set of the women raised the funeral cry—not a savage howl, as is the custom in some parts of Ireland, but chanting a melancholy kind of lament, not without harmony, simple and pathetic. Ormond was convinced, that in spite of all the festivity at the wake,

which had so disgusted him, the poor people mourned sincerely for the friend they had lost.

Dora married M. de Connal and went to France. Ormond, after a visit to a neighbouring clergyman, Dr. Cambray, a friend of the Annaly family, returned to Sir Ulick O'Shane, who had now separated from his ill-tempered wife, Ormond's old enemy. The death of Harry's stepmother in India put him in possession of a considerable fortune, and he began to cut a more important figure in society.

A VICE-REGAL VISIT.

"My dear boy," said Sir Ulick, "are you aware that his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant is coming to Castle Hermitage to-morrow?"

"Yes, sir; so I heard you say," replied Harry. "What sort of a man is he?"

"*Man!*" repeated Sir Ulick, smiling. "In the first place, he is a very *great* man, and may be of great service to you."

"How so, sir? I don't want anything from him. Now I have a good fortune of my own, what can I want from any man—or if I must not say *man*, any *great* man?"

"My dear Harry, though a man's fortune is good, it may be better for pushing it."

"And worse, may it not, sir? Did not I hear you speaking last night of Lord Somebody, who had been pushing his fortune all his life, and died penniless?"

"True, because he pushed ill; if he had pushed well, he would have got into a good place."

“ I thank Heaven, I can get that now without any pushing.”

“ You can !—yes, by my interest perhaps you mean.”

“ No ; by my own money, I mean.”

“ Bribery and corruption ! Harry. Places are not in this country to be bought—openly—these are things one must not talk of ; and pray, with your own money—if you could—what place upon earth would you purchase ?

“ The only place in the world I should wish for, sir, would be a place in the country.”

Sir Ulick was surprised and alarmed ; but said not a word that could betray his feelings.

“ A place of my own,” continued Ormond, “ a comfortable house and estate, on which I could live independently and happily, with some charming amiable woman.”

“ Darrell, Dartford, Lardner, which ? ” said Sir Ulick, with a sarcastic smile.

“ I am cured of these foolish fancies, sir.”

“ Well, there is another more dangerous might seize you, against which I must warn you, and I trust one word of advice you will not take amiss.”

“ Sir, I am very much obliged to you ; how could I take advice from you as anything but a proof of friendship ? ”

“ Then, my dear boy, I must tell you, *in confidence*, what you will find out the first night you are in his company, that his Excellency drinks hard.”

“ No danger of my following his example,” said Harry. “ Thank you, sir, for the warning ; but I am sure enough of myself on this point, because I have been tried—and when I would not drink to please my own dear King Corny, there is not much danger of my drink-

ing to please a Lord Lieutenant, who, after all, is nothing to me."

"After all," said Sir Ulick; "but you are not come to *after all* yet—you know nothing about his Excellency yet."

"Nothing but what you have told me, sir; if he drinks hard, I think he sets no very good example as a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland."

"What oft was thought, perhaps, but ne'er so bluntly expressed," said Sir Ulick.

Sir Ulick was afterwards surprised to see the firmness with which his ward, when in company with persons of the first rank and fashion, resisted the combined force of example, importunity, and ridicule. Dr. Cambray was pleased, but not surprised; for he had seen in his young friend other instances of this adherence to whatever he had once been convinced was right.

Other and far more dangerous trials were now preparing for him; but before we go on to these, it may be expected that we should not pass over in silence the vice-regal visit—and yet what can we say about it? All that Ormond could say was, that "he supposed it was a great honour, but it was no great pleasure." The mornings, two out of five, being rainy, hung very heavily on hand in spite of the billiard-room. Fine weather, riding, shooting, or boating, killed time well enough till dinner; and Harry said he liked this part of the business exceedingly, till he found that some great men were very cross if they did not shoot as many little birds as he did. Then came dinner, the great point of relief and reunion!—and there had been late dinners, and long dinners, and great dinners, fine plate, good dishes, and plenty of wine, but a dearth of conversation—the

natural topics chained up by etiquette. One half of the people at table were too prudent, the other half too stupid to talk. Sir Ulick talked away indeed ; but even he was not half so entertaining as usual, because he was forced to bring down his wit and humour to *court quality*. In short, till the company had drunk a certain quantity of wine, nothing was said worth repeating, and afterwards nothing repeatable.

After the vice-regal raree show was over, and that the grand folk had been properly bowed into their carriages, and had fairly driven away, there was some diversion to be had. People, without yawning, seemed to recover from a dead sleep ; the state of the atmosphere was changed ; there was a happy thaw ; the frozen words and bits and ends of conversations were repeated in delightful confusion. The men of wit, in revenge for their prudent silence, were now happy and noisy beyond measure. Ormond was much entertained ; he had an opportunity of being not only amused but instructed by conversation, for all the great dealers in information, who had *kept up* their goods while there was no market, now that there was a demand, unpacked, and brought them out in profusion. There was such a rich supply, and such a quick and happy intercourse of wit and knowledge, as quite delighted, almost dazzled, his eyes ; but his eyes were strong. He had a mind untainted with envy, highly capable of emulation. Much was indeed beyond, or above, the reach of his present powers ; but nothing was beyond his generous admiration—nothing above his future hopes of attainment. The effect and more than the effect, which Sir Ulick had foreseen, was produced on Ormond's mind by hearing the conversation of some of those who had distinguished

themselves in political life ; he caught their spirit—their ambition ; his wish was no longer merely to see the world, but to distinguish himself in it.

SIR ULICK'S REPUTATION.

During the course of Ormond's tour through Ireland he frequently found himself in company with those who knew the history of public affairs for years past, and were but too well acquainted with the political profligacy and shameful jobbing of Sir Ulick O'Shane.

Some of these gentlemen, knowing Mr. Ormond to be his ward, refrained, of course, from touching upon any subject relative to Sir Ulick ; and when Ormond mentioned him, evaded the conversation, or agreed in general terms in praising his abilities, wit, and address. But after a day or two's journey from Castle Hermitage, when he was beyond his own and the adjoining counties, when he went into company with those who happened to know nothing of his connexion with Sir Ulick O'Shane, then he heard him spoken of in a very different manner. He was quite astonished and dismayed by the general abuse, as he thought it, which was poured upon him.

“ Well, every man of abilities excites envy—every man who takes a part in politics, especially in times when parties run high, must expect to be abused ; they must bear it ; and their friends must learn to bear it for them.”

Such were the reflections with which Ormond at first comforted himself. As far as party abuse went, this was quite satisfactory ; even facts, or what are told as facts,

are so altered by the manner of seeing them by an opposite party, that, without meaning to traduce, they calumniate. Ormond entrenched himself in total disbelief, and cool assertion of his disbelief, of a variety of anecdotes he continually heard discreditable to Sir Ulick. Still he expected that, when he went into other company, and met with men of Sir Ulick's own party, he should obtain proofs of the falsehood of these stories, and by that he might be able, not only to contradict, but to confute them. People, however, only smiled, and told him that he had better inquire no farther, if he expected to find Sir Ulick an immaculate character. Those who liked him best, laughed off the notorious instances of his public defection of principle, and of his private jobbing, as good jokes ; proofs of his knowledge of the world—his address, his frankness, his being “ not a bit of a hypocrite.” But even those who professed to like him best, and to be the least scrupulous with regard to public virtue, still spoke with a sort of facetious contempt of Sir Ulick, as a thorough-going friend of the powers that be—as a hack of administration—as a man who knew well enough what he was about. Ormond was continually either surprised or hurt by these insinuations.

The concurrent testimony of numbers who had no interest to serve, or prejudice to gratify, operated upon him by degrees, so as to enforce conviction, and this was still more painful.

Harry became so sore and irritable upon this subject that he was now every day in danger of entangling himself in some quarrel in defence of his guardian. Several times the master of the house prevented this, and brought him to reason, by representing that the

persons who talked of Sir Ulick were quite ignorant of his connexion with him, and spoke only according to general opinion, and to the best of their belief, of a public character who was fair game. It was, at that time, much the fashion among a certain set in Dublin to try their wit upon each other in political and poetical squibs—the more severe and bitter these were, the more they were applauded; the talent for invective was in the highest demand at this period in Ireland; it was considered as the unequivocal proof of intellectual superiority. The display of it was the more admired, as it could not be enjoyed without a double portion of that personal promptitude to give the *satisfaction of a gentleman*, on which the Irish pride themselves; the taste of the nation, both for oratory and manners, has become of late years so much more refined, that when any of the lampoons of that day are now recollected, people are surprised at the licence of abuse which was then tolerated, and even approved of in fashionable society. Sir Ulick O'Shane, as a well-known public character, had been the subject of a variety of puns, bon-mots, songs, and epigrams, which had become so numerous as to be collected under the title of *Ulysseana*. Upon the late separation of Sir Ulick and his lady, a new edition, with a caricature frontispiece, had been published; unfortunately for Ormond, this had just worked its way from Dublin to this part of the country.

It happened one day, at a gentleman's house where this *Ulysseana* had not yet been seen, that a lady, a visitor and a stranger, full of some of the lines which she had learned by heart, began to repeat them for the amusement of the tea-table. Ladies do not always consider how much mischief they may do by such imprudence; nor

how they may hazard valuable lives, for the sake of producing a *sensation*, by the repetition of a *severe thing*. Ormond came into the room after dinner, and with some other gentleman gathered round the tea-table, while the lady was repeating some extracts from the new edition of the *Ulysseana*. The master and mistress of the house made reiterated attempts to stop the lady; but, too intent upon herself and her second-hand wit to comprehend or take these hints, she went on reciting the following lines :—

To serve in Parliament the nation,
 Sir Ulick read his recantation :
 At first he joined the patriot throng,
 But soon perceiving he was wrong,
 He ratted to the courtier tribe,
 Bought by a title and a bribe ;
 But how that new-found friend to bind
 With any oath—of any kind,
 Disturb'd the *premier's* wary mind.
 “ *Upon his faith.—Upon his word.* ”
 Oh ! that, my friend, is too absurd.
 “ *Upon his honour.* ”—Quite a jest.
 “ *Upon his conscience.* ”—No such test.
 “ *By all he has on earth.* ”—’Tis gone.
 “ *By all his hopes of Heaven.* ”—They’re none.
 “ How then secure him in our pay—
 “ He can’t be trusted for a day ? ”
 How ?—When you want the fellow’s throat—
 Pay by the job—you have his vote.

Sir Ulick himself, had he been present, would have laughed off the epigram with the best grace imaginable, and so, in good policy, ought Ormond to have taken it. But he felt it too much, and was not in the habit of laughing when he was vexed. Most of the company, who knew anything of his connexion with Sir Ulick, or who understood the agonizing looks of the master and mistress of the house, politely refrained from smiles or applause ; but a cousin of the lady who repeated the lines, a young

man who was one of the hateful tribe of *quizzers*, on purpose to *try* Ormond, praised the verses to the skies, and appealed to him for his opinion.

"I can't admire them, sir," replied Ormond.

"What fault can you find with them?" said the young man, winking at the bystanders.

"I think them *incorrect*, in the first place, sir," said Ormond, "and altogether indifferent."

"Well, at any rate, they can't be called *moderate*," said the gentleman; "and as to incorrect, the substance, I fancy, is correctly true."

"*Fancy*, sir!—It would be hard if character were to be at the mercy of fancy," cried Ormond, hastily; but checking himself, he, in a mild tone, added, "before we go any farther, sir, I should inform you that I am a ward of Sir Ulick O'Shane's."

"Oh! mercy," exclaimed the lady, who had repeated the verses; "I am sure I did not know that, or I would not have said a word—I declare I beg your pardon, sir."

Ormond's bow and smile spoke his perfect satisfaction with the lady's contrition, and his desire to relieve her from farther anxiety. So the matter might have happily ended; but her cousin, though he had begun merely with an intention to try Ormond's temper, now felt piqued by his spirit, and thought it incumbent upon him to persist. Having drunk enough to be ill-humoured, he replied, in an aggravating and ill-bred manner, "Your being Sir Ulick O'Shane's ward may make a difference in your feelings, sir, but I don't see why it should make any in my opinion."

"In the expression of that opinion at least, sir, I think it ought."

The master of the house now interfered, to explain

and pacify, and Ormond had presence of mind and command enough over himself to say no more while the ladies were present ; he sat down, and began talking about some trifle in a gay tone ; but his flushed cheek, and altered manner, showed that he was only repressing other feelings. The carriages of the visitors were announced, and the strangers rose to depart. Ormond accompanied the master of the house to hand the ladies to their carriages. To mark his being in perfect charity with the fair penitent, he showed her particular attention, which quite touched her ; and as he put her into her carriage, she, all the time, repeated her apologies, declared it should be a lesson to her for life, and cordially shook hands with him at parting. For her sake, he wished that nothing more should be said on the subject.

But, on his return to the hall, he found there the cousin, buttoning on his great coat, and seeming loath to depart ; still in ill-humour, the gentleman said, “ I hope you are satisfied with that lady’s apologies, Mr. Ormond.”

“ I am, sir, perfectly.”

“ That’s lucky ; for apologies are easier had from ladies than gentlemen, and become them better.”

“ I think it becomes gentlemen as well as ladies to make candid apologies, where they are conscious of being wrong—if there was no intention to give offence.”

“ *If* is a great peace-maker, sir ; but I scorn to take advantage of an *if*.”

“ Am I to suppose then, sir,” said Ormond, “ that it was your intention to offend me ? ”

“ Suppose what you please, sir—I am not in the habit of explanation or apology.”

“ Then, sir, the sooner we meet the better,” said Ormond.

In consequence Ormond applied to an officer who had been present during the altercation to be his second. Ormond felt that he had restrained his anger sufficiently—he was now as firm as he had been temperate. The parties met and fought; the man who deserved to have suffered, by the chance of this rational mode of deciding right and wrong, escaped unhurt; Ormond received a wound in his arm. It was only a flesh wound. He was at the house of a very hospitable gentleman, whose family were kind to him; and the inconvenience and pain were easily borne. In the opinion of all, in that part of the world, who knew the facts, he had conducted himself as well as the circumstances would permit; and, as it was essential, not only to the character of a hero, but of a gentleman at that time in Ireland, to fight a duel, we may consider Ormond as fortunate in not having been in the wrong. He rose in favour with the ladies, and in credit with the gentlemen, and he heard no more of the Ulysseana; but he was concerned to see paragraphs in all the Irish papers about the duel that had been fought between M. N., Esq., jun., of——, and H. O., Esq., in consequence of a dispute that arose about some satirical verses, repeated by a lady on a certain well-known character, nearly related to one of the parties.

A flaming account of the duel followed, in which there was the usual newspaper proportion of truth and falsehood; Ormond knew and regretted that this paragraph must meet the eyes of his guardian; and still more he was sorry that Dr. Cambray should see it. He knew the doctor's Christian abhorrence of the whole system of duelling; and, by the statement in the papers, it appeared that that gallant youth, H. O., Esq., to whom the newswriter evidently wished to do honour, had been

far more forward to provoke the fight than he had been or than he ought to have been. His own plain statement of facts, which he wrote to Dr. Cambray, would have set everything to rights, but his letter crossed the doctor's on the road. As he was now in a remote place, which the delightful mail coach roads had not then reached—where the post came in only three days in the week—and where the mail cart either broke down, lost a wheel, had a tired horse, was overturned, or robbed, at an average once a fortnight—our hero had no alternative but patience, and the amusement of calculating dates and chances upon his restless sofa. His taste for reading enabled him to pass agreeably some of the hours of bodily confinement, which men, and young men especially, accustomed to a great deal of exercise, liberty, and locomotion, generally find so intolerably irksome. At length his wound was well enough for him to travel—letters for him arrived; a warm, affectionate one from his guardian, and one from Dr. Cambray, which relieved his anxiety.

“I must tell you, my dear young friend,” said Dr. Cambray, “that while you have been defending Sir Ulick O’Shane’s public character (of which, by-the-bye, you know nothing), I have been defending your private character, of which I hope and believe I know something. The truth is always known *in time* with regard to every character; and, therefore, independently of other motives, moral and religious, it is more prudent to trust to time and truth for their defence than to sword and pistol. I know you are impatient to hear what were the reports to your disadvantage, and from whom I had them. I had them from the Annals; and they heard them in England, through various circuitous channels

of female correspondents in Ireland. As far as we can trace them, we think that they originated with your old friend Miss Black. The first account Lady Annaly heard of you after she went to England was that you were living a most dissolute life in the Black Islands with King Corny, who was described to be a profligate rebel, and his companion an ex-communicated Catholic priest ; king, priest, and *Prince Harry* getting drunk together regularly every night of their lives. The next account which Lady Annaly received some months afterwards, in reply to inquiries she had made from her agent, was, that it was impossible to know anything for certain of Mr. Harry Ormond, as he always *kept* in the Black Islands. The report was, that he had lately seduced a girl of the name of Peggy Sheridan, a respectable gardener's daughter, who was going to be married to a man of the name of Moriarty Carroll, a person whom Mr. Ormond had formerly shot in some unfortunate drunken quarrel. The match between her and Moriarty had been broken off in consequence. The following year accounts were worse and worse. This Harry Ormond had gained the affections of his benefactor's daughter, though, as he had been warned by her father, she was betrothed to another man. The young lady was afterwards, by her father's anger, and by Ormond's desertion of her, thrown into the arms of a French adventurer, whom Ormond brought into the house under pretence of learning French from him. Immediately after the daughter's elopement with the French master, the poor father died suddenly, in some extraordinary manner, when out shooting with this Mr. Ormond, to whom a considerable landed property, and a large legacy in money, were, to everybody's surprise, found

to be left in a will which *he* produced, and which the family did not think fit to dispute. There were strange circumstances told concerning the wake and burial, all tending to prove that this Harry Ormond had lost all feeling. Hints were further given that he had renounced the Protestant religion, and had turned Catholic for the sake of absolution."

Many times during the perusal of this extravagant tissue of falsehoods, Ormond laid down and resumed the paper, unable to refrain from exclamations of rage and contempt; sometimes almost laughing at the absurdity of the slander. "After this," thought he, "who can mind common reports?—and yet Dr. Cambray says that these excited some prejudice against me in the mind of Lady Annaly. With such a woman I should have thought it impossible. Could she believe me capable of such crimes?—*me*, of whom she had once a good opinion?—*me*, in whose fate she said she was interested?"

He took Dr. Cambray's letter again, and read on; he found that Lady Annaly had not credited these reports as to the atrocious accusations; but they had so far operated as to excite doubts and suspicions. In some of the circumstances there was sufficient truth to colour the falsehood. For example, with regard both to Peggy Sheridan and Dora, the truth had been plausibly mixed with falsehood. The story of Peggy Sheridan, Lady Annaly had some suspicion might be true. Her ladyship, who had seen Moriarty's generous conduct to Ormond, was indignant at his ingratitude. She was a woman prompt to feel strong indignation against all that was base; and when her indignation was excited, she was sometimes incapable of hearing what was said on the

other side of the question. Her daughter Florence, of a calmer temper and cooler judgment, usually acted as moderator on these occasions. She could not believe that Harry Ormond had been guilty of faults that were so opposite to those which they had seen in his disposition—violence, not treachery, was his fault. But why, if there were nothing wrong, Lady Annaly urged—why did not he write to her, as she had requested he would, when his plans for his future life were decided? She had told him that her son might probably be able to assist him. Why could not he write one line?

Ormond had heard that her son was ill, and that her mind was so absorbed with anxiety that he could not at first venture to intrude upon her with his selfish concerns. This was his first and best reason; but afterwards, to be sure, when he heard that the son was better, he might have written. He wrote at that time such a sad scrawl of a hand—he was so little used to letter-writing, that he was ashamed to write. Then it was *too late* after so long a silence, etc. Foolish as these reasons were, they had, as we have said before, acted upon our young hero; and have, perhaps, in as important circumstances, prevented many young men from writing to friends able and willing to serve them. It was rather fortunate for Ormond that slander did not stop at the first plausible falsehoods; when the more atrocious charges came against him, Miss Annaly, who had never deserted his cause, declared her absolute disbelief. The discussions that went on between her and her mother kept alive their interest about this young man. He was likely to have been forgotten during their anxiety in the son's illness; but fresh reports had brought him to their recollection frequently; and when their friend, Dr.

Cambray, was appointed to the living of Castle Hermitage his evidence perfectly reinstated Harry in Lady Annaly's good opinion. As if to make amends for the injustice she had done him by believing any part of the evil reports, she was now anxious to see him again. A few days after Dr. Cambray wrote, Ormond received a very polite and gratifying letter from Lady Annaly, requesting that, as "Annaly" lay in his route homewards, he would spend a few days there, and give her an opportunity of making him acquainted with her son. It is scarcely necessary to say that this invitation was eagerly accepted.

Upon his arrival at Annaly, Ormond found that Dr. Cambray and all his family were there.

"Yes, all your friends," said Lady Annaly, as Ormond looked round with pleasure, "all your friends, Mr. Ormond—you must allow me an old right to be of that number—and here is my son, who is as well inclined, as I hope you feel, to pass over the intermediate formality of new acquaintanceship, and to become intimate with you as soon as possible."

Sir Herbert Annaly confirmed, by the polite cordiality of his manner, all that his mother promised; adding that their mutual friend Dr. Cambray had made him already so fully acquainted with Mr. Ormond that though he had never had the pleasure of seeing him before, he could not consider him as a stranger.

Florence Annaly was beautiful, but not one of those beauties who strike at first sight. Hers was a face which neither challenged nor sued for admiration. There was no expression thrown into the eyes or the eyebrows, no habitual smile on the lips—the features were all in natural repose; the face never expressed anything but what the mind really felt. But if any just observation

was made in Miss Annaly's company, any stroke of genius, that countenance instantly kindled into light and life ; and if any noble sentiment was expressed, if any generous action was related, then the soul within illumined the countenance with a *ray divine*. When once Ormond had seen this, his eye returned in hopes of seeing it again—he had an indescribable interest and pleasure in studying a countenance, which seemed so true an index to a noble and cultivated mind, to a heart of delicate but not morbid sensibility. His manners and understanding had been formed and improved, beyond what could have been expected, from the few opportunities of improvement he had till lately enjoyed. He was timid, however, in conversation with those of whose information and abilities he had a high opinion, so that at first he did not do himself justice ; but in his timidity there was no awkwardness ; it was joined with such firmness of principle, and such a resolute, manly character, that he was peculiarly engaging to women.

During his first visit at Annaly he pleased much, and was so much pleased with every individual of the family, with their manners, their conversation, their affection for each other, and altogether with their mode of living, that he declared to Dr. Cambray he never had been so happy in his whole existence. It was a remarkable fact, however, that he spoke much more of Lady Annaly and Sir Herbert than of Miss Annaly.

He had never before felt so very unwilling to leave any place, or so exceedingly anxious to be invited to repeat his visit. He did receive the wished-for invitation ; and it was given in such a manner as left him no doubt that he might indulge his own ardent desire to return, and to cultivate the friendship of this family. His ardour

for foreign travel, his desire to see more of the world, greatly abated ; and before he reached Castle Hermitage, and by the time he saw his guardian, he had almost forgotten that Sir Ulick had traced for him a course of travels through the British Islands and the most polished parts of the Continent.

He now told Sir Ulick that it was so far advanced in the season, that he thought it better to spend the winter in Ireland.

“ In Dublin instead of London ? ” said Sir Ulick, smiling ; “ very patriotic, and very kind to me, for I am sure I am your first object ; and, depend upon it, few people, ladies always excepted, will ever like your company better than I do.”

Then Sir Ulick went rapidly over every subject, and every person, that could lead his ward farther to explain his feelings ; but now, as usual, he wasted his address, for the ingenious young man directly opened his whole heart to him.

“ I am impatient to tell you, sir,” said he, “ how very kindly I was received by Lady Annaly.”

“ She is very kind,” said Sir Ulick ; “ I suppose, in general, you have found yourself pretty well received wherever you have gone—not to flatter you too much on your mental or personal qualifications, and no disparagement to Dr. Cambray’s letters of introduction or my own, five or six thousand a year are, I have generally observed a tolerably good passport into society, a sufficient *passe-partout*.”

“ *Passe-partout* !—not *partout*—not quite sufficient at Annaly, you cannot mean sir——”

“ Oh ! I cannot mean anything, but that Annaly is altogether the eighth wonder of the world,” said Sir

Ulick, "and all the men and women in it absolutely angels—perfect angels."

"No, sir, if you please, not perfect; for I have heard—though I own I never saw it—that perfection is always stupid; now certainly *that* the Annalys are not."

"Well, well, they shall be as imperfect as you like—anything to please you."

"But, sir, you used to be so fond of the Annalys, I remember."

"True, and did I tell you that I had changed my opinion?"

"Your manner, though not your words, tells me so."

"You mistake; the fact is—for I always treat you, Harry, with perfect candour—I was hurt and vexed by their refusal of my son. But, after all," added he, with a deep sigh, "it was Marcus's own fault—he has been very dissipated. Miss Annaly was right, and her mother quite right, I own. Lady Annaly is one of the most respectable women in Ireland—and Miss Annaly is a charming girl—I never saw any girl I should have liked so much for my daughter-in-law. But Marcus and I don't always agree in our tastes—I don't think the refusal there was half as great a mortification and disappointment to him as it was to me."

"You delight me, dear sir," cried Ormond; "for then I may feel secure that if ever in future—I don't mean in the least that I have any present thought—it would be absurd—it would be ridiculous—it would be quite improper—you know I was only there ten days; but I mean if, in future, I should ever have any thoughts—any serious thoughts——"

"Well, well," said Sir Ulick, laughing at Ormond's hesitation and embarrassment, "I can suppose that you

will have thoughts of some kind or other, and serious thoughts in due course ; but, as you justly observe, it would be quite ridiculous at present."

"I beg your pardon, sir," interrupted Harry, "but it would even at present be an inexpressible satisfaction to me to know, that if in future such a thing should occur, I should be secure, in the first place, of your approbation."

"As to that, my dear boy," said Sir Ulick, "you know in a few days you will be at years of discretion—then my control ceases."

"Yes, sir ; but not my anxiety for your approbation, and my deference for your opinion."

"Then," said Sir Ulick, "and without circumlocution or nonsense, I tell you at once, Harry Ormond, that Florence Annaly is the woman in the world I should like best to see your wife."

"Thank you, sir, for this explicit answer—I am sure towards me nothing can have been more candid and kind than your whole conduct has ever been."

"That's true, Harry," exclaimed Sir Ulick. "Tell me about this duel—you have fought a duel in defence of my conduct and character, I understand, since I saw you. But, my dear fellow, though I am excessively obliged to you, I am exceedingly angry with you ; how could you possibly be so hot-headed and silly as to *take up* any man for relishing the Ulysseana ? Bless ye ! I relish it myself—I only laugh at such things ; believe me, 'tis the best way."

"I am sure of it, sir, if one can ; and, indeed, I have had pretty good proof that one should despise reports and scandal of all kinds—easier for oneself sometimes than for one's friends."

"Yes, my dear Ormond, by the time you have been

half as long living in the great and the political world as I have been, you will be quite case-hardened, and will hear your friends abused, without feeling it in the least. Believe me, I once was troubled with a great deal of susceptibility like yours—but, after all, 'tis no bad thing for you to have fought a duel—a feather in your cap with the ladies, and a warning to all impertinent fellows to let you alone—but you were wounded, the newspaper said—I asked you where, three times in my letters—you never condescended to answer me—answer me now, I insist upon it.”

“ In my arm, sir—a slight scratch.”

“ Slight scratch or not, I must hear all about it—come, tell me exactly how the thing began and ended—tell me all the rascal said of me.—You won't ?—then I'll tell you : they said, ‘ I am the greatest jobber in Ireland—that I do not mind how I throw away the public money—in short, that I am a sad political profligate.’—Well ! well ! I am sure, after all, they did me the justice to acknowledge that in private life no man's honour is more to be depended on.”

“ They did do you that justice, sir,” said Ormond ; “ but pray ask me no farther questions—for, frankly, it is disagreeable to me—and I will tell you no more.”

“ That's frank,” said Sir Ulick, “ and I as frankly assure you I am perfectly satisfied.”

AN EDUCATIONAL PROBLEM.

Mrs. M'Crule had not altered in disposition, though her objects had been changed by marriage. Having no longer Lady O'Shane's quarrels with her husband to talk about, she had become the pest of the village of Castle Hermitage and of the neighbourhood—the Lady Bluemantle of the parish. Had Miss Black remained in England, married or single, she would only have been one of a numerous species too well known to need any description ; but transplanted to a new soil and a new situation, she proved to be a variety of the old species, with peculiarly noxious qualities, which it may be useful to describe, as a warning to the unwary. It is unknown how much mischief the Lady Bluemantle class may do in Ireland, where parties in religion and politics run high ; and where it often happens that individuals of the different sects and parties actually hate without knowing each other, watch without mixing with one another, and consequently are prone reciprocally to believe any stories or reports, however false or absurd, which tend to gratify their antipathies. In this situation it is scarcely possible to get the exact truth as to the words, actions, and intentions of the nearest neighbours, who happen to be of opposite parties or persuasions. What a fine field is here for a mischief-maker ! Mrs. M'Crule had in her parish done her part ; she had gone from rich to poor, from poor to rich, from Catholic to Protestant, from Churchman to Dissenter, and from Dissenter to Methodist, reporting every idle story and repeating

every ill-natured thing that she heard said—things often more bitterly expressed than thought, and always exaggerated or distorted in the repetition. No two people in the parish could have continued on speaking terms at the end of the year, but that, happily, there were in this parish both a good clergyman and a good priest ; and, still more happily, they both agreed in labouring for the good of their parishioners. Dr. Cambray and Mr. M'Cormuck made it their business continually to follow after Mrs. M'Crule, healing the wounds which she inflicted, and pouring into the festering heart the balm of Christian charity ; they were beloved and revered by their parishioners ; Mrs. M'Crule was soon detected, and universally avoided. Enraged, she attacked, by turns, both the clergyman and the priest ; and when she could not separate them, she found out that it was very wrong that they should agree. She discovered that she was a much better Protestant, and a much better Christian, than Dr. Cambray, because she hated her Catholic neighbours.

Dr. Cambray had taken pains to secure the co-operation of the Catholic clergyman in all his attempts to improve the lower classes of the people. His village school was open to Catholics as well as Protestants ; and Father M'Cormuck, having been assured that their religion would not be tampered with, allowed and encouraged his flock to send their children to the same seminary.

Mrs. M'Crule was, or affected to be, much alarmed and scandalized at seeing Catholic and Protestant children mixing so much together ; she knew that opinions were divided among some families in the neighbourhood upon the propriety of this *mixture*, and Mrs. M'Crule thought it a fine opportunity of making herself of con-

sequence, by stirring up the matter into a party question. This bright idea had occurred to her just about the time that Ormond brought over little Tommy from the Black Islands. During Ormond's absence upon his tour, Sheelah and Moriarty had regularly sent the boy to the village school, exhorting him to mind his *book* and his *figures*, that he might surprise Mr. Ormond with his *larning* when he should come back. Tommy, with this excitation, and being a quick, clever little fellow, soon got to the head of his class, and kept there; and won all the school-prizes, and carried them home in triumph to his grandame, and to his dear Moriarty, to be treasured up, that he might show them to Mr. Ormond at his return home. Dr. Cambray was pleased with the boy, and so was everybody, except Mrs. M'Crule. She often visited the school for the pleasure of finding fault; and she *wondered* to see this little Tommy, who was a Catholic, carrying away the prizes from all the others. She thought it her duty to inquire farther about him; and as soon as she discovered that he came from the Black Islands, that he lived with Moriarty, and that Mr. Ormond was interested about him, she said she knew there was something wrong—therefore, she set her face against the child, and against the shameful partiality that *some people* showed.

Dr. Cambray pursued his course without attending to her; and little Tommy pursued his course, improving rapidly in his *larning*.

Now, there was in that county an excellent charitable institution for the education of children from seven to twelve years old; an apprentice fee was given with the children when they left the school, and they had several other advantages, which made parents of the lower

classes extremely desirous to get their sons into this establishment.

Before they could be admitted it was necessary that they should have a certificate from their parish minister and Catholic clergyman, stating that they could read and write, and that they were well-behaved children. On a certain day, every year, a number of candidates were presented. The certificates from the clergyman and priest of their respective parishes were much attended to by the lady patronesses, and by these the choice of the candidate to be admitted was usually decided. Little Tommy had an excellent certificate both from Father M'Cormuck and from Dr. Cambray. Sheelah and Moriarty were in great joy, and had "all the hopes in life" for him; and Sheelah, who was very fond of *surprises*, had cautioned Moriarty, and begged the doctor not to tell Mr. Harry a word about it, *till all was fixed*, "for if the boy should not have the *luck* to be chose at last, it would only be breaking his little heart the worse that Mr. Harry should know anything at all about it, sure."

Meantime, Mrs. M'Crule was working against little Tommy with all her might.

Some of the lady patronesses were of opinion that it would be expedient in future to confine their bounty to the children of Protestants only.

Mrs. M'Crule, who had been deputed by one of the absent ladies to act for her, was amazingly busy, visiting all the patronesses, and talking, and fearing, and "hoping to heaven!" and prophesying, canvassing, and collecting opinions and votes, as for a matter of life and death. She hinted that she knew that the greatest interest was making to get in this year a Catholic child, and there was no knowing, if this went on, what the consequence might

be. In short, Ireland would be ruined if little Tommy should prove the successful candidate. Mrs. M'Crule did not find it difficult to stir up the prejudices and passions of several ladies, whose education and whose means of information might have secured them from such contemptible influence.

Her present business at Annaly was to try what impression she could make on Lady and Miss Annaly, who were both patronesses of the school. As to Ormond, whom she never had liked, she was glad of this opportunity of revenging herself upon this little *protégé*; and of making Mr. Ormond sensible that she was now a person of rather more consequence than she had been, when he used formerly to defy her at Castle Hermitage. She little thought that, while she was thus pursuing the dictates of her own hate, she might serve the interests of Ormond's love.

When Ormond returned, in obedience to Mrs. M'Crule's summons, he found in the room an unusual assemblage of persons—a party of morning visitors, the unmuffled contents of the car. As he entered, he bowed as courteously as possible to the whole circle, and advanced towards Mrs. M'Crule, whose portentous visage he could not fail to recognize. That visage was nearly half a yard long, thin out of all proportion, and dismal beyond all imagination; the corners of the mouth drawn down, the whites or yellows of the eyes upturned, while with hands outspread she was declaiming, and in a lamentable tone deploring, as Ormond thought, some great public calamity; for the concluding words were: “The danger, my dear Lady Annaly—the danger, my dear Miss Annaly—oh! the danger is imminent. We shall all be positively undone, ma'am; and Ireland—

oh ! I wish I was once safe in England again—Ireland positively will be ruined ! ”

Ormond, looking to Lady Annaly and Miss Annaly for explanation, was somewhat re-assured in this imminent danger, by seeing that Lady Annaly’s countenance was perfectly tranquil, and that a slight smile played on the lips of Florence.

“ Mr. Ormond,” said Lady Annaly, “ I am sorry to hear that Ireland is in danger of being ruined by your means.”

“ By my means ! ” said Ormond, in great surprise ; “ I beg your ladyship’s pardon for repeating your words, but I really cannot understand them.”

“ Nor I neither ; but by the time you have lived as long as I have in the world,” said Lady Annaly, “ you will not be so much surprised as you now seem, my good sir, at hearing people say what you do not understand. I am told that Ireland will be undone by means of a *protégé* of yours, of the name of Tommy Dun—not Dun Scotus.”

“ Dunshaughlin, perhaps,” said Ormond, laughing, “ Tommy Dunshaughlin ! *that* little urchin ! What harm can little Tommy do to Ireland, or to any mortal ? ”

Without condescending to turn her eyes upon Ormond, whose propensity to laughter had of old been offensive to her nature, Mrs. M’Crule continued to Lady Annaly : “ It is not of this insignificant child as an individual that I am speaking, Lady Annaly ; but your ladyship, who has lived so long in the world, must know that there is no person or thing, however insignificant, that cannot, in the hands of a certain description of people, be made an engine of mischief.”

“ Very true, indeed,” said Lady Annaly.

“And there is no telling or conceiving,” pursued Mrs. M’Crule, “how in the hands of a certain party, you know, ma’am, anything now, even the least and the most innocent child (not that I take upon me to say that this child is so very innocent, though, to be sure, he is very little)—but innocent or not, there is positively nothing, Lady Annaly, ma’am, which a certain party, certain evil-disposed persons, cannot turn to their purposes.”

“I cannot contradict that—I wish I could,” said Lady Annaly.

“But I see your ladyship and Miss Annaly do not consider this matter as seriously as I could wish. ’Tis an infatuation,” said Mrs. M’Crule, uttering a sigh, almost a groan, for her ladyship’s and her daughter’s infatuation. “But if people, ladies especially, knew but half as much as I have learnt, since I married Mr. M’Crule, of the real state of Ireland; or if they had but half a quarter as many means as I have of obtaining information, Mr. M’Crule being one of his majesty’s very active justices of the peace, riding about, and up and down, ma’am, scouring the country, sir, you know, and having informers, high and low, bringing us every sort of intelligence; I say, my dear Lady Annaly, ma’am, you would, if you only heard a hundredth part of what I hear daily, tremble—your ladyship would tremble from morning till night.”

“Then I am heartily glad I do not hear it; for I should dislike very much to tremble from morning till night, especially as my trembling could do nobody any good.”

“But, Lady Annaly, ma’am, you *can* do good by exerting yourself to prevent the danger in this emergency;

you *can* do good, and it becomes your station and your character ; you *can* do good, my dear Lady Annaly, ma'am, to thousands in existence, and thousands yet unborn."

" My benevolence having but a limited appetite for thousands," said Lady Annaly, " I should rather, if it be equal to you, Mrs. M'Crule, begin with the thousands already in existence ; and of those thousands, why not begin with little Tommy ? "

" It is no use ! " cried Mrs. M'Crule, rising from her seat in the indignation of disappointed zeal ; " Jenny, pull the bell for the car—Mrs. M'Greggor, if you've no objection, I'm at your service, for 'tis no use I see for me to speak here—nor should I have done so, but that I positively thought it my duty ; and also a becoming attention to your ladyship and Miss Annaly, as lady patronesses, to let you know beforehand *our* sentiments, as I have collected the opinions of so many of the leading ladies, and apprehended your ladyship might, before it came to a public push, like to have an inkling or innuendo of how matters are likely to be carried at the general meeting of the patronesses on Saturday next, when we are determined to put it to the vote and poll. Jenny, do you see Jack and the car ? Good morning to your ladyship ; good day, Miss Annaly."

Ormond put in a detainer : " I am here in obedience to your summons, Mrs. M'Crule—you sent to inform me that you had a few words of consequence to say to me."

" True, sir, I did wrap myself up this winter morning, and came out, as Mrs. M'Greggor can testify, in spite of my poor face, in hopes of doing some little good, and giving a friendly hint, before an explosion should

publicly take place. But you will excuse me, since I find I gain so little credit, and so waste my breath ; I can only leave gentlemen and ladies in this emergency, if they will be blind to the danger at this crisis, to follow their own opinions.”

Ormond still remonstrating on the cruelty of leaving him in utter darkness, and calling it blindness, and assuring Mrs. M'Crule that he had not the slightest conception of what the danger or the emergency to which she alluded might be, or what little Tommy could have to do with it, the lady condescended, in compliance with Mrs. M'Greggor's twitch behind, to stay and recommence her statement. He could not forbear smiling, even more than Lady Annaly had done, when he was made to understand that the *emergency* and *crisis* meant nothing but this child's being admitted or not admitted into a charity school. While Ormond was incapable of speaking in reply with becoming seriousness, Florence, who saw his condition, had the kindness to draw off Mrs. M'Crule's attention, by asking her to partake of some excellent goose-pie, which just then made its entrance. This promised, for a time, to suspend the discussion, and to unite all parties in one common sympathy. When Florence saw that the *consommé*, to which she delicately helped her, was not thrown away upon Mrs. M'Crule, and that the union of goose and turkey in this Christmas dainty was much admired by this good lady, she attempted playfully to pass to a reflection on the happy effect that might to some tastes result from unions in party matters.

But no—"too serious matters these to be jested with," even with a glass of Barsac at the lips. Mrs. M'Crule stopped to say so, and to sigh. Per favour of the Barsac,

however, Florence ventured to try what a little raillery might do. It was possible, that if Mrs. M'Greggor and the chorus of young ladies could be made to laugh, Mrs. M'Crule might be brought to see the whole thing in a less gloomy point of view; and might perhaps be, just in time, made sensible of the ridicule to which she would expose herself, by persisting in sounding so pompously a false alarm.

"But can there really be so much danger," said Florence, "in letting little children, Protestant and Catholic, come together to the same school—sit on the same bench—learn the same alphabet from the same hornbook?"

"Oh, my dear Miss Annaly," cried Mrs. M'Crule, "I do wonder to hear you treat this matter so lightly—you, from whom I confess I did expect better principles; 'sit on the same bench!' easily said; but, my dear young lady, you do not consider that some errors of Popery—since there is no Catholic in the room, I suppose I may say it—the errors of Popery are wonderfully infectious."

"I remember," said Lady Annaly, "when I was a child, being present once, when an *honest man*, that is, a Protestant (for in those days no man but a Protestant could be called an *honest man*), came to my uncle in a great passion to complain of the priest: 'My lord,' said he, 'what do you think the priest is going to do?—he is going to bury a Catholic corpse, not only in the church-yard, but, my lord, near to the grave of my father, who died a staunch dissenter.' 'My dear sir,' said my uncle, to the angry *honest man*, 'the clergyman of the parish is using me worse still, for he is going to bury a man, who died last Wednesday of the small-pox, near to my grandmother, who never had the small-pox in her life.'"

Mrs. M'Crule pursed up her mouth very close at this story. She thought Lady Annaly and her uncle were equally wicked, but she did not choose exactly to say so, as her ladyship's uncle was a person of rank, and of character too solidly established for Mrs. M'Crule to shake. She, therefore, only gave one of her sighs for the sins of the whole generation, and after a recording look at Mrs. M'Greggor, she returned to the charge about the schools and the children.

"It can do no possible good," she said, "to admit Catholic children to *our* schools, because, do what you will, you can never make them good Protestants."

"Well," said Lady Annaly, "as my friend, the excellent Bishop of * * * * * said in parliament, 'if you cannot make them good Protestants, make them good Catholics, make them good any-things.'"

Giving up Lady Annaly altogether, Mrs. M'Crule now desired to have Mr. Ormond's ultimatum—she wished to know whether he had made up his mind as to the affair in question; but she begged leave to observe, "that since the child had, to use the gentlest expression, the *misfortune* to be born and bred a Catholic, it would be most prudent and gentlemanlike in Mr. Ormond not to make him a bone of contention, but to withdraw the poor child from the contest altogether, and strike his name out of the list of candidates, till the general question of admittance to those of his persuasion should have been decided by the lady patronesses."

Ormond declared, with or without submission to Mrs. M'Crule, that he could not think it becoming or gentlemanlike to desert a child whom he had undertaken to befriend—that, whatever the child had the misfortune to be born, he would abide by him; and would not add

to his misfortunes by depriving him of the reward of his own industry and application, and of the only chance he had of continuing his good education, and of getting forward in life.

Mrs. M'Crule sighed and groaned.

A misunderstanding with Miss Annaly inclined Ormond to accept an invitation to Paris from the de Connals, and Sir Ulick had his own reasons for urging his ward to leave Ireland. Ormond gave Sir Ulick a power of attorney before starting for France.

MADAME DE CONNAL.

Connal enjoyed Ormond's surprise at the magnificence of his hotel. After ascending a spacious staircase, and passing through antechamber after antechamber, they reached the splendid salon, blazing with lights, reflected on all sides in mirrors, that reached from the painted ceiling to the inlaid floor.

"Not a creature here yet—happily."

"Madame begs," said the servant, "that Monsieur will pass on into the boudoir."

"Anybody with Madame?"

"No one but Madame de Clairville."

"Only *l'amie intime*," said Connal, "the bosom friend."

"How will Dora feel?—How will it be with us both?" thought Ormond, as he followed the light step of the husband.

"Entrez!—Entrez toujours."

Ormond stopped at the threshold, absolutely dazzled by the brilliancy of Dora's beauty, her face, her figure, her air, so infinitely improved, so fashioned!

“Dora!—Ah! Madame de Connal,” cried Ormond.

No French actor could have done it better than nature did it for him.

Dora gave one glance at Ormond—pleasure, joy, sparkled in her eyes; then leaning on the lady who stood beside her, almost sinking, Dora sighed, and exclaimed, “Ah! Harry Ormond!”

The husband vanished.

“Ah ciel!” said l’amie intime, looking towards Ormond.

“Help me to support her, Moniseur—while I seek de l’eau de Cologne.”

Ormond, seized with sudden tremor, could scarcely advance

Dora sunk on the sofa, clasping her beautiful hands, and exclaiming, “The companion of my earliest days!”

Then Ormond, excused to himself, sprang forward—“Friend of my childhood!” cried he; “yes, my sister; your father promised me this friendship—this happiness,” said he, supporting her, as she raised herself from the sofa.

“Où est-il? où est-il?—Where is he, Monsieur Ormond?” cried Mademoiselle, throwing open the door. “Ah ciel, comme il est beau! A perfect Frenchman already! And how much embellished by dress!—Ah! Paris for that. Did I not prophesy?—Dora, my darling, do me the justice.—But—comme vous voilà saisie!—here’s l’amie with l’eau de Cologne. Ah! my child, recover yourself, for here is someone—the Comte de Jarillac it is entering the salon.”

The promptitude of Dora’s recovery was a new surprise to our hero. “Follow me,” said she to him, and with Parisian ease and grace she glided into the salon to

receive M. de Jarillac—presented Ormond to M. le Comte—“ Anglois—Irlandois—an English, an Irish gentleman—the companion of her childhood,” with the slightest, lightest tone of sentiment imaginable; and another count and another came, and a baron, and a marquis, and a duke, and Madame la Comtesse de —, and Madame la Duchesse —; and all were received with ease, respect, vivacity, or sentiment as the occasion required—now advancing a step or two to mark *empressement* where requisite; regaining always, imperceptibly, the most advantageous situation and attitude for herself—presenting Ormond to everyone—quite intent upon him, yet appearing entirely occupied with everybody else; and, in short, never forgetting them, him, or herself for an instant.

“ Can this be Dora ? ” thought Ormond in admiration, yet in astonishment that divided his feelings. It was indeed wonderful to see how quickly, how completely, the Irish country girl had been metamorphosed into a French woman of fashion.

And now surrounded by admirers, by adorers in embroidery and blazing with crosses and stars, she received *les hommages*—enjoyed *le succès*—accepted the incense without bending too low or holding herself too high—not too sober, nor too obviously intoxicated. Vanity in all her heart, yet vanity not quite turning her head, not more than was agreeable and becoming—extending her smiles to all, and hoping all the time that Harry Ormond envied each. Charmed with him—for her early passion for him had revived in an instant—the first sight of his figure and air, the first glance in the boudoir had been sufficient. She knew, too, how well he would *succeed* at Paris—how many rivals she would

have in a week ; these perceptions, sensations, and conclusions, requiring so much time in slow words to express, had darted through Dora's head in one instant, had exalted her imagination, and touched her heart—as much as that heart could be touched.

Ormond meantime breathed more freely, and recovered from his tremors. Madame de Connal, surrounded by adorers, and shining in the salon, was not so dangerous as Dora half fainting in the boudoir ; nor had any words that wit or sentiment could devise power to please or touch him so much as the “ *Harry Ormond!* ” which had burst naturally from Dora's lips. Now he began almost to doubt whether nature or art prevailed. Now he felt himself safe at least, since he saw that it was only the coquette of the Black Islands transformed into the coquette of the Hotel de Connal. The transformation was curious, was admirable ; Ormond thought he could admire without danger, and, in due time, perhaps gallant, with the best of them, without feeling—without scruple.

The tables were now arranging for play. The conversation he heard everywhere round him related to the good or bad fortune of the preceding nights. Ormond perceived that it was the custom of the house to play every evening, and the expressions that reached him about bets and debts confirmed the hint which his guardian had given him, that Connal played high.

At present, however, he did not seem to have any design upon Ormond—he was engaged at the further end of the room. He left him quite to himself, and to Madame, and never once even asked him to play.

There seemed more danger of his being *left out* than of his being *taken in*.

ORMOND IN PARIS.

It was during the latter years of the life of Louis the Fifteenth, and during the reign of Madame du Barry, that Ormond was at Paris. The court of Versailles was at this time in all its splendour, if not in all its glory. At the *souper du roi*, Ormond beheld, in all the magnificence of dress and jewels, the nobility, wealth, fashion, and beauty of France. Well might the brilliancy dazzle the eyes of a youth fresh from Ireland, when it amazed even old ambassadors, accustomed to the ordinary grandeur of courts. When he recovered from his first astonishment, when his eyes were a little better used to the light, and he looked round and considered all these magnificently decorated personages, assembled for the purpose of standing at a certain distance to see one man eat his supper, it did appear to him an extraordinary spectacle; and the very great solemnity and devotion of the assistants, so unsuited to the French countenance, inclined him to smile. It was well for him, however, that he kept his Irish risible muscles in order, and that no courtier could guess his thoughts—a smile would have lost him his reputation. Nothing in the world appeared to Frenchmen, formerly, of more importance than their court etiquette, though there were some who began about this time to suspect that the court order of things might not be co-existent with the order of nature—though there were some philosophers and statesmen who began to be aware that the daily routine of the courtier's etiquette was not as necessary as the motions of

the sun, moon, and planets. Nor could it have been possible to convince half at least of the crowd, who assisted at the king's supper this night, that all the French national eagerness about the health, the looks, the words, of *le roi*, all the attachment, *le dévouement*, professed habitually—perhaps felt habitually—for the reigning monarch, whoever or whatever he might be, by whatever name—*notre bon roi*, or simply *notre roi de France*—should in a few years pass away, and be no more seen.

Ormond had no concern with the affairs of the nation, nor with the future fate of anything he beheld ; he was only a spectator, a foreigner ; and his business was, according to Mademoiselle's maxim, to enjoy to-day and to reflect to-morrow. His enjoyment of this day was complete : he not only admired, but was admired. In the vast crowd he was distinguished ; some nobleman of note asked who he was—another observed *l'air noble*—another exclaimed, "*Le bel Anglois !*" and his fortune was made at Paris ; especially as a friend of Madame du Barry's asked where he bought his embroidery.

He went afterwards, at least in Connal's society, by the name of "*Le bel Anglois.*" Half in a tone of raillery, yet with a look that showed she felt it to be just, Madame de Connal first adopted the appellation, and then changed the term to "*mon bel Irlandois.*" Invitations upon invitations poured upon Ormond—all were eager to have him at their parties—he was everywhere—attending Madame de Connal—and she, how proud to be attended by Ormond ! He dreaded lest his principles should not withstand the strong temptation. He could not leave her, but he determined to see her only in crowds ; accordingly, he avoided every select party ;

l'amie intime could never for the first three weeks get him to one *petit comité*, though Madame de Connal assured him that her friend's *petit soupers* "were charming, worth all the crowded assemblies in Paris." Still he pursued his plan, and sought for safety in a course of dissipation.

"I give you joy," said Connal to him one day, "you are fairly launched! you are no distressed vessel to be *taken in tow*, nor a petty bark to sail in any man's *wake*. You have a gale, and are likely to have a triumph of your own."

Connal was, upon all occasions, careful to impress upon Ormond's mind that he left him wholly to himself, for he was aware that, in former days, he had offended his independent spirit by airs of protection. He managed better now—he never even invited him to play, though it was his main object to draw him to his faro-table. He made use of some of his friends or confederates, who played for him; Connal occasionally coming to the table as an unconcerned spectator. Ormond played with so much freedom, and seemed to have so gentlemanlike an indifference whether he lost or won, that he was considered as an easy dupe. Time only was necessary, M. de Connal thought, to lead him on gradually and without alarm, to let him warm to the passion for play. Meanwhile Madame de Connal felt as fully persuaded that Ormond's passion for her would increase. It was her object to *fix* him at Paris; but she should be content, perfectly happy with his friendship, his society, his sentiments; her own *sentiment* for him, as she confessed to Madame de Clairville, was absolutely invincible; but it would never lead her beyond the bounds of virtue. It was involuntary, but it should never be a crime.

But Ormond did not yet advance in learning the language of sentiment—he was amusing himself in the world—and Dora imagined that the dissipation in which he lived prevented him from having time to think of his passion ; she began to hate the dissipation.

Connal one day, when Dora was present, observed that Ormond seemed to be quite in his natural element in this sea of pleasure.

“ Who would have thought it ? ” said Dora ; “ I thought Mr. Ormond’s taste was more for domestic happiness and retirement.”

“ Retirement at Paris ! ” said Ormond.

“ Domestic happiness at Paris ! ” said Connal.

Madame de Connal sighed—No, it was Dora that sighed.

“ Where do you go to-night ? ” said her husband.

“ Nowhere—I shall stay at home. And you ? ” said she, looking up at Harry Ormond.

“ To Madame de la Tour’s.”

“ That’s the affair of half an hour—only to appear——”

“ Afterwards to the opera,” said Ormond.

“ And after the opera—can’t you sup here ? ” said Madame de Connal.

“ With the utmost pleasure—but that I am engaged to Madame de la Brie’s ball.”

“ That’s true,” cried Madame de Connal, starting up—“ I had forgot it—so am I this fortnight—I may as well go to the opera, too, and I can carry you to Madame de la Tour’s—I owe her a five minutes’ sitting—though she is un peu precieuse. And what can you find in that little cold Madame de la Brie—do you like ice ? ”

“ He like to break de ice, I suppose,” said Mademoiselle. “ Ma foi, you must then take a hatchet there ! ”

“No occasion; I had rather slide upon the ice than break it. My business at Paris is merely, you know, to amuse myself,” said he, looking at Connal—“*Glissez, mortels, n'appuyez pas.*”

“But if de ice should melt of itself,” said Mademoiselle, “what would you do den? What would become of him, den, do you think, my dear niece?”

It was a case which she did not like to consider—Dora blushed—no creature was so blind as Mademoiselle, with all her boasted quickness and penetration.

From this time forward no more was heard of Madame de Connal's taste for domestic life and retirement—she seemed quite convinced, either by her husband, or by Mr. Ormond, or both, that no such thing was practicable at Paris. She had always liked *le grand monde*—she liked it better now than ever, when she found Ormond in every crowded assembly, every place of public amusement—a continual round of breakfasts, dinners, balls—court balls—*bal masqué*—*bal de l'opera*—plays—grand entertainments—*petits soupers*—*fêtes* at Versailles—pleasure in every possible form and variety of luxury and extravagance succeeded day after day, and night after night—and Ormond, *le bel Irlandois*, once in fashion, was everywhere, and everywhere admired; flattered by the women, who wished to draw him in to be their partners at play—still more flattered by those who wished to engage him as a lover—most of all flattered by Dora. He felt his danger. Improved in coquetry by Parisian practice and power, Dora tried her utmost skill—she played off with great dexterity her various admirers to excite his jealousy; the Marquis de Beaulieu, the witty marquis, and the Count de Belle Chasse, the irresistible count, were dangerous rivals. She succeeded in exciting

Ormond's jealousy ; but in his noble mind there were strong opposing principles to withstand his selfish gratification. It was surprising with what politeness to each other, with how little love, all the suitors carried on this game of gallantry and competition of vanity.

Till Ormond appeared, it had been the general opinion that before the end of the winter or the spring, the Count de Belle Chasse would be triumphant. Why Ormond did not enter the lists, when there appeared to all the judges such a chance of his winning the prize, seemed incomprehensible to the spectators, and still more to the rival candidates. Some settled it with the exclamation " Inouï ! " Others pronounced that it was English bizarrerie. Everything seemed to smooth the slippery path of temptation—the indifference of her husband—the imprudence of her aunt, and the sophistry of Madame de Clairville—the general customs of French society—the peculiar profligacy of the society into which he happened to be thrown—the opinion which he saw prevailed, that if he withdrew from the competition a rival would immediately profit by his forbearance, conspired to weaken his resolution.

Many accidental circumstances concurred to increase the danger. At these balls, to which he went originally to avoid Dora in smaller parties, Madame de Connal, though she constantly appeared, seldom danced. She did not dance well enough to bear comparison with French dancers ; Ormond was in the same situation. The dancing which was very well in England would not do in Paris—no late lessons could, by any art, bring them to an equality with French nature.

" Ah, il ne danse pas !—He dances like an Englishman."

At the first ball this comforted the suitors, and most the Comte de Belle Chasse; but this very circumstance drew Ormond and Dora closer together—she pretended headaches, and languor, and lassitude, and, in short, sat still.

But it was not to be expected that the Comte de Belle Chasse could give up dancing; the Comte de Belle Chasse danced like le dieu de la danse, another Vestris; he danced every night, and Ormond sat and talked to Dora, for it was his duty to attend Madame when the little Abbé was out of the way.

The spring was now appearing, and the spring is delightful in Paris, and the *promenades* in the Champs Elysées, and in the Bois de Boulogne, and the promenade in Long-Champ, commenced. Riding was just coming into high fashion with the French ladies; and, instead of riding in men's clothes, and like a man, it was now the ambition de monter à cheval à l'Angloise: to ride on a side-saddle and in an English riding habit was now the ambition. Now, Dora though she could not dance as well, could ride better than any French woman; and she was ambitious to show herself and her horsemanship in the Bois de Boulogne; but she had no horse that she liked. Le Comte de Belle Chasse offered to get one broke for her at the king's riding-house—this she refused; but fortunately Ormond, as was the custom with the English at that time, had, after his arrival, some English horses brought over to him at Paris. Among these was the horse he had once broke for Dora.

For this an English side-saddle was procured—she was properly equipped and mounted.

And the two friends, le bel Irlandois, as they persisted in calling Ormond, and la belle Irlandoise, and their

horses, and their horsemanship, were the admiration of the promenade.

The Comte de Belle Chasse sent to London for an English horse at any price. He was out of humour—and Ormond in the finest humour imaginable. Dora was grateful; her horse was a beautiful, gentle-spirited creature; it was called Harry—it was frequently patted and caressed, and told how much it was valued and loved.

Ormond was now in great danger, because he felt himself secure that he was only a friend—*l'ami de la maison*.

Ormond and Dora were drifting into a dangerous intimacy, when he was recalled to his senses by the sight of a lock of King Corny's grey hair in a ring on her hand. Meanwhile he had been visited by Patrickson, an agent of Sir Ulick, with a request for a more extensive power of attorney, which he signed without suspicion.

MORIARTY'S ADVENTURES IN PRISON.

The next day, as Ormond was returning to Madame de Connal's with the firm intention of adhering to the honourable line of conduct he had traced out for himself, just as he was crossing the Pont Neuf, some one ran full against him. Surprised at what happens so seldom in the streets of Paris, where all meet, pass, or cross in crowds with magical celerity and address, he looked back, and at the same instant the person who had passed looked back also. An apparition in broad daylight could not have surprised Ormond more than the sight of this person.

“ Could it be—could it possibly be Moriarty O’Carroll, on the Pont Neuf in Paris ? ”

“ By the blessing, then, it’s the man himself—Master Harry !—though I didn’t know him through the French disguise. Oh ! master, then, I’ve been tried and cast, and all but hanged—sentenced to Botany—transported anyway—for a robbery I didn’t commit—since I saw you last. But your honour’s uneasy, and it’s not proper, I know, to be stopping a jantleman in the street ; but I have a word to say that will bear no delay, not a minute.”

Ormond’s surprise and curiosity increased—he desired Moriarty to follow him.

“ And now, Moriarty, what is it you have to say ? ”

“ It is a long story, then, plase your honour. I was transported to Botany, though innocent. But first and foremost for what consarns your honour first.”

“ First,” said Ormond, “ if you were transported how came you here ? ”

“ Because I was not transported, plase your honour—only sentenced—for I escaped from Kilmainham, where I was sent to be put on board the tender ; but I got on board of an American ship, by the help of a friend—and this ship being knocked against the rocks, I came safe ashore in this country on one of the *sticks* of the vessel ; so when I knowed it was France I was in, and recollected Miss Dora that was married in Paris, I thought if I could just make my way anyhow to Paris, she’d befriend me in case of need.

“ But, dear master,” said Moriarty, interrupting, “ it’s a folly to talk—I’ll not tell you a word more of myself till you hear the news I have for you. The worst news I have to tell you is, there is great fear of the breaking of Sir Ulick’s bank ! ”

“The breaking of Sir Ulick’s bank? I heard from him the day before yesterday.”

“Maybe you did; but the captain of the American ship in which I came was complaining of his having been kept two hours at that bank, where they were paying large sums in small notes, and where there was the greatest run upon the house that ever was seen.”

Ormond instantly saw his danger—he recollected the power of attorney he had signed two days before. But Patrickson was to go by Havre de Grace—that would delay him. It was possible that Ormond by setting out instantly might get to London time enough to save his property. He went directly and ordered post horses. He had no debts in Paris, nothing to pay but for his stables and lodging. He had a faithful servant whom he could leave behind to make all necessary arrangements.

“You are right, jewel, to be in a hurry,” said Carroll. “But sure you won’t leave poor Moriarty behind ye here in distress, when he has no friend in the wide world but yourself?”

“Tell me, in the first place, Moriarty, are you innocent?”

“Upon my conscience, master, I am perfectly innocent as the child unborn, both of the murder and the robbery. If your honour will give me leave, I’ll tell you the whole story.”

“That will be a long affair, Moriarty, if *you talk out of the face*, as you used to do. I will, however, find an opportunity to hear it all. But, in the meantime, stay where you are till I return.”

Ormond went instantly to Connal’s to inform him of what had happened. His astonishment was obviously mixed with disappointment. But to do him justice,

besides the interest which he really had in the preservation of the fortune, he felt some personal regard for Ormond himself.

“What shall we do without you?” said he. “I assure you, Madame and I have never been so happy together since the first month after our marriage as we have been since you came to Paris.”

Connal was somewhat consoled by hearing Ormond say that if he were time enough in London to save his fortune, he proposed returning immediately to Paris, intending to make the tour of Switzerland and Italy.

Connal had no doubt that they should yet be able to fix him at Paris.

Madame de Connal and Mademoiselle were out—Connal did not know where they were gone. Ormond was glad to tear himself away with as few adieus as possible. He got into his travelling carriage, put his servant on the box, and took Moriarty with him in the carriage, that he might relate his history at leisure.

“Plase your honour,” said Moriarty, “Mr. Marcus never missed any opportunity of showing me ill-will. The supercargo of the ship that was cast away, when you were with Sir Herbert Annaly, God rest his soul! came down to the sea-side to look for some of the things that he had lost; the day after he came, early in the morning, his horse, and bridle, and saddle, and a surtout coat, was found in a lane, near the place where we lived, and the supercargo was never heard any more of. Suspicion fell upon many—the country rung with the noise that was made about this murder—and at last I was taken up for it, because people had seen me buy cattle at the fair, and the people would not believe it was with money your honour sent me by the good parson—for the parson was gone out

of the country, and I had nobody to stand my friend ; for Mr. Marcus was on the grand jury, and the sheriff was his friend, and Sir Ulick was in Dublin, at the bank. Howsomdever, after a long trial, which lasted the whole day, a 'cute lawyer on my side found out that there was no proof that anybody had been murdered, and that a man might lose his horse, his saddle, and his bridle, and his big coat, without being kilt ; so that the judge ordered the jury to let me off for the murder. They then tried me for the robbery ; and sure enough that went again me ; for a pair of silver-mounted pistols, with the man's name engraved upon them, was found in my house. They knew the man's name by the letters in the big coat. The judge asked me what I had to say for myself ' My lard,' says I, ' those pistols were brought into my house about a fortnight ago by a little boy, one little Tommy Dunshaughlin, who found them in a punk-horn, at the edge of a bog-hole.'

" The jidge favoured me more than the jury—for he asked how old the boy was, and whether I could produce him ? The little fellow was brought into court, and it was surprising how clear he told his story. The jidge listened to the child, young as he was. But M'Crule was on the jury, and said that he knew the child to be as cunning as any in Ireland, and that he would not believe a word that came out of his mouth. So the short and the long of it was, I was condemned to be transported.

" It would have done you good, if you'd heard the cry in the court when sentence was given, for I was loved in the country. Poor Peggy and Sheelah !—But I'll not be troubling your honour's tender heart with our parting. I was transmuted to Dublin, to be put on board the tender, and lodged in Kilmainham, waiting for the ship that was

to go to Botany. I had not been long there, when another prisoner was brought to the same room with me. He was a handsome-looking man, about thirty years of age, of the most penetrating eye and determined countenance that I ever saw. He appeared to be worn down with ill-health, and his limbs much swelled; notwithstanding which, he had strong handcuffs on his wrists, and he seemed to be guarded with uncommon care. He begged the turnkey to lay him down upon the miserable iron bed that was in the cell; and he begged him, for God's sake, to let him have a jug of water by his bedside, and to leave him to his fate.

"I could not help pitying this poor cratur; I went to him, and offered him any assistance in my power. He answered me shortly, 'What are you here for?'—I told him. 'Well,' says he, 'whether you are guilty or not is your affair, not mine; but answer me at once—Are you a *good man*?—Can you go through with a thing?—and are you steel to the back-bone?'—'I am,' said I. 'Then,' said he, 'you are a lucky man—for he that is talking to you is Michael Dunne, who knows how to make his way out of any jail in Ireland.' Saying this he sprung with great activity from the bed. 'It is my cue,' said he, 'to be sick and weak, whenever the turnkey comes in, to put him off his guard, for they have all orders to watch me strictly; because as how, do you see, I broke out of the jail of Trim; and when they catched me, they took me before his honour the police magistrate, who did all he could to get out of me the way which I made my escape. 'Well,' says the magistrate, 'I'll put you in a place where you can't get out—till you're sent to Botany.' 'Plase your worship,' says I, 'if there's no offence in saying it, there's no such place in Ireland,'—'No such

place as what ?' 'No such place as will hold Michael Dunne.'—'What do you think of Kilmainham ?' says he. 'I think it's a fine jail—and it will be no asy matter to get out of it—but it is not impossible.'—'Well, Mr. Dunne,' said the magistrate, 'I have heard of your fame, and that you have secrets of your own for getting out. Now, if you'll tell me how you got out of the jail of Trim, I'll make your confinement at Kilmainham as asy as may be, so as to keep you safe ; and if you do not, you must be ironed, and I will have sentinels from an English regiment, who shall be continually changed ; so that you can't get any of them to help you.'—'Plase your worship,' said Dunne, 'that's very hard usage ; but I know as how that you are going to build new jails all over Ireland, and that you'd be glad to know the best way to make them secure. If your worship will promise me that if I get out of Kilmainham, and if I tell you how I do it, then you'll get me a free pardon, I'll try hard but what before three months are over I'll be a prisoner at large.'—'That's more than I can promise you,' said the magistrate ; 'but if you will disclose to me the best means of keeping other people in, I will endeavour to keep you from Botany Bay.'—'Now, sir,' says Dunne, 'I know your worship to be a man of honour, and that your own honour regards yourself, and not me ; so that if I was ten times as bad as I am, you'd keep your promise with me, as well as if I was the best gentleman in Ireland. So that now, Mr. Moriarty,' said Dunne, 'do you see, if I get out, I shall be safe ; and if you get out along with me you have nothing to do but to go over to America. And if you are a married man, and tired of your wife, you'll get rid of her. If you are not tired of her, and you have any substance, she may sell it and follow you.'

“ There was something, Master Harry, about the man that made me have great confidence in him—and I was ready to follow his advice. Whenever the turnkey was coming he was groaning and moaning on the bed. At other times he made me keep bathing his wrists with cold water, so that in three or four days they were not half the size they were at first. This change he kept carefully from the jailer. I observed that he frequently asked what day of the month it was, but that he never made any attempt to speak to the sentinels ; nor did he seem to make any preparation, or to lay any scheme for getting out. I held my tongue, and waited quietly. At last, he took out of his pocket a little flageolet, and began to play upon it. He asked me if I could play ; I said I could a little, but very badly. ‘ I don’t care how bad it is, if you can play at all.’ He got off the bed where he was lying, and with the utmost ease pulled his hands out of his handcuffs. Besides the swelling of his wrists having gone down, he had some method of getting rid of his thumb that I never could understand. Says I, ‘ Mr. Dunne, the jailer will miss the fetters.—‘ No,’ said he, ‘ for I will put them on again ’ ; and so he did, with great ease. ‘ Now,’ said he, ‘ it is time to begin our work.’

“ He took off one of his shoes, and taking out the insole, he showed me a hole that was cut where the heel was, in which there was a little small flat bottle, which he told me was the most precious thing in life. And under the rest of the sole there were a number of saws, made of watch spring, that lay quite flat and snug under his foot. The next time the turnkey came in, he begged, for the love of God, to have a pipe and some tobacco, which was accordingly granted to him. What the pipes and tobacco

were for I could not then guess, but they were found to be useful. He now made a paste of some of the bread of his allowance, with which he made a cup round the bottom of one of the bars of the window ; into this cup he poured some of the contents of the little bottle, which was, I believe, oil of vitriol ; in a little time this made a bad smell, and it was then I found the use of the pipe and tobacco, for the smell of the tobacco quite bothered the smell of the vitriol. When he thought he had softened the iron bar sufficiently, he began to work away with the saws, and he soon taught me how to use them ; so that we kept working on continually, no matter how little we did at a time ; but as we were constantly at it, what I thought never could be done was finished in three or four days. The use of the flageolet was to drown the noise of the filing ; for when one filed, the other piped.

“ When the bar was cut through, he fitted the parts nicely together, and covered them over with rust. He proceeded in the same manner to cut out another bar ; so that we had a free opening out of the window. Our cell was at the very top of the jail, so that even to look down to the ground was terrible.

“ Under various pretences, we had got an unusual quantity of blankets on our beds ; these he examined with the utmost care, as upon their strength our lives were to depend. We calculated with great coolness the breadth of the strips into which he might cut the blankets, so as to reach from the window to the ground ; allowing for the knots by which they were to be joined, and for other knots that were to hinder the hands and feet from slipping.

“ ‘ Now,’ said he, ‘ Mr. Moriarty, all this is quite asy, and requires nothing but a determined heart and a sound

head ; but the difficulty is to baffle the sentinel that is below, and who is walking backward and forward continually, day and night, under the window ; and there is another, you see, in a sentry-box at the door of the yard ; and, for all I know, there may be another sentinel at the other side of the wall. Now, these men are never twice on the same duty ; I have friends enough out of doors, who have money enough, and would have talked reason to them ; but as these sentinels are changed every day, no good can be got of *them* ; but stay till to-morrow night, and we'll try what we can do.'

" I was determined to follow him. The next night, the moment that we were locked in for the night, we set to work to cut the blankets into slips, and tied them together with great care. We put this rope round one of the fixed bars of the window ; and, pulling at each knot, we satisfied ourselves that every part was sufficiently strong. Dunne looked frequently out of the window with the utmost anxiety—it was a moonlight night.

" 'The moon,' said he, ' will be down in an hour and a half.'

" In a little while we heard the noise of several girls singing at a distance from the windows, and we could see, as they approached, that they were dancing, and making free with the sentinels ; I saw that they were provided with bottles of spirits, with which they pledged the deluded soldiers. By degrees the sentinels forgot their duty ; and, by the assistance of some laudanum contained in some of the spirits, they were left senseless on the ground. The whole of this plan, and the very night and hour, had been arranged by Dunne with his associates, before he was put into Kilmainham. The success of this scheme, which was totally unexpected by me,

gave me, I suppose, please your honour, fresh courage. He, very honourably, gave me the choice to go down first or to follow him. I was ashamed not to go first; after I had got out of the window, and had fairly hold of the rope, my fear diminished, and I went cautiously down to the bottom. Here I waited for Dunne, and we both of us silently stole along in the dark, for the moon had gone in, and we did not meet with the least obstruction. Our out of door's assistants had the prudence to get entirely out of sight. Dunne led me to a hiding-place in a safe part of the town, and committed me to the care of a seafaring man, who promised to get me on board an American ship.

“ ‘As for my part,’ said Dunne, ‘I will go in the morning, boldly, to the magistrate, and claim his promise.’

“ He did so—and the magistrate, with good sense and good faith, kept his promise, and obtained a pardon for Dunne.

“ I wrote to Peggy, to get aboard an American ship. I was cast away on the coast of France—made my way to the first religious house that I could hear of, where I luckily found an Irishman, who saved me from starvation, and who sent me on from convent to convent, till I got to Paris, where your honour met me on that bridge, just when I was looking for Miss Dora's house. And that's all I've got to tell,” concluded Moriarty, “and all true.”

THE END OF SIR ULICK.

On Ormond's landing in Dublin, the first news he heard, and it was repeated a hundred times in a quarter of an hour, was that "Sir Ulick O'Shane was bankrupt—that his bank shut up yesterday." It was a public calamity, a source of private distress, that reached lower and farther than any bankruptcy had ever done in Ireland. Ormond heard of it from every tongue, it was written in every face—in every house it was the subject of lamentation, of invective. In every street, poor men, with ragged notes in their hands, were stopping to pore over the names at the back of the notes, or hurrying to and fro, looking up at the shop-windows for "*half price given here for O'Shane's notes.*" Groups of people, of all ranks, gathered—stopped—dispersed, talking of Sir Ulick O'Shane's bankruptcy—their hopes—their fears—their losses—their ruin—their despair—their rage. Some said it was all owing to Sir Ulick's shameful extravagance: "His house in Dublin fit for a duke!—Castle Hermitage full of company to the last week—balls—dinners—the most expensive luxuries—scandalous!"

Others accused Sir Ulick's absurd speculations. Many pronounced the bankruptcy to be fraudulent, and asserted that an estate had been made over to Marcus, who would live in affluence on the ruin of the creditors.

At Sir Ulick's house in town every window-shutter was closed. Ormond rang and knocked in vain—not that he wished to see Sir Ulick—no, he would not have

intruded on his misery for the world ; but Ormond longed to inquire from the servants how things were with him. No servant could be seen. Ormond went to Sir Ulick's bank. Such crowds of people filled the street that it was with the utmost difficulty, and after a great working of elbows, that in an hour or two he made his way to one of the barred windows. There was a place where notes were handed in and *accepted*, as they called it, by the clerks, who thus for the hour soothed and pacified the sufferers, with the hopes that this *acceptance* would be good, and would *stand in stead* at some future day. They were told that when things should come to a settlement, all would be paid. There was property enough to satisfy the creditors, when the *commissioners* should look into it. Sir Ulick would pay all honourably—as far as possible—fifteen shillings in the pound, or certainly ten shillings—the *accepted* notes would pass for that anywhere. The crowd pressed closer and closer, arms crossing over each other to get notes in at the window, the clerks' heads appearing and disappearing. It was said they were laughing while they thus deluded the people.

All the intelligence that Ormond, after being nearly suffocated, could obtain from any of the clerks, was, that Sir Ulick was in the country. “ They believed at Castle Hermitage—could not be certain—had no letters from him to-day—he was ill when they heard last—so ill he could do no business—confined to his bed.”

The people in the street hearing these answers replied, “ Confined in his bed, is he ?—In the jail it should be, as many will be along of him. Ill, is he, Sir Ulick ?—Sham sickness, maybe—all his life a *sham*.” All these and innumerable other taunts and imprecations with which

the poor people vented their rage, Ormond heard as he made his way out of the crowd.

Of all who had suffered, he who had probably lost the most, and who certainly had been on the brink of losing the greatest part of what he possessed, was the only individual who uttered no reproach.

He was impatient to get down to Castle Hermitage, and if he found that Sir Ulick had acted fairly, to be some comfort to him, to be with him at least when deserted by all the rest of the world.

At all the inns upon the road, as he went from Dublin to Castle Hermitage, even at the villages where he stopped to water the horses, every creature, down to the hostlers, were talking of the bankruptcy—and abusing Sir Ulick O'Shane and his son. The curses that were deep, not loud, were the worst—and the faces of distress worse than all. Gathering round his carriage, wherever it stopped, the people questioned him and his servants about the news, and then turned away, saying they were ruined. The men stood in unutterable despair. The women crying, loudly bewailed “ their husbands, their sons, that must waste in the jail or fly the country ; for what should they do for the rents that had been made up in Sir Ulick's notes, and *no good now ?* ”

Ormond felt the more on hearing these complaints, from his sense of the absolute impossibility of relieving the universal distress.

He pursued his melancholy journey, and took Moriarty into the carriage with him, that he might not be recognized on the road.

When he came within sight of Castle Hermitage, he stopped at the top of the hill at a cottage, where many a time in his boyish days he had rested with Sir Ulick out

hunting. The mistress of the house, now an old woman, came to the door.

“ Master Harry, dear ! ” cried she, when she saw who it was. But the sudden flash of joy in her old face was over in an instant.

“ But did you hear it ? ” cried she, “ and the great change it caused him—poor Sir Ulick O’Shane ? I went up with eggs on purpose to see him, but could only hear—he was in his bed—wasting with trouble—nobody knows anything more—all is kept hush and close. Mr. Marcus took off all he could rap, and ran, even to——”

“ Well, well, I don’t want to hear of Marcus—can you tell me whether Dr. Cambray is come home ? ”

“ Not expected to come till Monday.”

“ Are you sure ? ”

“ Oh ! not a morning but I’m there the first thing, asking, and longing for them.”

“ Lie back, Moriarty, in the carriage, and pull your hat over your face,” whispered Ormond ; “ postilions, drive on to that little cabin, with the trees about it, at the foot of the hill ” ; this was Moriarty’s cabin. When they stopped poor Peggy was called out. Alas ! how altered from the dancing, sprightly, blooming girl, whom Ormond had known so few years since in the Black Islands ! How different from the happy wife, whom he had left, comfortably settled in a cottage suited to her station and her wishes ! She was thin, pale, and haggard—her dress was neglected—an ill-nursed child that she had in her arms she gave to a young girl near her. Approaching the carriage, and seeing Harry Ormond, she seemed ready to sink into the earth ; however, after having drank some water, she recovered sufficiently to be able to answer Ormond’s inquiries.

“What do you intend to do, Peggy?”

“Do, sir!—go to America, to join my husband, sure; everything was to have been sold, Monday last—but nobody has any money—and I am tould it will cost a great deal to get across the sea.”

At this she burst into tears and cried most bitterly; and at this moment the carriage door flew open—Moriarty’s impatience could be no longer restrained—he flung himself into the arms of his wife.

Leaving this happy and innocent couple to enjoy their felicity, we proceed to Castle Hermitage.

Ormond directed the postilions to go the back way to the house. They drove down the old avenue.

Presently they saw a boy, who seemed to be standing on the watch, run back towards the castle, leaping over hedge and ditch with desperate haste. Then came running from the house three men, calling to one another to shut the gates for the love of God!

They all ran towards the gateway through which the postilions were going to drive, reached it just as the foremost horses turned, and flung the gate full against the horses’ heads. The men, without looking or caring, went on locking the gate.

Ormond jumped out of the carriage—at the sight of him, the padlock fell from the hand of the man who held it.

“Master Harry himself!—and is it you?—We ask your pardon, your honour.”

The men were three of Sir Ulick’s workmen—Ormond forbade the carriage to follow. “For perhaps you are afraid of the noise disturbing Sir Ulick?” said he.

“No, plase your honour,” said the foremost man, “it will not disturb him—as well let the carriage come

on—only,” whispered he, “ best to send the hack postilions with their horses always to the inn, afore they’d learn anything.”

Ormond walked on quickly, and as soon as he was out of hearing of the postilions again asked the men, “ What news ?—how is Sir Ulick ? ”

“ Poor gentleman ! he has had a deal of trouble—and no help for him,” said the man.

“ Better tell him plain,” whispered the next. “ Master Harry, Sir Ulick O’Shane’s trouble is over in this world, sir.”

“ Is he——”

“ Dead, he is, and cold, and in his coffin—this minute—and thanks be to God, if he is safe there even from them that are on the watch to seize on his body !—In the dread of them creditors, orders were given to keep the gates locked. He is dead since Tuesday, sir—but hardly one knows it out of the castle—except us.”

Ormond walked on silently, while they followed, talking at intervals.

“ There is a very great cry against him, sir, I hear, in Dublin—and here in the country, too,” said one.

“ The distress, they say, is very great, he caused ; but they might let his body rest anyway—what good can that do them ? ”

“ Bad or good, they shan’t touch it,” said the other ; “ by the blessing, we shall have him buried safe in the morning, afore they are stirring. We shall carry the coffin through the underground passage, that goes to the stables, and out by the lane to the churchyard asy—and the gentleman, the clergyman, has notice all will be ready, and the housekeeper only attending.”

“ Oh ! the pitiful funeral,” said the eldest of the men,

“ the pitiful funeral for Sir Ulick O’Shane, that was born to better.”

“ Well, we can only do the best we can,” said the other, “ let what will happen to ourselves ; for Sir Marcus said he wouldn’t take one of his father’s notes from any of us.”

Ormond involuntarily felt for his purse.

“ Oh ! don’t be bothering the gentleman, don’t be talking,” said the old man.

“ This way, Master Harry, if you please, sir, the underground way to the back yard. We keep all close till after the burying, for fear—that was the housekeeper’s order. Sent all off to Dublin when Sir Ulick took to his bed, and Lady Norton went off.”

Ormond refrained from asking any questions about his illness, fearing to inquire into the manner of his death. He walked on more quickly and silently. When they were going through the dark passage, one of the men, in a low voice, observed to Mr. Ormond that the housekeeper would tell him all about it.

When they got to the house, the housekeeper and Sir Ulick’s man appeared, seeming much surprised at the sight of Mr. Ormond. They said a great deal about the *unfortunate event*, and their own sorrow and *distress* ; but Ormond saw that theirs were only the long faces, dismal tones, and outward show of grief. They were just a common housekeeper and gentleman’s gentleman, neither worse nor better than ordinary servants in a great house. Sir Ulick had only treated them as such.

The housekeeper, without Ormond’s asking a single question, went on to tell him that “ Castle Hermitage was as full of company, even to the last week, as ever it could hold, and all as grand as ever ; the first people

in Ireland—champagne and burgundy, and ices, and all as usual—and a ball that very week. Sir Ulick was very considerate, and sent Lady Norton off to her other friends; he took ill suddenly that night with a great pain in his head; he had been writing hard, and in great trouble, and he took to his bed, and never rose from it—he was found by Mr. Dempsey, his own man, dead in his bed in the morning—died of a broken heart, to be sure!—Poor gentleman!—Some people in the neighbourhood was mighty busy talking how the coroner ought to be sent for; but that blew over, sir. But then we were in dread of the seizure of the body for debt, so the gates was kept locked; and now you know all we know about it, sir.”

Ormond said he would attend the funeral. There was no attempt to seize upon the body; only the three workmen, the servants, a very few of the cottagers, and Harry Ormond, attended to the grave the body of the once popular Sir Ulick O’Shane. This was considered by the country people as the greatest of all the misfortunes that had befallen him; the lowest degradation to which an O’Shane could be reduced. They compared him with King Corny, and “see the difference!” said they; “the one was the *true thing*, and never *changed*—and after all, where is the great friends now?—the quality that used to be entertained at the castle above? Where is all the favour promised him now? What is it come to? See, with all his wit, and the schemes upon schemes, broke and gone, and forsook and forgot, and buried without a funeral, or a tear, but from Master Harry.”

Ormond was surprised to hear, in the midst of many of their popular superstitions and prejudices, how justly they estimated Sir Ulick’s abilities and character.

As the men filled up his grave, one of them said, "There lies the making of an excellent gentleman—but the cunning of his head spoiled the goodness of his heart."

The day after the funeral an agent came from Dublin to settle Sir Ulick O'Shane's affairs in the country.

On opening his desk, the first thing that appeared was a bundle of accounts, and a letter, directed to H. Ormond, Esq. He took it to his own room and read :—

"ORMOND,

"I intended to *employ* your money to re-establish my falling credit, but I never intended to *defraud* you.

"ULICK O'SHANE."

The misunderstanding with Florence Annaly did not survive their meeting, and Ormond, buying the Black Islands from de Connal, settled down to married happiness.

CONNEMARA: A LETTER TO PAKENHAM
EDGEWORTH. (*Slightly Abridged.*)

March 8, 1834.

Ever since I finished my last to you I have had my head so immersed in accounts that I have never been able till this moment to fulfil my intention of giving you my travels in Connemara.

I travelled with Sir Culling and Lady Smith (Isabella Carr). Sir Culling, of old family, large fortune and great philanthropy, extending to poor little Ireland and her bogs, and her Connemara, and her penultimate barony of Erris and her ultimate Giants' Causeway, and her beautiful lake of Killarney. And all these things he determined to see. Infant and nurse, and lady's maid, and gentleman's gentleman, and Sir Culling and the fair Isabella all came over to Ireland last September, just as Fanny had left us, and she meeting them in Dublin, and conceiving that nurse and baby would not do for Connemara, wrote confidentially to beg us to invite them to stay at Edgeworthstown, while father and mother, and maid and man, were to proceed on their travels. Sir Culling expected to have had all manner of information as to roads, distances, and time, but Mrs. Edgeworth not being at home, and Miss Edgeworth's local knowledge being such as you know, you may guess how he was disappointed. Mr. Shaw and the Dean of Ardagh, who dined with him here, gave him directions as far as Ballinasloe and a letter to the clergyman there. The fair of Ballina-

sloe was just beginning, and Sir Culling was determined to see that, and from thence, after studying the map of Ireland and road-books one evening, he thought he should get easily to Connemara, Westport, and the Barony of Erris, see all that in a week, and come back to Edgeworthstown, take up Bambino and proceed on a northern or a southern tour.

You will be surprised that I should—seeing they knew so little what they were about—have chosen to travel with them ; and I confess it was imprudent and very unlike my usual dislike to leave home without any of my own people with me. But upon this occasion I fancied I should see all I wanted to see of the wonderful ways of going on and manners of the natives better for not being with any of my own family, and especially for its not being suspected that I was an authoress and might put them in a book. In short, I thought it was the best opportunity I could ever have of seeing a part of Ireland which, from time immemorial, I had been curious to see: My curiosity had been raised even when I first came to Ireland fifty years ago, by hearing my father talk of the King of Connemara, and his immense territory, and his ways of ruling over his people with almost absolute power, with laws of his own, and setting all other laws at defiance. Smugglers and caves, and murders and mermaids, and duels, and banshees, and fairies, were all mingled together in my early associations with Connemara and Dick Martin—“ Hair-trigger Dick,” who cared so little for his own life or the life of man, and so much for the life of animals, who fought more duels than any man of even his “ Blue-blaze-devil ” day, and who brought the bill into Parliament for preventing cruelty to animals ; thenceforward changing his cognomen from

“ Hair-trigger Dick ’ to “ Humanity Martin.” He was my father’s contemporary, and he knew a number of anecdotes of him. *Too besides*, I once saw him, and remember that my blood crept slow and my breath was held when he first came into the room—a pale, little, insignificant-looking mortal he was; but he still kept hold of my imagination, and his land of Connemara was always a land I longed to visit. Long afterwards, a book which I believe you read, *Letters from the Irish Highlands*, written by the family of Blakes of Renvyle, raised my curiosity still further, and wakened it for new reasons in a new direction. Further and further and higher, Nimmo and William deepened my interest in that country, and, in short and at length, all these motives worked together. Add to them a book called *Wild Sports of the West*, of which Harriet read to me all the readable parts till I rolled with laughing. Add also that I had lately heard Mr. Rothwell give a most entertaining account of a tour he had taken in Erris, and to the house of a certain Major Bingham, who must be the most diverting and extraordinary original upon earth—and shall I die without seeing him ? thought I—now or never.

At the first suggestion I uttered that I should like to see him and Erris, and the wonders of Connemara, Lady Culling Smith and Sir Culling burst into delight at the thought of having me as their travelling companion, so it was all settled in a moment. Honora approved, Aunt Mary hoped it would all turn out to my satisfaction, and off we set with four horses mighty grand in their travelling carriage, which was a summer friend, open or half open. A half head stuck up immovable with a window at each ear, an apron of wood, varnished to look like japanned leather, hinged at bottom, and having at top

where it shuts a sort of fairy-board window, which lets down in desperately bad weather.

Our first day was all prosperous and sunshine, and what Captain Beaufort would call plain sailing. To Ballymahon the first stage. Do you remember Ballymahon, and the first sight of the gossamer in the hedges sparkling with dew, going there packed into the chaise with your four sisters and me to see the museum of a Mr. Smith, who had a Cellini cup and a Raphael plate, and miniatures of Madame de Maintenon, and wonders innumerable—but Sophy at this moment tells me that I am insisting upon your remembering things that happened before you were born, and that even Francis was only one year old at the time of this breakfast, and it was she herself who was so delighted with that first view of the gossamer in the glittering sunshine.

But I shall never get on to Athlone, much less to Connemara. Of Athlone I have nothing to say but what you may learn from the *Gazetteer*, except that, while we were waiting in the antiquated inn there, while horses were changing, I espied a print hanging smoked over the chimney-piece, which to my *connoisseur* eyes seemed marvellously good, and upon my own judgment I proposed for it to the landlady, and bought it for five shillings (frame excepted); and when I had it out of the frame, and turned it round, I found my taste and judgment gloriously justified. It was from a picture of Vandyke's—the death of Belisarius; and here it is now hanging up in the library, framed in satin wood, the admiration of all beholders, Barry Fox above all.

But to proceed. It was no easy matter to get out of Athlone, for at the entrance to the old-fashioned, narrowest of narrow bridges we found ourselves wedged

and blocked by drays and sheep, reaching at least a mile ; men cursing and swearing in Irish and English ; sheep baaing, and so terrified, that the shepherds were in transports of fear brandishing their crooks at our postilions, and the postilions in turn brandishing their whips on the impassive backs of the sheep. The cocked gold-edged hat of an officer appeared on horseback in the midst, and there was silence from all but the baaing sheep. He bowed to us ladies, or to our carriage and four, and assured us that he would see us safe out, but that it would be a work of time. While this work of time was going on, one pushed his way from behind, between sheep and the wheel on my side of the carriage, and putting in his head called out to me, “ Miss Edgeworth, if you are in it, my master’s in town, and will be with you directly almost, with his best compliments. He learned from the landlady your name. He was in the inn that minute, receiving rents he is, if you will be kind enough to wait a minute, and not stir *out of that*.”

Kind enough I was, for I could not help myself, if I had been ever so unkindly disposed towards my unknown friend. Up came, breathless, a well-known friend, Mr. Strickland. Introduced amidst the baaing of the sheep to my travelling companions, and, as well as I could make myself heard in the din, I made him understand where we were going next, and found, to my great satisfaction, that he would overtake us next day at Ballinasloe, if we could stay there next day ; and we could and must, for it was Sunday. I cannot tell you—and if I could you would think I exaggerated—how many hours we were in getting through the next ten miles ; the road being continually covered with sheep, thick as wool could pack, all *coming from* the sheep-fair

of Ballinasloe, which, to Sir Culling's infinite mortification, we now found had taken place the previous day. I am sure we could not have had a better opportunity and more leisure to form a sublime and just notion of the thousands and tens of thousands which must have been on the field of sale. This retreat of the ten thousand never could have been effected without the generalship of these wonderfully skilled shepherds, who, in case of any disorder among their troops, know how dexterously to take the offender by the left leg or the right leg with their crooks, pulling them back without ever breaking a limb, and keeping them continually in their ranks on the weary, long march.

We did not reach Ballinasloe till it was almost dark. There goes a story, you know, that no woman must ever appear at Ballinasloe Fair ; that she would be in imminent peril of her life from the mob. The daughters of Lord Clancarty, it was said, " had tried it once, and scarce were saved by fate." Be this as it may, we were suffered to drive very quietly through the town ; and we went quite through it to the outskirts of scattered houses, and stopped at the door of the Vicarage. And well for us that we had a letter from the Dean of Ardagh to the Rev. Mr. Pouden, else we might have spent the night in the streets, or have paid guineas apiece for our beds, all five of us, for three nights. Mr. and Mrs. Pouden were the most hospitable of people, and they were put to a great trial—dinner just over, and that day had arrived unexpectedly one family of relations, and expectedly another, with children without end. And how they did stow them and us, to this hour I cannot conceive ; they had, to be sure, one bed-chamber in a house next door, which, luckily, Lord and Lady Somebody had not arrived

to occupy. Be it how it might, here we stayed till Monday; and on Sunday there was to be a charity sermon for the benefit of the schools, under the patronage of Lord and Lady Clancarty, and the sermon was preached by Archdeacon Pakenham; and after the sermon—an excellent sermon on the appropriate text of the good Samaritan—an immense crowd before the windows filled the fair green, and we went out to see. The crowd of good, very good-natured Irishmen, gentle and simple mixed, opened to let the ladies and English stranger in to see; and fine horses and fine leaping we saw, over a loose wall built up for the purpose in the middle of the fair green; and such shouting, and such laughing, and such hurraing for those that cleared and for those that missed. As for the rest of the cattle-fair, we *lift* on Monday morning before the thick of it came on.

I forgot to tell you that on Sunday arrived Mr. Strickland, and he with maps and road-books explained to Sir Culling where he should go, and how he was to accomplish his objects. It was settled that we were to go to Loughrea, and to see certain ruins by going a few miles out of our way; and this we accomplished, and actually did see, by an uncommonly fine sunset, the beautiful ruins of Clonmacnoise; and we slept this night at Loughrea, where we had been assured there was a capital inn, and may be it was, but the rats or the mice ran about my room so, and made such a noise in the holes of the floor, that I could not sleep, but was thankful they did not get on or into my bed.

Next day to Galway, and still it was fine weather, and bright for the open carriage, and we thought it would always be so. Galway, wet or dry, and it was dry when I saw it, is the dirtiest town I ever saw, and the most

desolate and idle-looking. As I had heard much from Captain Beaufort and Louisa of the curious Spanish buildings in Galway, I was determined not to go through the town without seeing these ; so, as soon as we got to the inn, I summoned landlord and landlady, and begged to know the names of the principal families in the town. I thought I might chance to light upon somebody who could help us. In an old history of Galway which Mr. Strickland picked up from a stall at Ballinasloe, I found prints of some of the old buildings and names of the old families ; and the landlord having presented me with a list as long as an alderman's bill of fare of the names of the gentlemen and ladies of Galway, I pitched upon the name of a physician, a Dr. Veitch, of whom I had found a fine character in my book. He had been very good to the poor during a year of famine and fever. To him I wrote, and just as I had finished reading his panegyric to Lady Smith, in he walked ; and he proved to be an old acquaintance. He was formerly a surgeon in the army, and was quartered at Longford at the time of the rebellion ; remembered our all taking shelter there, how near my father was being killed by the mob, and how courageously he behaved. Dr. Veitch had received some kindness from him, and now he seemed anxious, thirty-five years afterwards, to return that kindness to me and my companions. He walked with us all over Galway, and showed us all that was worth seeing, from the new quay *projecting*, and the new green Connemara marble-cutters' workshop, to the old Spanish houses with projecting roofs and piazza walks beneath ; and, wading through seas of yellow mud thick as stir-about, we went to see archways that had stood centuries, and above all to the old mayoralty house of that mayor

of Galway who hung his own son ; and we had the satisfaction of seeing the very window from which the father with his own hands hung his own son, and the black marble marrowbones and death's head, and inscription and date, 1493. I daresay you know the story ; it formed the groundwork very lately of a tragedy. The son had—from jealousy as the tragedy has it, from avarice according to the vulgar version—killed a Spanish friend ; and the father, a modern Brutus, condemns him, and then goes to comfort him. I really thought it worth while to wade through mud to see these awful old relics of other times and other manners. But, coming back again, at every turn it was rather disagreeable to have “ fish ” bawled into one's ears, and “ fine flat fish ” flapped in one's face. The fish-market was fresh supplied, and Galway is famous for *John Dorees*. “ A John Doree, ma'am, for eighteen-pence—a shilling—sixpence ! ” A John Doree could not be had for guineas in London. Quin, the famous actor, wished he was all throat when he was eating a John Doree. But still it was not pleasant, at every turn and every crossing, to have ever so fine John Dorees flapped in one's face. Sir Culling bought one for sixpence, and it was put into the carriage ; and we took leave of Dr. Veitch, and left Galway.

From Galway Sir Culling was obliged to take job horses, as he was warned that we were entering a country where post horses were not to be found, and were never even heard of. Dr. Veitch bid us not think of entering Connemara this night. “ You will have to send after me soon, if you don't take care. You have no idea of the places you are going into, and that you may have to sleep in.”

The next place we were to go to, and where Dr. Veitch

advised us to sleep, was Outerard, a small town or village, where he told us was an inn, or an hotel, as even in these out-of-the-world regions it is now called. It was but fifteen miles, and this with four horses was not two hours' drive ; and Sir Culling thought it would be sad waste of daylight to sleep at Outerard, for still he measured his expected rate of travelling by his Bath Road standard. Though we left Galway at three, we were not at Outerard till past seven, with our fine, fresh horses ; and excellent horses they really were, and well harnessed too, with well-accoutred postilions in dark blue jackets and good hats and boots, all proper, and an ugly little dog running joyously along with the horses. Outerard, as well as we could see it, was a pretty mountain-scattered village, with a pond and trees, and a sort of terrace-road, with houses and gardens on one side, and a lower road with pond and houses on the other. There is a spa at Outerard to which bettermost sort of people come in the season ; but this was not the season, and the place had that kind of desolate look, mixed with *pretensions* too, which a watering-place out of season always has.

When we came to the hotel our hearts sank within us. Dusk as it was, there was light enough to guess, at first sight, that it would never do for sleeping—half covered with overgrown ivy, damp, forlorn, windows broken, shattered look all about it. With difficulty we got at the broken gate into the very small and dirty courtyard, where the four horses could hardly stand with the carriage. Out came such a master and such a maid ! and such fumes of whiskey-punch and tobacco. Sir Culling got down from his barouche-seat to look if the house was practicable, but soon returned, shaking his head, and telling us in French that it was quite impossible ; and

the master of the inn, with half threats, half laughter, assured us we should find no other place in Outerard. I inquired for the Priest's house. I was on the point of asking, "Has the Priest any family?" but recollected myself in time, and asked whether the Priest's house was large enough to hold us. "Not an atom of room to spare in it, ma'am." Then I inquired for the Chief of the Police, the Clergyman, or the Magistrate? "Not in it, neither, none; but the Chief of the Police's house is there on the top of the hill; but you will not get in."

We went there, however, and up the hill toiled, and to the door of a sort of spruce-looking lanthorn of a house, without tree or shrub near it. But still it might be good to sleep in; and, nothing daunted by the maid's prophecies and ominous voice, we determined to try our fate. Sir Culling got down and rubbed his hands; while, after his man's knocking at the door several times, no one came to open it, though through the large drawing-room window we saw figures gliding about. At last the door half opened by hands unseen, and Sir Culling, pushing it wholly open, went in; and we sat in the carriage, waiting as patiently as we could. The figures in black and white came to the window, and each had pocket-handkerchiefs in their hands or at their eyes. Sir Culling reappeared, ordered the horses to be turned about again; and when he had remounted his barouche-seat, which he did with all convenient speed, he informed us that a lady had died in this house a few days before of cholera; that she had this day been buried; that under any other circumstances the master and mistress would have been happy to receive us, but now it was quite impossible, for our sake and their own. The damp, broken-windowed hole was preferable; so back we went.

But as we went along the *high* road, down in the *low* road on the other side of the pond, through the duskiness we saw lights in several houses ; and in front of one long house which looked whiter than the rest, we stopped at an opening in the road where was a path which led to the valley beneath, and Sir Culling, who proved in this our need an active knight, sallied down to adventure another trial ; and in a few minutes after *immerging* into this mud castle, and emerging from it, he waved his arm over his head in sign of triumph, and made a sign to the postilions to turn down into the valley, which they did without overturning us ; and to our satisfaction we found ourselves housed at Mrs. O'Flaherty's, who did not keep an inn, observe ; her admitting us, observe, depended upon our clearly understanding that she did not so demean herself. But she in the season let her house as a boarding-house to the quality, who came to Outerard to drink the waters or to bathe. So, to oblige us poor travellers, without disgrace to the blood and high descent of the O'Flaherties, she took us in, as we were quality, and she turned her two sons out of their rooms and their beds for us ; and most comfortably we were lodged. And we ate the John Doree we had brought with us, and I thought it not worth all the talking about it I had heard ; and for the first time in my days or nights, I this night tasted a *toombler* of anti-Parliament whiskey, *alias* poteen, and water ; and of all the detestable tastes that ever went into my mouth, or smells that ever went under my nose, I think this was the worst—literally smoke and fire spirit. Isabella observed that she had often drank Innishowon and water with dear Agnes and Joanna Baillie. There's no disputing about tastes ; therefore, I did not dispute, only set down the tumbler, and sip took never more ;

for I could as soon have drunk the chimney smoking. The doors, just opening with a latch, received us into our bed-rooms, with good turf fires on the hearth, coved ceilings, and presses, and all like bed-rooms in an English farm-house more than an Irish ; wonderful comfortable for Outerard, after fear of the cholera and the dead woman especially.

Next day, sun shining and a good breakfast, our spirit of travelling adventure up within us, we determined that, before proceeding on our main adventure into Connemara, we would make a little episode to see a wonderful cave in the neighbourhood. Our curiosity to see it had been excited by the story of the lady and the white trout in *Lover's Legends*. It is called the Pigeon-hole, not the least like a pigeon-hole, but it is a subterraneous passage, where a stream flows which joins the waters of Lough Corrib and Lough Mask. Outerard is on the borders of Lough Corrib, and we devoted this day to boating across Lough Corrib, to see this famous cavern, which is on the opposite side of the lake, and also to see a certain ruined monastery. We passed over the lake, admiring its beauty and its many islands—little bits of islands, of which the boatmen tell there are three hundred and sixty-five—be the same more or less—one for every day in the year at least. We saw the ruins, which were very fine ; but I have not time to say more about them. We crossed the churchyard and a field or two, and all was as flat, and bare, and stony as can be imagined ; and as we were going and going farther from the shore of the lake, I wondered how and when we were to come to this cavern. The guide called me to stop, and I stopped ; and well I did ; I was on the brink of the Pigeon-hole—just like an unfenced entrance to a deep, deep well. The guide went

down before us, and was very welcome ! Down and down and down steps almost perpendicular, and as much as my little legs could do to reach from one to the other ; darker and darker, and there were forty of them I am sure, well counted—though certainly I never counted them, but was right glad when I felt my feet at the bottom, on *terra firma* again, even in darkness, and was told to look up, and that I had come down sixty feet and more. I looked up and saw glimmering light at the top, and as my eyes recovered, more and more light through the large fern leaves which hung over the opening at top, and the whole height above looked like the inside of a limekiln, magnified to gigantic dimensions, with lady-fern—it must be lady-fern, because of the fairies—and lichens, names unknown, hanging from its sides. The light of the sun now streaming in I saw plainly, and felt why the guide held me fast by the arm—I was on the brink of the very narrow dark stream of water, which flowed quite silently from one side of the cavern to the other ! To that other side, my eye following the stream as it flowed, I now looked, and saw that the cavern opened under a high archway in the rock. How high that was, or how spacious, I had not yet light enough to discern. But now there appeared from the steps down which we had descended an old woman with a light in her hand. Our boy-guide hailed her by the name of Madgy Burke. She scrambled on a high jut of rock in the cavern ; she had a bundle of straw under one arm, and a light flickering in the other hand, her grizzled locks streaming, her garments loose and tattered, all which became suddenly visible as she set fire to a great wisp of straw, and another and another she plucked from her bundle and lighted, and waved the light above and underneath. It was like a

scene in a melodrama of Cavern and Witch—the best cavern scene I ever beheld. As she continued to throw down, from the height where she stood, the lighted bundles of straw, they fell on the surface of the dark stream below, and sailed down the current, under the arch of the cavern, lighting its roof at the vast opening, and looking like tiny fire-ships, one after another sailing on and disappearing. We could not help watching each as it blazed, till it vanished. We looked till we were tired, then turned and clambered up the steps we had scrambled down, and found ourselves again in broad daylight, in upper air and on the flat field; and the illusion was over, and there stood, turned into a regular old Irish beggar-woman, the Witch of Outerard, and Madgy Burke stood confessed, and began to higgie with Sir Culling and to flatter the English quality for a sixpence more.

Meanwhile we were to cross Lough Corrib; and well for us that we had the prudence to declare, early in the morning, that we would not take a sail-boat, for a sail-boat is dangerous in the sudden squalls which rise in these mountain regions and on these lakes, very like the Swiss lakes for that matter. For instance, on the Lake de Lucerne, I have seen sunshine and glassy surface change in five minutes to storm and cloud so black and thick that Mont Pilate himself could not be discerned through it more than if he never stood there in all his sublimity.

Our day had changed, and very rough was the lake; and the boatmen, to comfort us and no doubt amuse themselves, as we rose up and down on the billows, told us stories of boats that had been lost in these storms, and of young Mr. Brown last year, that was drowned

in a boat within view of his brother standing on that island, which we were just then to pass. "And when so near he could almost have reached him, you'd have thought."

"And why didn't he, then?" said I.

"Oh, bless you, ma'am, he couldn't; for," said the boatman, dropping his oar, which I did not like at all, "for, mind you ma'am, it was all done in the clap of one's hand," and he clapped his hands.

"Well, take up your oar," cried I; which he did, and rowed amain, and we cleared Brown's Island, and I have no more dangers, fancied or other, to tell you; and after two hours' hard rowing, which may give you the measure of the width of Lough Corrib at this place, we landed, and were right glad to eat Mrs. O'Flaherty's ready dinner, Lough Corrib trout—not the White Lady trout.

Sir Culling had intended to pursue his road this evening and reach Lough Corrib Lodge to sleep, but before we got the first mouthful of dinner into our mouths it was stone-dark, whatever kind of darkness that is, and we agreed on old George's excellent principle to leave it till "morning, ma'am, if you please."

So the morning came, and a fine morning still it was; and we set out, leaving Mrs. O'Flaherty curtseying and satisfied. I cannot make out any wonders, or anything like an adventure, between Outerard and Corrib Lodge; only the road was rough and the country like the Isle of Anglesea, as if stones and fragments of rock had showered down on the earth and tracts of bog-heath such as England never saw and Scotland seldom sees, except in the Highlands. We were only about twice the time that Sir Culling had calculated on getting over

this part of the road with our powerful Galway horses and steady drivers, and, reaching Corrib Lodge, Sir Culling said : “ These roads are not so very bad ; we shall get on, Miss Edgeworth, very well, you will see.”

Corrib Lodge is a neat, bleak-looking house, which Mr. Nimmo built for his own residence when he was overseer of the roads, now turned into an inn, kept by his Scotch servant, who used to come with him to Edgeworthstown, and he gave us bread and butter and milk, and, moreover, hare-soup, such as the best London tavern might have envied. For observe, that hares abound in these parts, and there is no sin in killing them, and how the cook came to be so good I cannot tell you, but so it certainly was. Invigorated and sanguine, we were ready to get into the carriage again, purposing to reach Clifden this evening—it was now three o’clock ; we had got through half our thirty-six miles ; no doubt we could easily, Sir Culling argued, manage the other half before dark. But our wary Scotch host shook his head and observed, that if his late master Mr. Nimmo’s road was but open so we might readily, but Mr. Nimmo’s new road was not opened, and why, because it was not finished. Only one mile or so remained unfinished, and as that one mile of unmade, unfinished road was impassable by man, boy, or Connemara pony, what availed the new road for our heavy carriage and four horses ? There was no possibility of *going round*, as I proposed ; we must go the old road, if road it could be called, all bog and bog-holes, as our host explained to us : “ It would be wonderful if we could get over it, for no carriage had ever passed, nor ever thought of attempting to pass, nothing but a common car these two years at least, except the Marquis of Anglesea and suite, *and* his Excellency was on horse-

back." As for such a carriage as Sir Culling's, the like, as men and boys at the door told us, had never been seen in these parts.

Sir Culling stood a little daunted. We inquired—I particularly, how far it was to Ballinahinch Castle, where the Martins live, and which I knew was some miles on this side of Clifden. I went into Corrib Lodge and wrote with ink on a visiting ticket with "Miss Edgeworth" on it, my compliments, and Sir Culling and Lady Smith's, a petition for a night's hospitality, to use in case of our utmost need.

The Scotchman could not describe exactly how many *bad steps* there were, but he forewarned us that they were bad enough, and as he sometimes changed the words *bad steps* into *sloughs*, our Galway postilions looked graver and graver, hoped they should get their horses over, but did not know; they had never been this road, never farther than Outerard, but they would do all that men and beasts could do.

The first bad step we came to was indeed a slough, but only a couple of yards wide across the road. The horses, the moment they set their feet upon it, sank up to their knees, and were whipped and spurred, and they struggled and floundered, and the carriage, as we inside passengers felt, sank and sank. Sir Culling was very brave and got down to help. The postilions leaped off, and bridles in hand gained the *shore*, and by dint of tugging, and whipping, and hallooing, and dragging of men and boys, who followed from Corrib Lodge, we were got out and were on the other side.

Farther on we might fare worse from what we could learn, so in some commotion we got out and said we would rather walk. And when we came to the next bad step,

the horses, seeing it was a slough like the first, put back their ears and absolutely refused to set foot upon it, and they were, the postilions agreed, quite right ; so they were taken off and left to look on, while by force of arms the carriage was to be got over by men and boys, who, shouting, gathered from all sides, from mountain paths, down which they poured, and from fields where they had been at work or loitering ; at the sight of the strangers they flocked to help—such a carriage had never been seen before—to help common cars, or jaunting cars over these bad steps they had been used. “ This heavy carriage ! sure it was impossible, but sure they might do it.” And they talked and screamed together in English and Irish equally unintelligible to us, and in spite of all remonstrance about breaking the pole—pole, and wheels, and axle, and body, they seized of the carriage, and standing and jumping from stone to stone, or any tuft of bog that could bear them, as their practised eyes saw ; they, I cannot tell you how, dragged, pushed, and *screamed* the carriage over. And Sir Culling got over his way, and Lady Smith would not be carried, but leaping and assisted by men’s arms and shouts, she got to the other side. And a great giant, of the name of Ulick Burke, took me up in his arms as he might a child or a doll, and proceeded to carry me over—while I, exceedingly frightened and exceedingly civil, and (as even in the moment of most danger I could not help thinking and laughing within me at the thought) very like Rory in his dream on the eagle’s back, in his journey to the moon, I kept alternately flattering my giant, and praying—“ Sir, sir, pray set me down ; do let me down now, sir, pray.”

“ Be asy ; be *quite*, can’t you, dear, and I’ll carry you

over to the other side safely, all in good time," floundering as he went.

"Thank you, sir, thank you. Now, sir, now set me down, if you will be so very good, on the bank."

Just as we reached the bank he stumbled and sank knee-deep, but threw me, as he would a sack, to shore, and the moment I felt myself on *terra firma*, I got up and ran off, and never looked back, trusting that my giant knew his own business ; and so he did, and all dirt and bog water, was beside me again in a trice. "Did not I carry you over well, my lady ? Oh, it's I am used to it, and helped the Lord Anglesea when he was in it."

So as we walked on, while the horses were coming over, I don't know how, Ulick and a tribe of wild Connemara men and boys followed us, all talking at once, and telling us there were twenty or thirty such bad steps, one worse than another, farther and farther on. It was clear that we could not walk all the twelve miles, and the men and Sir Culling assuring us that they would get us safe over, and that we had better get into the carriage again, and, in short, that we *must* get in, we submitted.

I confess, Pakenham, I was frightened nearly out of my wits. At the next trial Lady Culling Smith was wonderfully brave, and laughed when the carriage was hauled from side to side, so nearly upset, that how each time it escaped I could not tell ; but at last, when down it sank, and all the men shouted and screamed, her courage fell, and she confessed afterwards she thought it was all over with us, and that we should never be got out of this bog-hole. Yet out we were got ; but how ? what with the noise, and what with the fright, far be it from me to tell you. But I know I was very angry with a boy for laughing in the midst of it ; a little dare-devil of a fellow,

as my giant Ulick called him ; I could with pleasure have seen him ducked in bog water ! but forgot my anger in the pleasure of safe landing, and now I vowed I could and would walk the whole ten miles farther, and would a thousand times rather.

My scattered senses and common sense returning, it now occurred to me that it would be desirable to avail myself of the card I had in my bag, and beg a night's lodging at our utmost need. It was still broad daylight, to be sure, and Sir Culling still hoped we should get on to Clifden before dark. But I did request he would despatch one of these gossoons to Ballinahinch Castle with my card immediately. It could do no harm, I argued, and Lady Smith seconded me with, " Yes, dear Culling, *do*," and my dear giant Ulick backed me with, " Troth, you're right enough, ma'am. Troth, sir, it will be dark enough soon, and long enough before you're clean over them sloughs, farthest on beyant where we can engage to see you over. Sure, here's my own boy will run with the speed of light with the lady's card."

I put it into his hand with the promise of half a crown, and how he did take to his heels !

We walked on, and Ulick, who was a professional wit as well as a giant, told us the long-ago tale of Lord Anglesea's visit to Connemara, and how as he walked beside his horse this gentleman-lord, as he was, had axed him which of his legs he liked best.

Now Ulick knew right well that one was a cork leg, but he never let on, as he told us, and pretended the one leg was just the same as t'other, and he saw no differ in life, " which pleased my lord-liftenant greatly, and then his lordship fell to explaining to me why it was cork, and how he lost it in battle, which I knew before as well as he did,

for I had larned all about it from Mr. Martin, who was expecting him at the castle, but still I never let on, and handled the legs one side of the horse and t'other and asy found out, and tould him, touching the cork, 'sure this is the more *honourable*.' "

Which observation surely deserved, and I hope obtained, half a crown. Our way thus beguiled by Ulick's Irish wit, we did not for some time feel that we could not walk for ever. Lady Culling Smith complained of being stiff and tired, and we were compelled to the carriage again, and presently heavy dews of evening falling, we were advised to let down those fairy-board shutters I described to you, which was done with care and cost of nails. I did it at last, and oh ! how I wished it up again when we were boxed up, and caged in without the power of seeing more than glimpses of our danger—glimpses heightening imagination, and, if we were to be overturned, all this glass to be broken into our eyes and ears.

Well ! well ! I will not wear your sympathy and patience eighteen times out with the history of the eighteen sloughs we went, or were got, through at the imminent peril of our lives. Why the carriage was not broken to pieces I cannot tell, but an excellent strong carriage it was, thank Heaven, and the builder whoever he was.

I should have observed to you that while we yet could look about us, we had continually seen, to increase our sense of vexation, Nimmo's new road looking like a gravel walk running often parallel to our path of danger, and yet for want of being finished there it was, useless and most tantalising.

Before it grew quite dark, Sir Culling tapped at our dungeon window, and bid us look out at a beautiful place,

a paradise in the wilds. "Look out? How?"—"Open the little window at your ear, and this just before you—push the bolt back."—"But I can't."

With the help of an ivory cutter lever, however, I did accomplish it, and saw indeed a beautiful place belonging, our giant guide told us, to Dean Mahon, well wooded and most striking in this desert.

It grew dark, and Sir Culling, very brave, walking beside the carriage when we came to the next bad step, sank above his knees; how they dragged him out I could not see, and there were we in the carriage stuck fast in a slough, which, we were told, was the last but one before Ballinahinch Castle, when my eyes were blessed with a twinkling light in the distance—a boy with a lantern. And when, breathless, he panted up to the side of the carriage and thrust up lantern and note (we still in the slough), how glad I was to see him and it! and to hear him say, "Then Mr. Martin's very unaasy about yees—so he is."

"I am very glad of it—very glad indeed," said I. The note in a nice lady's hand from Mrs. Martin greeted us with the assurance that Miss Edgeworth and her English friends should be welcome at Ballinahinch Castle.

Then from our mob another shout! another heave! another drag, and another lift by the spokes of the wheels. Oh! if they had broken!—but they did not, and we were absolutely out of this slough. I spare you the next and last, and then we wound round the *Lake-road* in the dark, on the edge of Ballinahinch lake, on Mr. Martin's new road, as our dear giant told us, and I thought we should never get to the house, but at last we saw a chimney on fire, at least myriads of sparks and spouts

of flame, but before we reached it, it abated, and we came to the door without seeing what manner of house or castle it might be, till the hall door opened and a butler—half an angel he appeared to us—appeared at the door. But then in the midst of our impatience I was to let down and buckle up these fairy boards—at last swinging and slipping it was accomplished, and out we got, but with my foot still on the step we all called out to tell the butler we were afraid some chimney was on fire. Without deigning even to look up at the chimney, he smiled and motioned us the way we should go. He was, as we saw at first view, and found afterwards, the most imperturbable of men.

And now that we are safely housed, and housed in a castle too, I will leave you, my dear Pakenham, for the present.

March 12.

What became of the chimney on fire, I cannot tell—the Imperturbable was probably right in never minding it ; he was used to its ways of burning out, and being no more thought of.

He showed us into a drawing-room, where we saw by firelight a lady alone—Mrs. Martin, tall and thin, in deep mourning. Though by that light, but dimly visible, and by our eyes *dazed* as they were just coming out of the dark, but imperfectly seen, yet we could not doubt at first sight that she was a lady in the highest sense of the word, perfectly a gentlewoman. And her whole manner of receiving us, and the ease of her motions, and of her conversation, in a few moments convinced me that she must at some time of her life have been accustomed to live in the best society—the best society in Ireland ; for it was evident from her accent that she was a

native—high-life Dublin tone of about forty years ago. The curls on her forehead, mixed with gray, prematurely gray, like your mother's, much older than the rest of her person.

She put us at ease at once, by beginning to talk to us, as if she was well acquainted with my family—and so she was from William, who had prepossessed her in our favour, yet she did not then allude to him, though I could not but understand what she meant to convey—I liked her.

Then came in, still by firelight, from a door at the farther end of the room, a young lady, elegantly dressed in deep mourning. “My daughter—Lady Culling Smith—Miss Edgeworth”; slight figure, head held up and thrown back. She had the resolution to come to the very middle of the room and make a deliberate and profound curtsey, which a dancing-master of Paris would have approved; seated herself upon the sofa, and seemed as if she never intended to speak. Mrs. Martin showed us up to our rooms, begging us not to dress unless we liked it before dinner; and we did not like it, for we were very much tired, and it was now between eight and nine o'clock. Bedchambers spacious. Dinner, we were told, was ready whenever we pleased, and, well pleased, down we went; found Mr. Martin in the drawing-room—a large Connemara gentleman, white, massive face; a stoop forward in his neck, the consequence of a shot in the Peninsular War.

“Well! will you come to dinner? dinner's ready. Lady Culling Smith, take my arm; Sir Culling, Miss Edgeworth.”

A fine large dining-room, and standing at the end of the table an odd-looking person, below the middle height,

youngish, but the top and back of his head perfectly bald, like a bird's skull, and at each temple a thick bunch of carrotty red curly hair, thick red whiskers and light blue eyes, very fair skin and carnation colour. He wore a long green coat, and some abominable coloured thing round his throat, and a look as if he could not look at you, and would. I wondered what was to become of this man, and he looked as if he wondered too. But Mr. Martin, turning abruptly, said, " M'Hugh ! where are you, man ? M'Hugh, sit down man, here ! "

And M'Hugh sat down. I afterwards found he was an essential person in the family : M'Hugh here, M'Hugh there ; very active, acute, and ready, and bashful, a dare-devil kind of man, that would ride, and boat, and shoot in any weather, and would at any moment hazard his life to save a fellow-creature's. Miss Martin sat opposite to me, and with the light of branches of wax candles full upon her, I saw that she was very young, about seventeen, very fair, hair which might be called red by rivals and auburn by friends, her eyes blue-gray, prominent, like pictures I have seen by Leonardo da Vinci.

But Miss Martin must not make me forget the dinner, and such a dinner ! London *bon vivants* might have blessed themselves ! Venison such as Sir Culling declared could not be found in England, except from one or two immense parks of noblemen favoured above their peers ; salmon, lobsters, oysters, game, all well cooked and well served, and well placed upon the table ; nothing loaded, all *in* good taste, as well as *to* the taste ; wines, such as I was not worthy of, but Sir Culling knew how to praise them ; champagne and all manner of French wines.

In spite of a very windy night, I slept admirably well,

and wakened with great curiosity to see what manner of place we were in. From the front windows of my room, which was over the drawing-room, I looked down a sudden slope to the only trees that could be seen, far or near, and only on the tops of them. From the side window a magnificent but desolate prospect of an immense lake and bare mountains.

When I went down, and to the hall door at which we had entered the night before, I was surprised to see neither mountains, lake, nor river—all flat as a pancake—a wild, boundless sort of common, with showers of stones; no avenue or regular approach, no human habitation within view; and when I walked up the road and turned to look at the castle, nothing could be less like a castle. From the drawing I send you (who it was done by I will tell you by and by), you would imagine it a real castle, bosomed high in trees. Such flatterers as those portrait-painters of places are! And yet it is all true enough, if you see it from the right point of view. Much I wished to see more of the inhabitants of this castle, but we were to pursue our way to Clifden this day; and with these thoughts balancing in my mind of *wish* to stay, and *ought* to go, I went to breakfast—coffee, tea, hot rolls, ham, all luxuries.

Isabella did not make her appearance, but this I accounted for by her having been much tired. She had complained of rheumatic pains, but I had thought no more about them. Little was I aware of all that was to be. “L’homme propose: Dieu dispose.” Lady Culling Smith at last appeared, hobbling, looking in torture, leaning on her husband’s arm, and trying to smile on our hospitable hosts, all standing up to receive her. Never did I see a human creature in the course of one night so

changed. When she was to sit down, it was impossible ; she could not bend her knees, and fell back in Sir Culling's arms. He was excessively frightened. His large powerful host carried her upstairs, and she was put to bed by her thin, scared-looking, but excellent and helpful maid ; and this was the beginning of an illness which lasted above three weeks. Little did we think, however, at the beginning how bad it would be. We thought it only rheumatism, and I wrote to Honora that we should be detained a few days longer—from day to day put off. Lady Culling Smith grew alarmingly ill. There was only one half-fledged doctor at Clifden ; the Martins disliked him, but he was sent for, and a puppy he proved, thinking of nothing but his own shirt-buttons and fine curled hair. Isabella grew worse and worse—fainting fits ; and Mrs. and Miss Martin, both accustomed to prescribe for the country-people in want of all medical advice in these lone regions, went to their pharmacopœias and medicine-chest, and prescribed various strong remedies, and ran up and down stairs, but could not settle what the patient's disease was, whether gout or rheumatism ; and these required quite different treatment ; hands and lips were swelled and inflamed, but not enough to say it was positively gout ; then there was fear of drawing the gout to the stomach, and if it was not gout !—All was terror and confusion ; and poor Sir Culling, excessively fond of Isabella, stood in tears beside her bed. He had sat up two nights with her, and was now seized with asthmatic spasms himself in his chest. It was one of the worst nights you can imagine, blowing a storm and raining cats and dogs. Mr. and Mrs. Martin and Sir Culling thought Lady Smith so dangerously ill that it was necessary to send a man on horseback thirty miles to Outerard

for a physician ; and who could be sent such a night ?—one of the Galway postilions on one of the post-horses (you will understand that we were obliged to keep these horses and postilions at Ballinahinch, as no other horses could be procured). The postilion was to be *knocked up*, and Sir Culling and Mr. Martin went to some den to waken him.

Meanwhile I was standing alone, very sorrowful, on the hearth in the great drawing-room, waiting to hear how it could be managed, when in came Mr. M'Hugh, and coming quite close up to me, said, "Them Galway boys will not know the way across the bogs as I should ; I'd be at Outerard in half the time. I'll go, if they'll let me, and with all the pleasure in life."

"Such a night as this ! Oh no, Mr. M'Hugh !"

"Oh yes ; why not ?" said he. And this good-hearted, wild creature would have gone that instant, if we would have let him !

However, we would not, and he gave instructions to the Galway boy how to keep clear of the sloughs and bog-holes ; observing to me that "them stranger horses are good for little in Connemara—nothing like a Connemara pony for that !" As Ulick Burke said, "The ponies are such knowing little creatures, when they come to a slough they know they'd sink in, and their legs of no use to them, they lie down till the men that can stand drag them over with their legs kneeling under them."

The Galway boy got safe to Outerard, and next morning brought back Dr. Davis, a very clever, agreeable man, who had had a great deal of experience, having begun life as an army surgeon ; at any rate, he was not thinking of himself, but of his patient. He thought Isabella dangerously ill—unsettled gout. I will not tire you with

all the history of her illness, and all our terrors ; but never would I have left home on this odd journey if I could have foreseen this illness. I cannot give you an idea of my loneliness of feeling, my utter helplessness, from the impossibility of having the advantage of the sympathy and sense of any of my own family. We had not, for one whole week, the comfort of even any one letter from any of our distant friends. We had expected to be by this time at Castlebar, and we had desired Honora to direct our letters there. Sir Culling with great spirit sent a Connemara messenger fifty miles to Castlebar for the letters, and when he came back he brought but one !

No mail-coach road comes near here ; no man on horesback could undertake to carry the letters regularly. They are carried three times a week from Outerard to Clifden, thirty-six miles, by three gossoons, or more properly bog-trotters, and very hard work it is for them. One runs a day and a night, and then sleeps a day and a night, and then another takes his turn ; and each of these boys has £15 a year. I remember seeing one of these postboys leaving Ballinahinch Castle, with his leather bag on his back, across the heath and across the bog, leaping every now and then, and running so fast ! his bare, white legs thrown up among the brown heath. These postboys were persons of the greatest consequence to us ; they brought us news from home, and to poor Lady Culling Smith accounts of her baby, and of her friends in England. We began to think we should never see any of them again.

I cannot with sufficient gratitude describe to you the hospitality and unvaried kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Martin during all these trials. Mr. Martin, rough man as he seemed outside, was all soft and tender within, and so very considerate for the English servants. Mrs.

Martin told me that he said to her, " I am afraid that English man and maid must be very uncomfortable here—so many things to which they have been used, which we have not for them ! Now we have no beer, you know, my dear, and English servants are always used to beer." So Mr. Martin gave them cider instead, and every day he took to each of them himself a glass of excellent port wine ; and to Isabella, as gout-cordial, he gave Bronte, the finest, Sir Culling said, he ever tasted. And never all the time did Mr. and Mrs. Martin omit anything it was in their power to do to make us comfortable, and to relieve us from the dreadful feeling of being burthensome and horrible intruders ! They did succeed in putting me completely at ease, as far as they were concerned. I do not think I could have got through all the anxiety I felt during Lady Culling Smith's illness, and away from all my own people, and waiting so shockingly long for letters, if it had not been for the kindness of Mrs. Martin, and the great fondness I soon felt for her. She is not literary ; she is very religious—what would be called *very good*, and yet she suited me, and I grew very fond of her, and she of me. Little things that I could feel better than describe inclined me to her, and our minds were open to one another from the first day. Once, towards the end, I believe, of the first week, when I began some sentence with an apology for some liberty I was taking, she put her hand upon my arm, and with a kind, reproachful look exclaimed, " Liberty ! I thought we were past that long since ; are not we ? "

Miss Martin—though few books beyond an *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly Review* or two appeared in the sitting-room—has books in quantities in a closet in her own room, which is within her mother's ; and " every morning,"

said Mrs. Martin, " she comes in to me while I am dressing, and pours out upon me an inundation of learning, fresh and fresh, all she has been reading for hours before I am up. Mary has read prodigiously."

I found Mary one of the most extraordinary persons I ever saw. Her acquirements are indeed prodigious ; she has more knowledge of books, both scientific and learned, than any female creature I ever saw or heard of at her age—heraldry, metaphysics, painting and painters' lives, and tactics ; she had a course of fortification from a French officer, and of engineering from Mr. Nimmo. She understands Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and I don't know how many modern languages. French she speaks perfectly, learned from the French officer who taught her fortification, M. Du Bois, who was one of Buonaparte's legion of honour, and when the Emperor was *ousted*, fled from France, and earned his bread at Ballinahinch by teaching French, which Miss Martin talks as if she had been a native, but not as if she had been in good Parisian society ; with an odd mixture of a *ton de garnison* which might be expected from a pupil of one of Buonaparte's officers. She imbibed from him such an admiration, such an enthusiasm for Buonaparte, that she cannot bear a word said to his disparagement ; and when Sir Culling sometimes offended in that way, Miss Martin's face and neck grew carnation colour, and down to the tips of her fingers she blushed with indignation.

Her father the while smiled and winked at me. The father as well as the mother dote upon her ; and he has a softened way of always calling her " my child " that interested me for both. " My child, never mind ; what signifies about Buonaparte ? "

One morning we went with Miss Martin to see the fine

green Connemara marble-quarries. Several of the common people gathered round while we were looking at the huge blocks ; these people Miss Martin called her *tail*. Sir Culling wished to obtain an answer to a question from some of these people, which he desired Miss Martin to ask for him, being conscious that, in his English tone, it would be unintelligible. When the question had been put and answered, Sir Culling objected : “ But, Miss Martin, you did not put the question exactly as I requested you to state it.”

“ No,” said she, with colour raised and head thrown back, “ no, because I knew how to put it so that my people could understand it. *Je sais mon métier de reine.*”

This trait gives you an idea of her character and manner, and of the astonishment of Sir Culling at her want of sympathy with his really liberal and philanthropic views for Ireland, while she is full of her tail, her father’s fifty-miles-long avenue, and Æschylus and Euripides, in which she is admirably well read. Do think of a girl of seventeen in the wilds of Connemara intimately acquainted with all the beauties of Æschylus and Euripides, and having them as part of her daily thoughts !

There are immense caves on this coast which were the *free-traders’* resort, and would have been worth any money to Sir Walter. “ Quite a scene and a country for him,” as Miss Martin one day observed to me ; “ don’t you think your friend Sir Walter Scott would have liked our people and our country ? ”

It is not exactly a feudal state, but the *tail* of a feudal state. Dick Martin, father of the present man, was not only lord of all he surveyed, but lord of all the lives

of the people ; now the laws of the land have come in, and rival proprietors have sprung up in rival castles. Hundreds would still, I am sure, start out of their bogs for Mr. Martin, but he is called *Mister*, and the prestige is over. The people in Connemara were all very quiet and submissive till some *refugee Terry-alt*s took asylum in these bog and mountain fastnesses. They spread their principles, and soon the clan combined against their chief, and formed a plan of seizing Ballinahinch Castle, and driving him and all the Protestant gentry out of the country. Mr. Martin is a man of desperate courage, some skill as an officer, and *prodigious* bodily strength, which altogether stood him in stead in time of great danger. I cannot tell you the whole long story, but I will mention one anecdote which will show you how like the stories in Walter Scott are the scenes that have been lately passing in Connemara. Mr. Martin summoned one of his own followers, who had, he knew, joined the Terry-alt, to give up a gun lent to him in days of trust and favour ; no answer to the summons. A second, a third summons ; no effect. Mr. Martin then warned the man that if he did not produce the gun at the next sessions he would come and seize it. The man appeared at the house where Mr. Martin holds his sessions—about the size of Lovell's school-room, and always fuller than it can hold ; Mr. Martin espied from his end of the room his friend with the gun, a powerfully strong man, who held his way on, and stood full before him.

“ You sent for my gun, your honour, did you ? ”

“ I did—three times ; it is well you have brought it at last ; give it to me.”

The man kneeled down on one knee, and putting the

gun across the other knee, broke it asunder, and throwing the pieces to Mr. Martin, cried, "There it is for you. I swore that was the only way you should ever have it, dead or live. You have warned me, and now I warn you ; take care of yourself."

He strode out of the crowd. But he was afterwards convicted of Terry-alt practices and transported. Now all is perfectly quiet, and Mr. Martin goes on doing justice in his own peculiar fashion every week. When the noise, heat, and crowd in his sessions court become beyond all bearing, he roars with his stentorian voice to clear the court ; and if that be not done forthwith, he with his own two Herculean arms seizes the loudest two disputants, knocks their heads together, thrusts them bawling as they go out of the door and flings them asunder.

In his own house there never was a more gentle, hospitable, good-natured man, I must say again and again, or else I should be a very ungrateful woman.

Miss Martin has three ponies, which she has brought every day to the great Wyatt window of the library, where she feeds them with potatoes. One of them is very passionate ; and once the potato being withheld a moment too long at the hall door he fell into a rage, pushed in at the door after her, and she ran for her life, got upstairs and was safe.

I asked what he would have done if he had come up to her ?

"Set his two feet on my shoulders, thrown me down, and trampled upon me."

The other day the smith hurt his foot in shoeing him, and up he reared, and up jumped the smith on the raised part of his forge—the pony jumped after him, and if the

smith had not scrambled behind his bellows, " would have killed him to be sure."

After hearing this I declined riding this pony, though Miss Martin pressed me much, and assured me he was as quiet as a lamb—provided I would never strike him or look cross. Once she got me up on his back, but I looked so miserable, she took me down again. She described to me her nursing of one of these ponies ; " he used to stand with his head over my shoulder while I rubbed his nose for an hour together ; but I suppose I must throw off these Bedouin habits before I go to London."

All this time poor Isabella has been left by me in torture in her bed. At the end of three weeks she was pronounced out of danger, and in spite of the kind remonstances of our hospitable hosts, not tired of the sick or the well, on a very wet odious day away we went. As there are no inns or place where an invalid could pass the night, I wrote to beg a night's lodging at Renvyle, Mr. Blake's. He and Mrs. Blake, who wrote *Letters from the Irish Highlands*, were not at home, in Galway on a visit, but they answered most politely that they begged me to consider their house as my own, and wrote to their agent who was at Renvyle to receive us.

Captain Bushby, of the Water Guard—married to a niece of Joanna Baillie's—was very kind in accompanying us on our first day's journey. " I must see you *safe out*," said he. " Safe out " is the common elision for safe out of Connemara. And really it was no easy matter to get us safe out ; but I spare you a repetition of sloughs ; we safely reached Renvyle, where the agent received us in a most comfortable, well-furnished, well-carpeted, well-lighted library, filled with books—excellent dining-room beyond, and here Lady Smith had a day's rest, without

which she could not have proceeded, and well for her she had such a comfortable resting-place.

Next day we got into *Joyce's Country*, and had hot potatoes and cold milk, and Renvyle cold fowl at The Lodge, as it is styled, of Big Jacky Joyce—one of the descendants of the ancient proprietors, and quite an original Irish character. He had heard my name often, he said, from Mr. Nimmo, and knew I was a writing lady, and a friend to Ireland, and he was civil to me, and I was civil to him, and after eyeing Sir Culling and Lady Smith, and thinking, I saw, that she was affecting to be languishing, and then perceiving that she was really weak and ill, he became cordial to the whole party, and entertained us for two hours, which we were obliged to wait for the going out of the tide before we could cross the sands. Here was an arm of the sea, across which Mr. Nimmo had been employed to build a bridge, and against Big Jack Joyce's advice, he would build it where Jack prophesied it would be swept away in the winter, and twice the bridge was built, and twice it was swept away, and still Nimmo said it was the fault of the masons; the embankment and his theory could not be wrong, and a third time he built the bridge, and there we saw the ruins of it on the sands—all the embankments swept away, and all we had for it was to be dragged over the sand by men—the horses taken off. We were pushed down into a gully-hole five feet deep, and thence pulled up again; how it was I cannot tell you, for I shut my eyes and resigned myself, gave up my soul, and was much surprised to find it in my body at the end of the operation; Big Jacky Joyce and his merry men having somehow managed it.

There was an end of our perils by gullies, sloughs, and bog-holes. We now got on Mr. Nimmo's and Mr.

Killalla's really good roads, and now our four horses began to tell, and that night we reached Westport ; and, in consequence of Mrs. Martin's introduction to her friend Lord Sligo, were received by him and Lady Sligo most courteously.

Westport is a beautiful place, with a town, a port, industrious people all happy, and made so by the sense and energy of a good landlord and a good agent. We regretted that we could stay only this night and the next morning to breakfast ; it was so delightful and extraordinary to us again to see trees and shubberies, and to find ourselves again in the midst of flowers from greenhouse and conservatory.

But now that it is all over, and I can balance pains and pleasures, I declare that, upon the whole, I had more pleasure than pain from this journey ; the perils of the road were far overbalanced by the diversion of seeing the people, and the seeing so many to me perfectly new characters and modes of living. The anxiety of Isabella's illness, terrible as it was, and the fear of being ill myself and a burthen upon their hands, and even the horrid sense of remoteness and impossibility of communication with my own friends, were altogether overbalanced by the extraordinary kindness, and tenderness, and generous hospitality of the Martins. It will do my heart good all the days of my life to have experienced such kindness, and to have seen so much good in human nature as I saw with them—red M'Hugh included. I am sure I have a friend in Mrs. Martin ; it is an extraordinary odd feeling to have made a friend at sixty-six years of age ! You, my dear Pakenham, can't understand this ; but you will live, I hope, to understand it, and perhaps to say, " Now I begin to comprehend what

Maria, poor old soul ! meant by that *odd* feeling at the end of her Connemara journey."

When we were regretting to Lord Sligo that we had missed seeing so many persons and places on our tour whom we had at first setting out made it our object to see—Clifden, the Barony of Erris, and the wonderful Major Bingham—Lord Sligo comforted us by saying, " Depend upon it, you have seen more really of Connemara than any strangers who have ever travelled through it, exactly because you remained in one place and in one family, where you had time to see the habits of the people, and to see them nearly and familiarly, and without their being shown off, or thinking of showing themselves off to you."

WORKS OF MARIA EDGEWORTH.

BORN 1767, DIED 1849.

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1795. Letters to Literary Ladies.
1796. The Parent's Assistant.
1798. * Essays on Practical Education.
1800. Castle Rackrent.
1801. Early Lessons (including "Harry and Lucy").
Belinda.
Moral Tales for Young People.
1802. * Essay on Irish Bulls.
Popular Tales (including "Rosanna" and "The
Limerick Gloves").
1805. The Modern Griselda.
1806. Leonora.
1808. * On Professional Education.
1809. Tales from Fashionable Life, First Series
(including "Ennui").
1812. Tales from Fashionable Life, Second Series
(including "The Absentee").

* The asterisk denotes books written in collaboration with her father. "On Professional Education" was published under his name, but she wrote parts of the book. The first volume of the "Memoirs" is an autobiography, stopping at 1782, the second a continuation by Maria.

1814. Patronage.
1815. Early Lessons, continued.
1817. Ormond.
Harrington.
Comic Dramas (including "Love and Law").
1820. Memoirs of Richard Lovell Edgeworth.
1822. Early Lessons, concluded.
1825. Harry and Lucy, concluded.
[Collected Edition of Tales and Miscellaneous
Pieces].
1834. Helen.
1847. Orlandino

AUTHORITIES CONSULTED* IN THE
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FRANCES EDGEWORTH (widow of Richard Lovell Edgeworth).—A Memoir of Maria Edgeworth, with a Selection from her Letters. 3 vols. London. 1867. (Privately printed.)

MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.—Ireland: Its Scenery, Character, etc. London. 1841-1843. (See chapter on County Longford in Vol. 3.)

Memoirs of Authors of the Age: Maria Edgeworth. ("The Art Journal." London. July, 1849.)

GRACE A. OLIVER.—A Study of Maria Edgeworth, with Notices of her Father and Friends. Boston, 1882.

HELEN ZIMMERN.—Maria Edgeworth ("Eminent Women"). London. 1883.

* Note.—This list is not, of course, a complete bibliography. Some other references to Maria Edgeworth have been cited in the Introduction to the present volume. There have been several biographical notes in reprints of Miss Edgeworth's works, but none others so full as those by Lady Ritchie. Early numbers of the "Edinburgh" and "Quarterly" Reviews contain many notices of Miss Edgeworth's books. Professor Saintsbury's essay in Vol. XI, of the Cambridge History of English Literature has been cited in the Introduction; the bibliography attached is strangely imperfect, omitting, for instance, the Life by Miss Lawless. Various Memoirs and Biographies, notably Lockhart's "Scott" and Sir George Trevelyan's "Macaulay" give interesting references to Maria Edgeworth.

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- MARY HAYDEN.—Maria Edgeworth. (Journal of National Literary Society of Ireland.) Dublin. 1900.
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- THE HONBLE. EMILY LAWLESS.—Maria Edgeworth. ("English Men of Letters"). London. 1904.
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- CONSTANCE HILL.—Maria Edgeworth and her Circle in the Days of Buonaparte and Bourbon. London. 1910.



